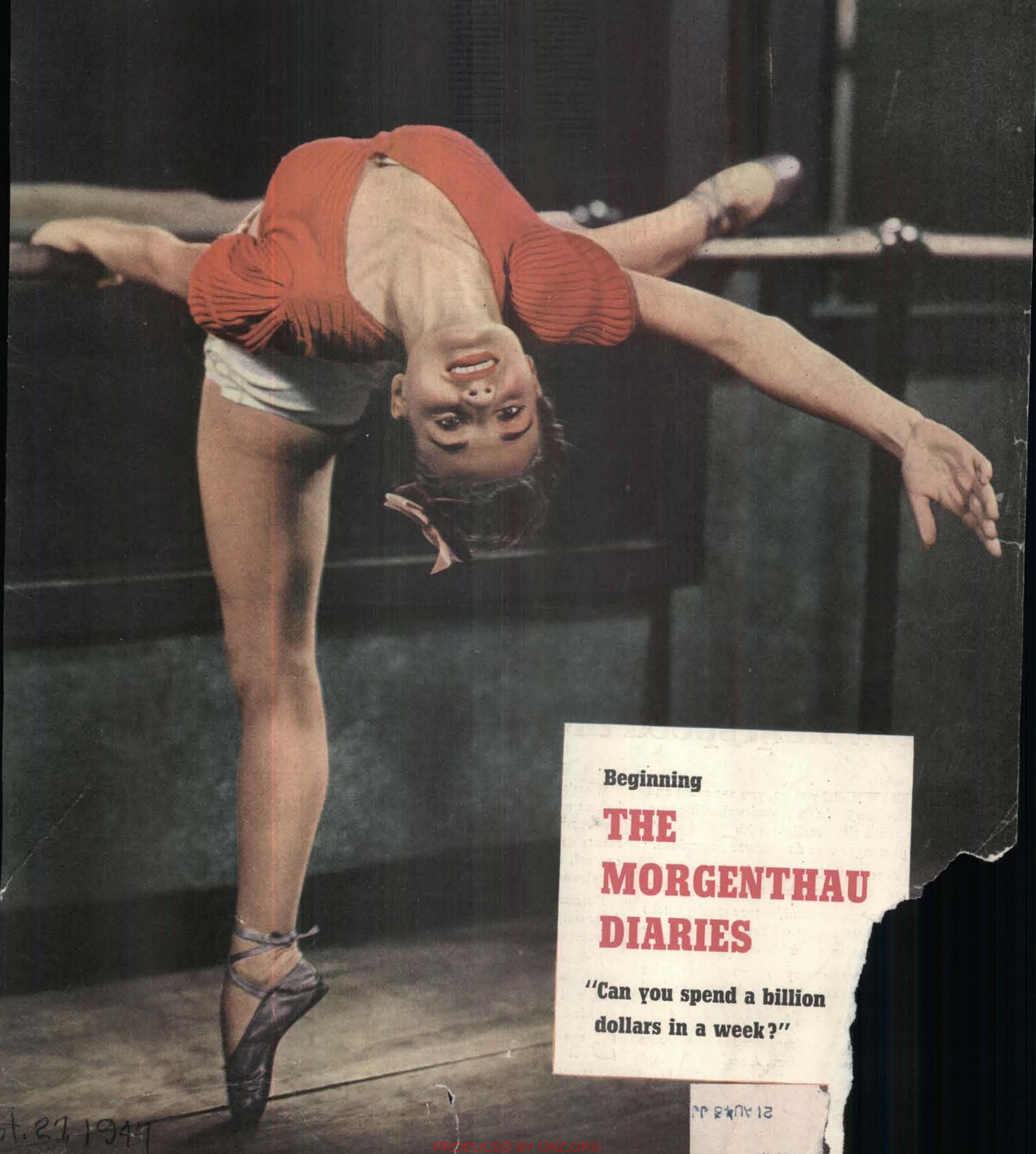
Collier's

SEPTEMBER 27, 1947 TEN CENTS

IOLA
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

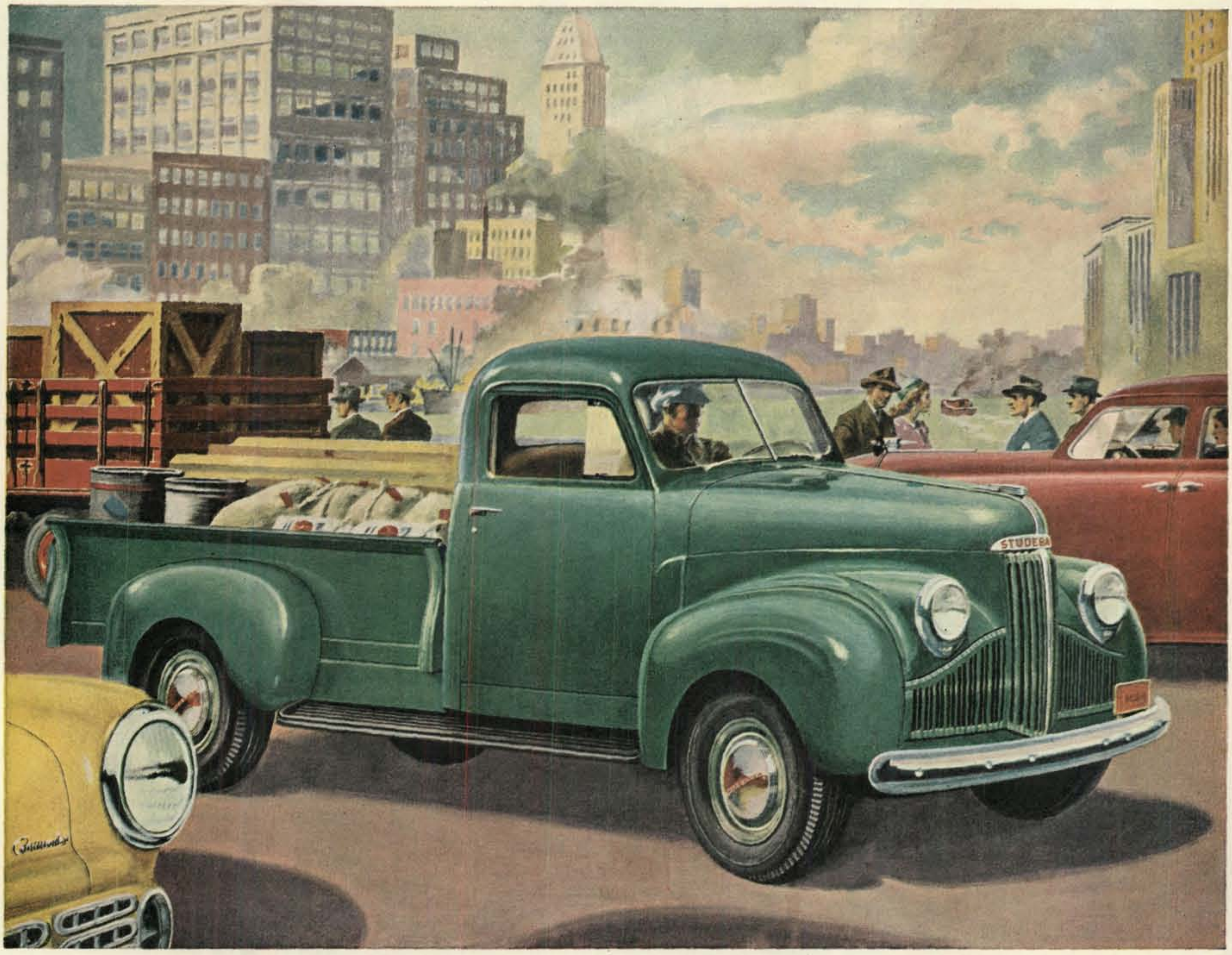


Beginning

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

"Can you spend a billion dollars in a week?"

t. 27, 1947



Over 8 times as many new Studebaker trucks now help speed the nation's postwar progress

EVERYWHERE you go, you see more and more new Studebaker trucks wheeling past. They share the limelight with Studebaker's new passenger cars as postwar sensations.

All America is better off, thanks to the ex- loads these Studebaker trucks transport.

on, one-ton and larger capacity trucks streaming off the Studebaker as- es in record-breaking quantities.

nes as many have gone into service ar as in 1941 for the same period!

lp when help was needed

l agriculture needed new trucks never before. A serious shortage y. Studebaker's greatly increased as been welcome and timely.

What's equally important, these new Studebakers are thoroughly modern trucks. They come completely equipped with such advancements as automatic choke, automatic spark control, adjustable octane selector, oil bath air cleaner and oil filter.

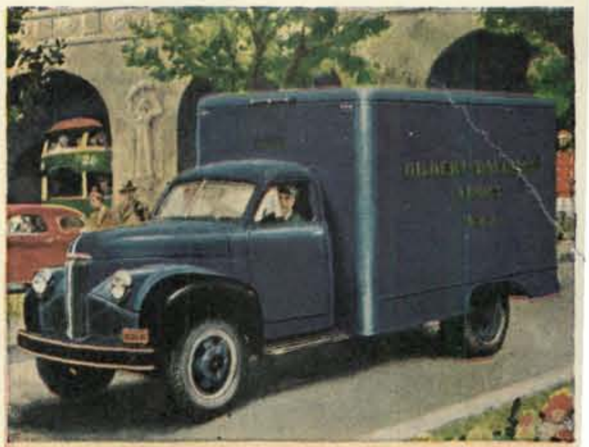
But remember please, that even Studebaker's huge output of new trucks isn't yet big enough to meet the demand.

If you can get along with your present equipment, try to do so. Your Studebaker dealer, in fact, will gladly help you do so—with the finest kind of maintenance service.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of trucks you can trust

© 1947, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.



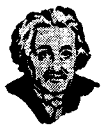
There's real pulling power in Studebaker's Hy-Mileage and Econ-o-miser truck engines! And every Studebaker truck cab has adjustable window wings, two arm rests and adjustable seat, dual sun visors, dual windshield wipers, dome light, door locks, tight-gripping rotary door latches—all at no extra cost!

CONFUCIUS

SPINOZA

DARWIN

SCHOPENHAUER


EINSTEIN

PLATO

ARISTOTLE

ROUSSEAU

SOCRATES

THOREAU

COPERNICUS

BACON

MONTAIGNE

EMERSON

NIETZSCHE

FREUD

THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS

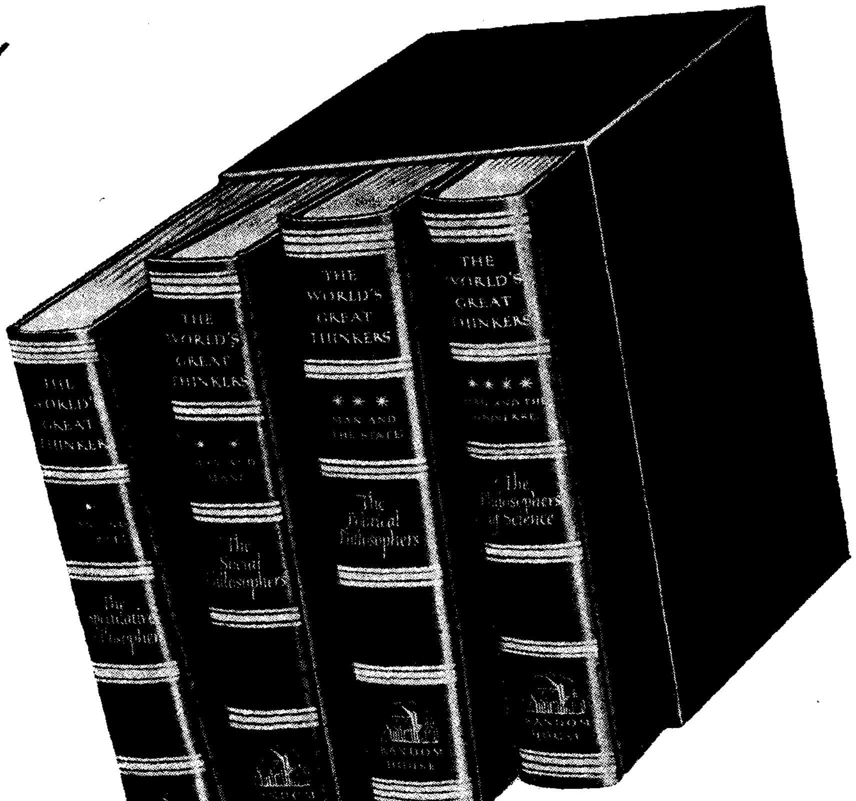
In Four Volumes · Boxed

Retail Price $10.00

Given Free

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

HERE are the philosophies men live by . . . from the works of PLATO and ARISTOTLE and CONFUCIUS to those of FREUD in our own day. These careful selections compiled by Saxe Commins and Robert N. Linscott offer a source of courage to meet today's problems. In them you will find wisdom and guidance from over forty of the world's greatest thinkers, in writings as vitally important today as they ever were.


THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS
The Social Philosophers
The Political Philosophers
The Philosophers of Science
RANDOM HOUSE

NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: if you wish, you may obtain this set upon request in place of any two book-dividends.

Here . . . IN FOUR HANDSOME VOLUMES, BOXED . . . WITH INDIVIDUAL INTRODUCTIONS ARE FORTY-THREE SELECTED MASTERPIECES OF THOUGHT THAT HAVE MADE AND INFLUENCED HISTORY

Over 2000 pages!

You buy many books-of-the-month ANYWAY—why not get them from the Club, PAY LESS, and share in the Club's book-dividends

YOU do not pay any fixed yearly sum as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You simply pay for the particular books you decide to take,* and you have a very wide choice among the important books published each year.

Not only do the Club's five judges, every month, choose an outstanding book (sometimes a double selection) as the book-of-the-month; in addition, the Club makes available "special members' editions" of many widely-discussed books—*making a total of fifty to sixty books* each year from which you may choose.

If you buy as few as *four of these books in any twelve-month period,* you get the full privileges of Club membership, and since there are sure to be, among so many good books, *at least four that you would buy anyway,* the saving to you is extraordinary.

You pay the regular retail price—frequently less—for the book-of-the-month, whenever you decide to take it. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.) Then, with every two books you buy (from among the books-of-the-month and "special members' editions" made available) you receive—*free*—one of the Club's valuable book-dividends.

These are beautiful library volumes, sometimes highly popular best-sellers. Last year the retail value of the free books Club members received was in excess of $16,000,000—books given to members, not sold! This year it will be more. Why not share in this distribution, particularly *since you need never take any book you do not want,* and actually pay less for many books.

Also, as a member, you are kept thoroughly informed about all the important new books, and insure yourself against missing the ones you are particularly anxious to read. These, briefly, are the sensible reasons why hundreds of thousands of book-reading families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A479
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive, free, the four-volume set of THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS with the purchase of my first book indicated below, and thereafter for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

AS MY FIRST SELECTION PLEASE SEND ME:

☐ THE MONEYMAN ($3.00) by Thomas B. Costain
☐ INSIDE U. S. A. by John Gunther ($3.50)
☐ THE STORY OF MRS. MURPHY by Natalie Anderson Scott ($3.00)
☐ A STUDY OF HISTORY by Arnold J. Toynbee ($5.00)
☐ PEACE OF MIND by Joshua L. Liebman ($2.50)
☐ EAST RIVER by Sholem Asch ($3.00)

Name. . . . .
Please Print Plainly

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . Postal Zone No. (if any) . . . *State*. . . . .

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"THE UNFINISHED DANCE"

with

MARGARET O'BRIEN

CYD CHARISSE • KARIN BOOTH

And Introducing

DANNY THOMAS

A HENRY KOSTER Production

PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by MYLES CONNOLLY
Based on "La Mort Du Cygne" by PAUL MORAND

Directed by..........HENRY KOSTER
Produced by.........JOE PASTERNAK

We never cease to be amazed at Hollywood's constant quest and discovery of new stars, new stories, new excitements for the movie-loving millions.

Now, in "The Unfinished Dance"—a new and spectacular kind of Technicolor musical entertainment—M-G-M lifts the velvet curtain on a fascinating and hitherto little-known world: the back-stage of the ballet.

"The Unfinished Dance" presents talented Margaret O'Brien, in her most amazing performance, as a youthful dancing star.

"The Unfinished Dance" also presents at least two of tomorrow's most scintillating stars: Cyd Charisse and Karin Booth. With young Margaret and other exciting people, and breathtaking Technicolor settings, they reveal the joys and dreams and romances of a life you perhaps never knew existed.

This is the story of the most exquisite dancers in the world . . . and of a girl who wanted to become one of them. She had to decide between her idolatry of the reigning favorite and her hatred of the newcomer. With her hand on the switch of a hidden trap door, she had it in her power to end the brilliant career of a beautiful girl. Out of drama such as this, out of intrigue and romance and music, M-G-M has woven a really unusual film, brimming with emotion and beauty.

Director Henry Koster and Producer Joe Pasternak were entrusted with this production plum. We cry them "Bravo."

For a refreshingly and excitingly different kind of Technicolor musical, a combination of tense drama, exquisite spectacle and musical delight—see "The Unfinished Dance"!

COLLIER'S

September 27, 1947

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing Editor*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Director*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*Photographs*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	*Humor*
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	LESTER VELIE	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	*Distaff*
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	RUTH CARSON	*Articles*	RUTH FOWLER	*Distaff*
JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	*Wearables*
EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGHAM	*Fiction*

THIS WEEK

FICTION

PAGE

JUNGLE LORD By JOHAN FABRICIUS 14
Between the men and their guns stood the rage of a giant ape.

SWEET WATER By DICK PEARCE 18
The Serial Story. The second of five parts.

THOSE THINGS DON'T HAPPEN By MACK J. MATTHEWS 22
His screwball wife had cried "Elf!" once more than too often.

NOTHING OR NOBODY By GEORGE ZUCKERMAN 26
In an hour he would die—he had never really been alive.

STAGE DOOR GIRL By JOSEPHINE PEARSON 50
Medora Miles breezes through a lopsided love affair.

ALL SQUARED AWAY By MORT GREEN 86
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES By HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR. 11
PART I: THE FIGHT TO BALANCE THE BUDGET
Beginning a remarkable story of operations inside the New Deal.

OUT OF THIS WORLD By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN 16
Until you have visited Lily Dale, N. Y., you haven't "seen" or "heard" anything.

INDONESIA—PROBLEM CHILD OF U.N. By WELDON JAMES 20
Collier's correspondent gives a vivid account of the fighting in Java.

TOUCHDOWNS ARE BIG BUSINESS By ED PRELL 24
Meet Mickey McBride of the Midas touch plus *the Cleveland Browns.*

FIFTY-MILE BLEACHERS By EDWARD P. MORGAN 28
The World Series via television—the hope of baseball-bar fans.

HOUSES READY-MADE By RUTH BUGBEE 41
Prefabrication is beginning to find its place in housing.

FASHION AT YOUR PRICE By RUTH CARSON 76
What mass-production has done for the woman on a budget.

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

THE WEEK'S WORK By TED SHANE 8

EDITORIAL: *F. D. Roosevelt: The Full Picture* 98

COVER By *JIMMY SNYDER*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

NO. 1 BIRTH

Sirs: In her letter to you (The Week's Mail, Aug. 9th) Myrtle L. Gillis' account of "Snorri," Thorfinn and Gudrid has no more historical basis than Gulliver's Travels. I have read translations of the Icelandic fables and can find no reason to place "Vinland" in North America.

As for the first whites born on this continent—at least the first on record—they were twin sons of Algoncahan na Cuille, who sailed from Galway with his wife, Margrad, one young son, Finghan, and four men companions on a fishing expedition beyond the Arran Isles. Overtaken by a storm, after five weeks they came in sight of a great stretch of coast line and found they were on a great river.

That river is the Merrimack and the landing place, now Newburyport. The date October, A.D. 778. Unfortunately they were met by unfriendly natives so they followed the stream as far as they could navigate and then leaving the ship, continued on foot up the valley to the Pawtucket Falls on the present site of Lowell. Here they were welcomed by a small friendly tribe called Wampscutts with whom they lived as brothers and in less than a year the afore-mentioned twins were born, being named Phassa and Donghal. After a stay of fourteen years, Margrad had a longing for her native land, so persuaded her husband and two of the sons to go back. After great labor and suffering they arrived at Inisherone on Killala Bay in Sligo, A.D. 793, June 5th. Phassa had found a deep and lasting love for Chamusca, a native girl, and refused to leave her. From this union sprang the Passaconaway tribe of what was later to multiply and spread out into the great group of Indian nations known as Algonquin, after Phassa's father, Algoncahan.

Brian Borhme, Islands great ruler, who lost his life following his defeat of the Danes at Clontarf A.D. 1014, was descended through his mother from Phassa's eldest brother Finghan (tenth generation) who wrote the account of the whole expedition in old Erse.

I have the only known fragment of that ms. It shows in an attached note that it was once in possession of Dr. Keating who had it from the Duke of Ormond (I know not how), and would have included it in his History of Ireland could he "have obtained supporting evidence."

Timothy E. Hayes, Long Beach, Cal.

CHILE PROTESTS

Dear Sirs: In your August 2d number you say in your article entitled The End of the

(Continued on page 79)

Vol. 120, No. 13. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

A Pioneer in Pensions

Bell System Plan for Employee Pensions and Benefits has been in effect for thirty-four years.

Long before there was any thought of Social Security or of pensions by most companies, the Bell System instituted a Pension Plan for its employees. The plan went into effect in 1913.

The Bell System Pension Plan was not only one of the first pension plans but it has continued to be one of the best for employees. The full cost is paid by the Company. The employee is not called upon to contribute anything.

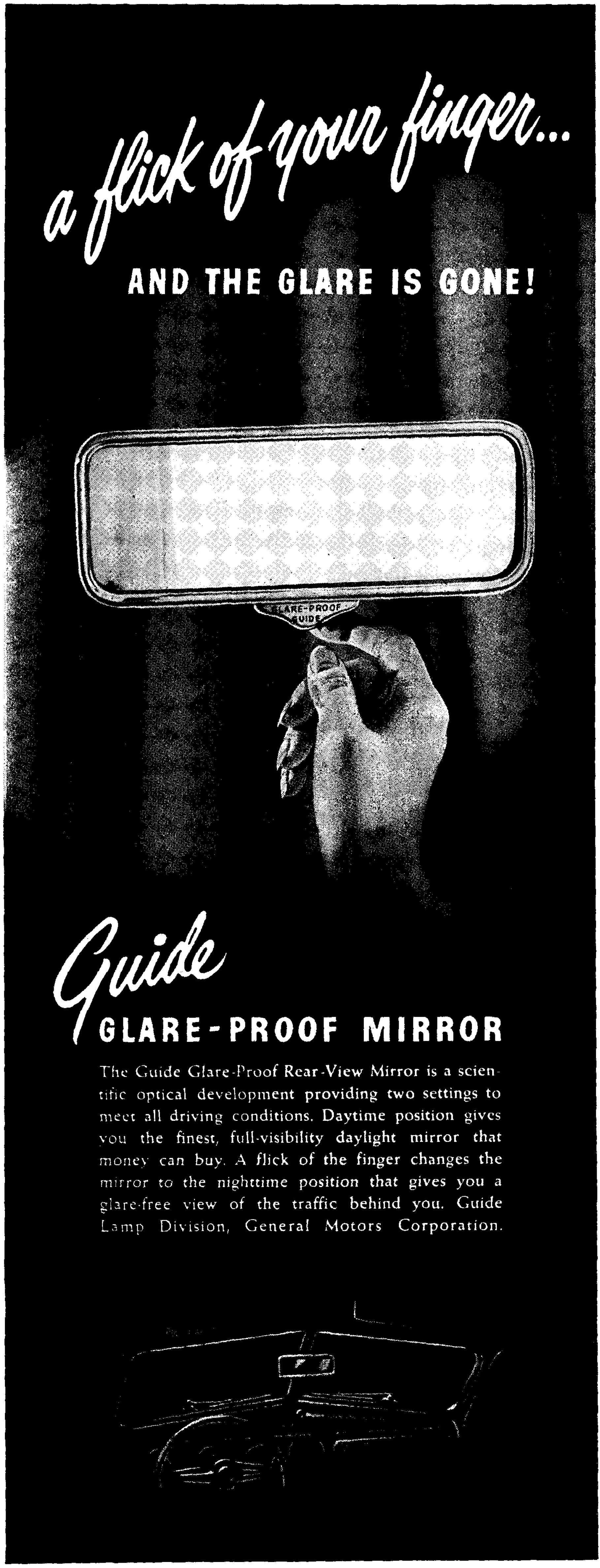
16,967 Bell System employees (10,769 men and 6,198 women) were receiving pensions at the end of 1946.

The Pension Plan is part of a comprehensive Benefit Plan that also covers sickness, accident, disability and death payments. These were paid to more than 110,000 employees and their dependents in 1946. During that year, one Bell System employee in every seven benefited directly from the sickness provisions alone.

All of this is in the interest of the public as well as telephone employees. Because for you to have good service we must have good people to give it to you.

These Pension and Benefit Plans are part of the Bell Telephone Company's responsibility as a good employer and a good citizen in every community in which it operates.

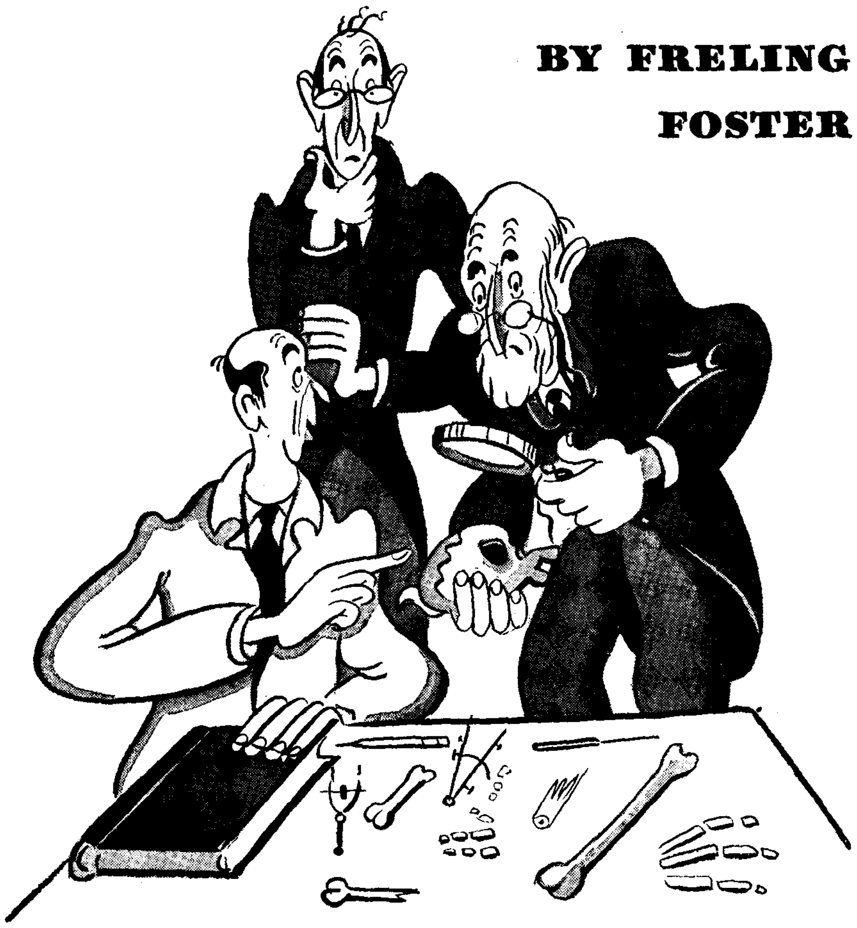
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



The Guide Glare-Proof Rear-View Mirror is a scientific optical development providing two settings to meet all driving conditions. Daytime position gives you the finest, full-visibility daylight mirror that money can buy. A flick of the finger changes the mirror to the nighttime position that gives you a glare-free view of the traffic behind you. Guide Lamp Division, General Motors Corporation.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER


GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Despite man's age-old interest in his origin, no remains of prehistoric peoples were found until 1848 when a fossil skull was discovered at Gibraltar. Since then, skeletons—or parts of skeletons—of a score of unknown races, some estimated to have lived as long ago as 250,000 years, have been unearthed in various parts of the world.

The U.S. government had no law that specifically applied to persons involved in interstate flights of stolen aircraft until Sept. 24, 1945, when the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act was amended to cover such cases.

The machines that grind and polish plate glass in the Ford plant in Dearborn, Michigan, are constructed in a single line 600 feet in length—so long that, in order to produce glass of uniform thicknesses, their designers had to allow for the curvature of the earth, or the middle of the line would have been 1/4000th of an inch higher than the ends.

Unlike the United States and most other countries, Great Britain allows its national flag to be used in commercial advertisements.

Only three men have circled the globe in small sailing vessels single-handed. The first was Captain Joshua Slocum who, in his 36-foot sloop Spray, left Boston in April, 1895, and returned there in July, 1898, having covered 46,000 miles. The second was Harry Pidgeon who, in his 34-foot yawl Islander, left Los Angeles in November, 1921, and returned in October, 1925, having sailed about 38,000 miles. The third was Alain Gerbault who, in his 39-foot cutter Firecrest, left Cannes, France, in April, 1923, and arrived back at Le Havre in July, 1929, having traveled approximately 40,000 miles.

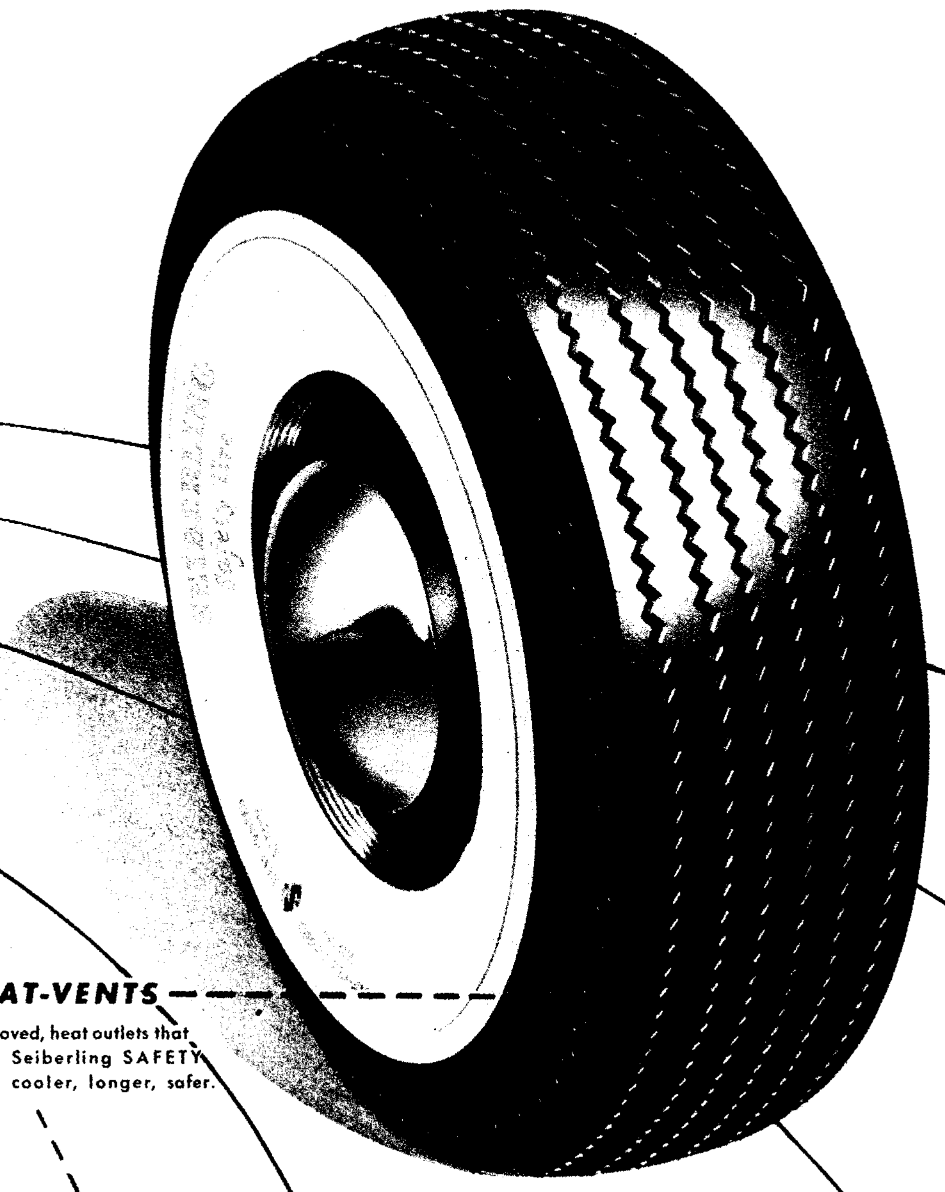
Guernsey Island in the English Channel still retains its ancient custom of black-listing alcoholics. To reform such a drinker, a member of his family applies to the court which issues an official order that no one is to sell him liquor thereafter. As a constant reminder to all concerned, it also orders a police photo of the man pasted up in every bar.—*By May Stening, Richmond, Va.*

A recent investigation of boxing discloses that many pugilists, barred from fighting in one state as physically unfit, are able to enter three or four bouts a week in other states by using fictitious names.

As the Mormons believe that the dead are helped toward salvation by the proxy baptism of living kinfolk, they devote considerable time to genealogical research for ancestors for whom they may go through this religious ceremony. Hence, during the hundred-odd years that Mormonism has existed, millions of these vicarious baptisms have taken place.

On a summer's morning in 1909, a lone elephant was found wandering on the beach of Staten Island. As no one reported the animal missing, its discovery became a front-page mystery in the N.Y. newspapers and even led to the speculation that the elephant might have swum the Atlantic from Africa. But after three days, "Stella" was claimed by a man from a Coney Island show who later admitted he had secretly ferried her across the 17 miles and planted her there for publicity purposes.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission



HEAT-VENTS

Patented, proved, heat outlets that make the Seiberling SAFETY Tire run cooler, longer, safer.

The **SAFETY** of exclusive Seiberling Heat-Vents

The **SAFETY** of extra strong Rayon Saf-flex Cord

The **SAFETY** of skid resisting Saw Tooth Tread

SEE THE **NEW SAFETY TIRE** BY

SEIBERLING

A NAME YOU CAN TRUST IN RUBBER

See it at your independent Merchant displaying this sign of quality

SEIBERLING TIRES

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.
AKRON, O., U. S. A. • TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

See how easy it is to have *Safe Headlamps*

SAFE driving at night begins with safe headlamps. They reduce eye-strain, lessen fatigue, prevent accidents.

Here's all that needs to be done. If your car is an older model, very likely the reflectors need polishing; dimmed-out bulbs or cracked lenses should be replaced, and loose or dirty wiring connections cleaned and tightened. If your car is a later model, with Sealed Beam lighting, a burned-out headlamp can be made "as good as new" with a Sealed Beam replacement unit.

Whatever the age of your car, headlamps should be checked for "aim" at regular intervals—and after any minor collision.

For headlamp service, and all kinds of automotive service, look for the familiar sign of United Motors Service. This nationwide service organization assures you of competent mechanics, modern service methods and original-equipment parts.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

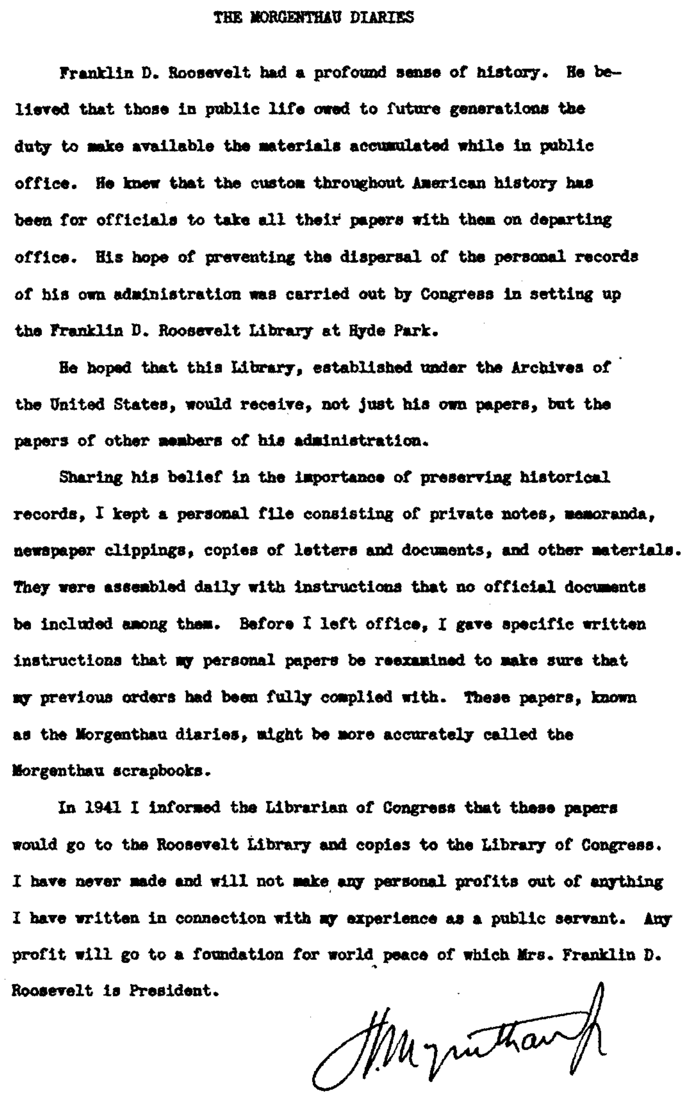
UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

IT'S RIGHT NEARBY

Selected independent automotive service stations are authorized by
UNITED MOTORS SERVICE
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
SAGINAW Jacks
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THE WEEK'S WORK



THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Franklin D. Roosevelt had a profound sense of history. He believed that those in public life owed to future generations the duty to make available the materials accumulated while in public office. He knew that the custom throughout American history has been for officials to take all their papers with them on departing office. His hope of preventing the dispersal of the personal records of his own administration was carried out by Congress in setting up the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park.

He hoped that this Library, established under the Archives of the United States, would receive, not just his own papers, but the papers of other members of his administration.

Sharing his belief in the importance of preserving historical records, I kept a personal file consisting of private notes, memoranda, newspaper clippings, copies of letters and documents, and other materials. They were assembled daily with instructions that no official documents be included among them. Before I left office, I gave specific written instructions that my personal papers be reexamined to make sure that my previous orders had been fully complied with. These papers, known as the Morgenthau diaries, might be more accurately called the Morgenthau scrapbooks.

In 1941 I informed the Librarian of Congress that these papers would go to the Roosevelt Library and copies to the Library of Congress. I have never made and will not make any personal profits out of anything I have written in connection with my experience as a public servant. Any profit will go to a foundation for world peace of which Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is President.

H Morgenthau Jr

IN THIS issue, Collier's begins publication of the long-awaited diaries of Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury under President Roosevelt. The comments of the Editors on the information drawn from the Morgenthau Diaries and other similar articles on the New Deal will be found on this week's editorial page. Above is reproduced a statement by Mr. Morgenthau touching on controversy that has arisen in Congress and elsewhere concerning his records of service in the Cabinet.

MORT GREEN (All Squared Away, p. 86), born in the State of Brooklyn ('19), calls his childhood a complete flop, frittered away with just being a child. He made up for this defection by becoming a high-school grad, truck driver, salesman, carpenter, playboy, credit investigator, loafer and soldier; and after the war, a chorus boy, then a radio writer.

Right now Mr. Green applies four days a week to laying his golden radio eggs; on the other five he fondly dabbles with both a book and a play, which he courageously hopes someone will buy. "If there seem to be too many days in my week," he explains, "this is only because I have many spares left over from weeks I did absolutely nothing."

UP TO a point, Jungle Lord, p. 14, is gospel. Johan Fabricius was making a trip into the Java hinterland. He came eye to eye with an orangutan, ensconced safely in the cage. Something in that eye stirred him. Immediately he cast the orangutan for the yarn, letting his imagination supply what would happen if Old Hairy made good an escape.

Fabricius always has drawn on an adventuresome background for his many chefs-d'oeuvre. Born in Bandung, Java, in '99, he boyhooded in towns like Batavia and Surabaya. At fifteen he started to learn painting at the Academy of Arts in The Hague, Holland, often illustrating fairy and whimsy stories which he wrote for that purpose. At seventeen he was an official war painter on the just-as well-forgotten World War I Italian front. He later served in the Dutch army, adventured off to lead the life of the Gaucho in Paraguay, between revolutions.

The last war caught him dallying with pen and palette in Capri. He almost had to fight his way single-handed to northern Europe, then England, where he spent the war years broadcasting to his native Holland. He covered the liberation and Jap surrender in the Indies for the B.B.C. Right now he's in England, probably knocking out a novel or three about his recent years.

This week's cover: On the Exercise Bar. Jimmy Snyder snapped Olga Suarez in a Ballet Schoolgirl pose, bending backward to please. The gorgeous, hip-chucking, many-tongued Olga, of French-Spanish blood, has danced with the American Ballet, with Van (The) Johnson, then an unknown in Broadway's Too Many Girls, has ballerinaed at New York's plushy Copacabana Club, and will be dance *diseuse* in the forthcoming musical Music in My Heart, based on the life of the song writer's pal, Tschaikovsky. . . .

TED SHANE

Top Performance

...for MOTORS means HAVOLINE

Put in the star performer, for top motor performance! *Keep your motor Havoline clean* . . . "take out" the carbon and gummy sludge that throw pocketbooks for a loss. You gain gas-miles, power, economy. No need for substitutes — this *modern* motor oil is All-American, at Texaco Dealers everywhere.

NEW and IMPROVED
HAVOLINE
MOTOR OIL
KEEPS YOUR ENGINE CLEAN

...CLEANS as it lubricates

TEXACO
REG.T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

SERVICE TO KAISER AND FRAZER OWNERS IS ONE OF OUR RESPONSIBILITIES

KAISER
GENUINE FACTORY PARTS &
SERVICE
FRAZER

The K-F Willow Run Service School Constantly Graduates Factory-Trained Men

Henry J. Kaiser and Joseph W. Frazer know very well that *service* is a *factory* responsibility. They took early action to make sure that every Kaiser or Frazer owner would find first class service wherever he might drive. One of the finest service schools in the industry started at Willow Run the day the first cars came off the line!

Every week for sixteen months a class of factory-trained service men has graduated. And every week the school enrolls a new group of Kaiser-Frazer distributor and dealer service men from all parts of the country. These men are expert mechanics. They take the factory training to familiarize themselves with every part and accessory and to learn the most efficient and economical way to make adjustments and repairs.

Right now, the tens of thousands of Kaiser and Frazer owners have at their service one of the *four largest dealer organizations in the world.* And every dealer has a factory-approved service garage, modern equipment, an available supply of genuine factory parts, and trained mechanics ready to serve you expertly. Visit your nearby K-F dealer today. Inspect his facilities. He sells 100% postwar motor cars *and* 100% postwar service under our approved K-F *Golden Rule Service Policy.*

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

1-THE FIGHT TO BALANCE THE BUDGET

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

Here begins a revealing story of the struggle within the Roosevelt Administration over execution of the historic spending policy, with its vast economic and political ramifications. The first of a series by the former Secretary of the Treasury

I had known Franklin Roosevelt some twenty years when he asked me in 1933 to come down to Washington as governor of the Farm Credit Administration. We had been neighbors in Dutchess County, but our most intimate acquaintance dated from Roosevelt's illness—in one sense so tragic, in another so decisive in producing his future greatness.

It has always seemed to me that his struggle for recovery from that illness developed those qualities of humanity and leadership which made Franklin Roosevelt the accepted champion of American and, later, of world democracy.

Roosevelt is an extraordinarily difficult person to describe. A man of many and varied drives, he was always about ten steps ahead of anyone around him. He thrived on contact with people, as only an ex-invalid can, and each new person brought out a different side of him. In reading through the many personal notes and records of my twelve years as Secretary of the Treasury, I have been struck anew by his unending variety. He appears weary as well as buoyant, frivolous as well as grave, evasive as well as frank—they show a man of bewildering complexity of moods and motives.

I make no pretensions to subtle psychological analysis or to literary craftsmanship in writing of Franklin Roosevelt. I can only report some of the many aspects of the man as I saw them at the time and noted them down shortly afterward.

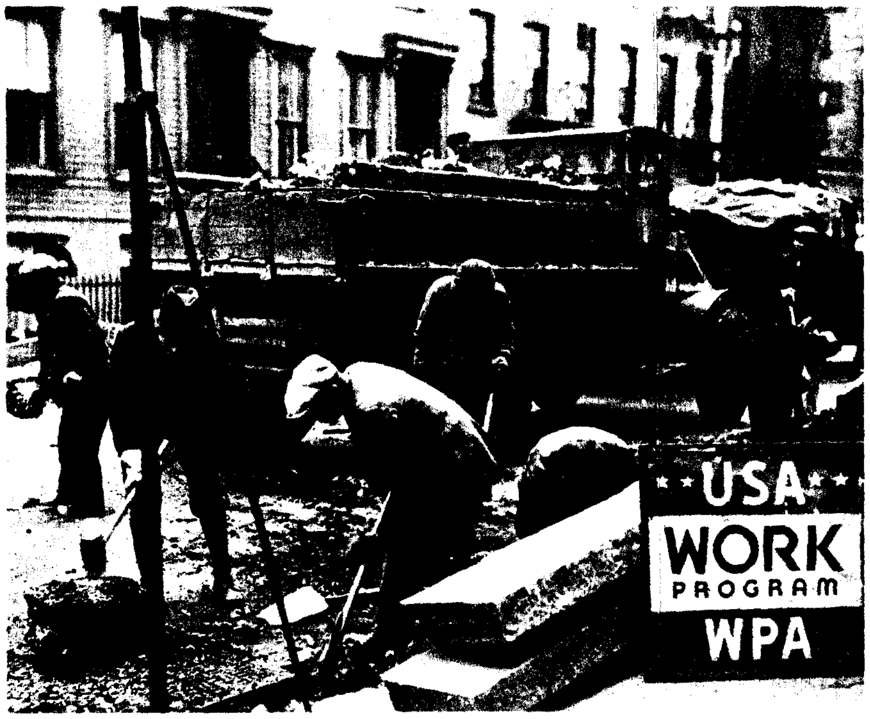
Some of the things I say will be misinterpreted. A favorite indoor sport in certain circles is to snatch remarks of Franklin Roosevelt out of context—particularly if they are uttered in one of his characteristic gusts of high humor. But I am prepared to tell the whole story as far as my knowledge and my records allow—and to run the risk of misinterpretation whether by enemy or by friend. Roosevelt's place in history is sufficiently massive to survive the pinpricks of petty detractors.

DRAWING BY SAM BERMAN

This picture of the late President and Mr. Morgenthau was presented by F.D.R. to Mrs. Morgenthau following a visit to the Warm Springs Foundation in Georgia

The Morgenthau Diaries are not in the usual diary form. They comprise some 900 volumes of personal notes, records of conversations and conferences, miscellaneous memoranda and copies of official documents, as well as Mr. Morgenthau's account of daily events. This series of articles makes frequent reference to the author's diary, but recognizes the impossibility of presenting the data in regular diary form.—THE EDITORS.

(See The Week's Work, page 8)



KEYSTONE

Roosevelt gave people jobs instead of the dole during the depression years and thus the Works Progress Administration kept many destitute persons working

IT WAS hot afternoon on the last day of August, 1934, one and a half years after the day when Franklin Roosevelt said in his inaugural address that our country had nothing to fear but fear itself. I drove up the winding road to Roosevelt's house at Hyde Park and, at the door, was told the President would see me upstairs immediately. He was taking a bath.

The President told me that Lewis Douglas had been there the night before and resigned as Director of the Budget. He was at the time personally fond of Douglas and seemed terribly upset and hurt.

"Henry," he said, "I give you until midnight to get me a new Director of the Budget."

Douglas, who during the war was Director of War Shipping, who today is President Truman's ambassador to Britain, was the great advocate of a balanced budget. His resignation was no real surprise: Budget-balancing was all right but Lew had wanted to balance the budget immediately—at the expense of almost everything else, including the Administration's relief and recovery programs. Life was not that simple. A great deal was at stake.

The President looked at me sharply and said with great emphasis, "In the words of John Paul Jones, we have not yet begun to fight."

The background was this: When Roosevelt took office in 1933, the economy of the country had literally come to a standstill. But his vision and courage brought a scared and sullen country to life again. He gave people jobs instead of the dole, stopped mortgage foreclosures, dared to throw all the resources of the federal government into the battle to save bank deposits, homes, farms and individual self-respect. It was worth every penny it cost.

In those early days there was no time for careful planning or for detailed co-ordination. We were in a race against hunger and revolution, and we had to act fast. Lew Douglas' rigidly orthodox ideas about the absolute indispensability of a balanced budget interfered with the Administration's program. The President and I felt that Douglas' policy involved too great a gamble with human lives; that we could not stop the essential spending necessary to keep people alive, to keep the farms producing, to keep the government functioning without doing irreparable harm to the recuperative forces of the country.

Yet we differed from Lew Douglas, not over whether a balanced budget was our ultimate goal, but over what sacrifices of relief and reform we were prepared to make in order to get it right away. Indeed, in the course of the year 1934, as the actual crisis had receded, I had begun to worry myself about the spending program. In the first place, I wanted all spending for relief and public works to be co-ordinated under a single head so as to avoid duplication and administrative confusion. In the second place, I wanted a scheduled tapering off of spending so that we could look forward to a balancing of the budget.

It was with these two objectives in mind that I asked the President whom he was considering as Douglas' successor.

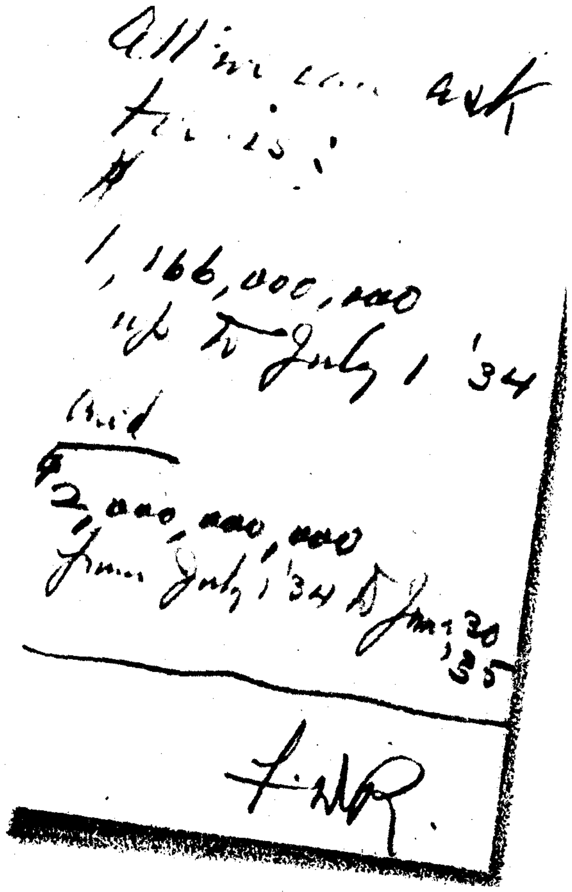
He took my breath away by saying, "What do you think of Tom Corcoran as Director of the Budget?"

This seemed to me absolutely out of the question. Tom Corcoran was a first-class lawyer, a first-class political operator, a first-class accordion player. But I felt sure he knew very little about finance and could not be relied upon to keep a tight rein over the spending policies.

So I hastily suggested Daniel Bell, then my Commissioner of Accounts

ACME

In 1933 President Roosevelt signed the Farm Relief Currency inflation bill. At right: Secretaries Morgenthau and Wallace



All we can ask for is: $1,166,000,000 up to July 1 '34 and $2,000,000,000 from July 1 '34 to Jan 30 '35

F.D.R.

Birth of a budget. Memo to Morgenthau for 1934-1935 fiscal year appropriations

and Deposits in the Treasury Department, for the job. Fortunately Roosevelt liked the idea, and Bell was made Acting Director.

Bell and I immediately set out to ride herd over the spending programs. Let me say at the outset that I never objected to spending when the alternative would have been human suffering.

Indeed, once when I discovered that the President had neglected to sign an appropriation of a million dollars for the United States Health Service, I wired Marvin McIntyre, one of Roosevelt's secretaries: "NOW LISTEN, MAC, THIS MILLION DOLLARS CAN DO MORE GOOD AND GET QUICKER RESULTS THAN ANY OTHER MILLION DOLLARS I KNOW OF BECAUSE WITH IT THE HEALTH SERVICE CAN GIVE EVERY MEMBER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE A SHOT IN THE ARM. IT CAN TAKE THE GOLD OUT OF THE TEETH OF THE BANKERS AND REMOVE THE DECAY. FURTHERMORE WE WILL BE GLAD TO FURNISH FREE VETERINARIAN SERVICE TO THE WHOLE WHITE HOUSE STAFF AS LONG AS THE MILLION DOLLARS LAST."

Note. The President signed.

But I did feel that, in a capitalist economy, recovery had to depend basically upon private business. I wanted to see a free enterprise economy as flourishing as the twenties but operating more soundly and more equitably. It seemed vital to me that the government try sincerely to build a feeling of confidence in its financial operations so that businessmen would be encouraged to take over their proper role of invigorating the economy. I did not believe in the notion that a large, permanent deficit was necessary to "compensate" for inadequacies of private investment or for deficiencies of private purchasing power. Nor, I think, did the President or any of his close advisers in 1933-34.

The men in charge of the various spending programs were Harry Hopkins, responsible for relief; Harold Ickes, responsible for public works and Henry Wallace, responsible for agricultural payments. I was in favor of having them spend all that was necessary to meet human needs but I knew that a future of unlimited spending would only demoralize the business community.

In September, following Douglas' resignation, there was deep concern among some Treasury experts at the direction—or perhaps I should say lack of direction—in which the spenders were going. My diary notes a conversation with my special assistant, the ever-critical Jacob Viner, former University of Chicago economist, who felt the President was getting "a lot of poor advice."

This situation prompted me, late in 1934, to get the President to call Ickes, Hopkins and me together for a series of meetings so I could have a co-ordinated estimate on which to base our financing for the coming year and on which to plan for a balanced budget in 1937 or 1938.

These meetings were not very successful. Whatever the President said, Ickes and Hopkins would yes him and Ickes made one remark that was a classic. He said he could not see that it made any difference whether the government spent five billion dollars or private capital spent an equal amount—although our whole purpose was to revive private business.

Our failure to work out a program reached a climax in December when we met at Warm Springs. Ickes had no detailed program but merely a lot of lump sum cost figures. The President was angry. When I telephoned him that evening to say I thought we could get a program once we had found a man to run it, he exclaimed: "I am going to get a program within 48 hours. I am going to get my program first and I will not settle on who is going to run it until I do get my program."

Finally, we were able to get a statement about ultimate balancing in the President's budget message for January, 1935. When Bell and I left following our last conference with Roosevelt on the subject, he called after us: "Well, my budget message is so Tory that I will have to put in all of my radical suggestions in my message to Congress."

Ickes was as prickly a customer to handle in those days as he is today. I remember the President's breaking the news to Harold that January that PWA was going to be cut. When I thought the President might be weakening a little bit, I made a stump speech about my fears of paper money inflation and the importance of balancing the budget for all items except relief. Between the President and me, Ickes was swept off his feet and left gurgling and murmuring to himself.

Spenders' Who's Who

Of all the spenders, Hopkins was the best from my point of view. He got money into circulation quickly, which was the economic objective of the pump-priming policy, and he gave destitute people work, which was the social objective. Wallace's whole theory of spending in order to reduce agricultural production always seemed nonsense to me.

As for Ickes, he was so anxious to keep graft and politics out of the public works program that he practically spent money through a medicine dropper. Ickes' slowness in making decisions was sometimes a real handicap. The important thing was to alleviate unemployment crises but because of insufficient advance planning the public works projects were frequently slow in getting started and therefore expenditures for them were sometimes being made after instead of before the crises had passed their peaks.

It was this situation that prompted me on one occasion to telephone Ickes and ask, half in jest and half seriously: "Can you spend a billion dollars in a week?" Ickes' spending pace was not fast—nor was that of Federal Housing Administrator Nathan Straus. After one White House conference, I told the public-spirited Straus that they were counting on his spending 800 million dollars for housing to speed the pump-priming program.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Don't give it to me all at once. Give it to me with a teaspoon."

He said he was having trouble negotiating for bathtubs and that he wanted the Treasury Procurement Division to help.

"Well," I joked, "can't I resign and go into the bathtub business?"

"I wonder how good it is going to be," he mused. "Where are they going to store the damn' things after they are finished? Well, that's the headache. But the Boss (Roosevelt) wants the order placed and we're trying to arrange it."

These were the sort of unorthodox but essential problems that daily plagued the executive branch but were so vital to success of the program as a whole.

Let no one forget either that there was quite as much pressure for spending from Congress as from the bureaucrats, including a good deal from people who were theoretically in favor

(Continued on page 80)

JUNGLE LORD

BY JOHAN FABRICIUS

"We chugged over the gleaming surface of the muddy brown Sumatra River"—Mauro L. Scali, of American Academy of Arts, Chicago, won a first with this

CONTROLLER VAN HOEVEN seated himself in a government motor launch, and held it steady while I got in. He was a fair, very typically Dutch-looking young fellow, full of enthusiasm for the tropics. He had given his adventurous young heart without reserve to the new country that was now his home, and especially to Sumatra with its still inaccessible mountains and jungle, its half-wild tribes around Lake Toba, its elephant herds, tigers, pythons.

He lived a good fifty miles inland and had urged me to come and see him; as an enticement he held out the prospect of a crocodile shoot. He knew their haunts along the river, and talked of big monsters ten and twelve feet long. With his service motor launch we would travel down the river almost to its mouth, where the native prince had a ramshackle bungalow called a country seat. There we would find a little native *prahu,* in which we could penetrate noiselessly into the smaller creeks.

So about nine o'clock that morning I had arrived at Van Hoeven's modest residence. He waved cheerfully to me from his veranda where he was hurriedly dealing with documents and giving instructions to his uniformed and saber-girt old native policeman.

"I'm ready—just got to tell Ahmad a few things he is sure to forget again directly," he said.

The old man tried to take it all in but it was visibly an effort for him. On top of that he felt bound to salute me with his brown veined hand revealing the apelike pale palm as he raised it to the upturned brim of his Transvaal hat.

The controller's young wife appeared in a blue morning kimono to serve us coffee. She smiled amiably, though she was shy and soon disappeared. Van Hoeven had not told me that she was going to have a baby.

"Do you think it wise to stay away the whole day?" I asked him, when she had left.

"Oh yes, it's quite safe. The doctor called here only yesterday and was sure nothing would happen before next week. Besides, my wife wants me to have the trip. She isn't the sort to be scared," he added.

The old policeman saw us out to the launch and turned the handle of the motor, which started throbbing and hissing. "Ahmad knows how to handle it," Van Hoeven said. "I would have taken him with me but for the possibility of something happening to my wife after all. In that case he could easily follow me in the garrison doctor's little boat to let me know."

He made me smile with his youthful lightheartedness, which was meant to prove to me how little the fact that he was about to become a father could shake him.

"Ahmad, take care of *Njonja.*"

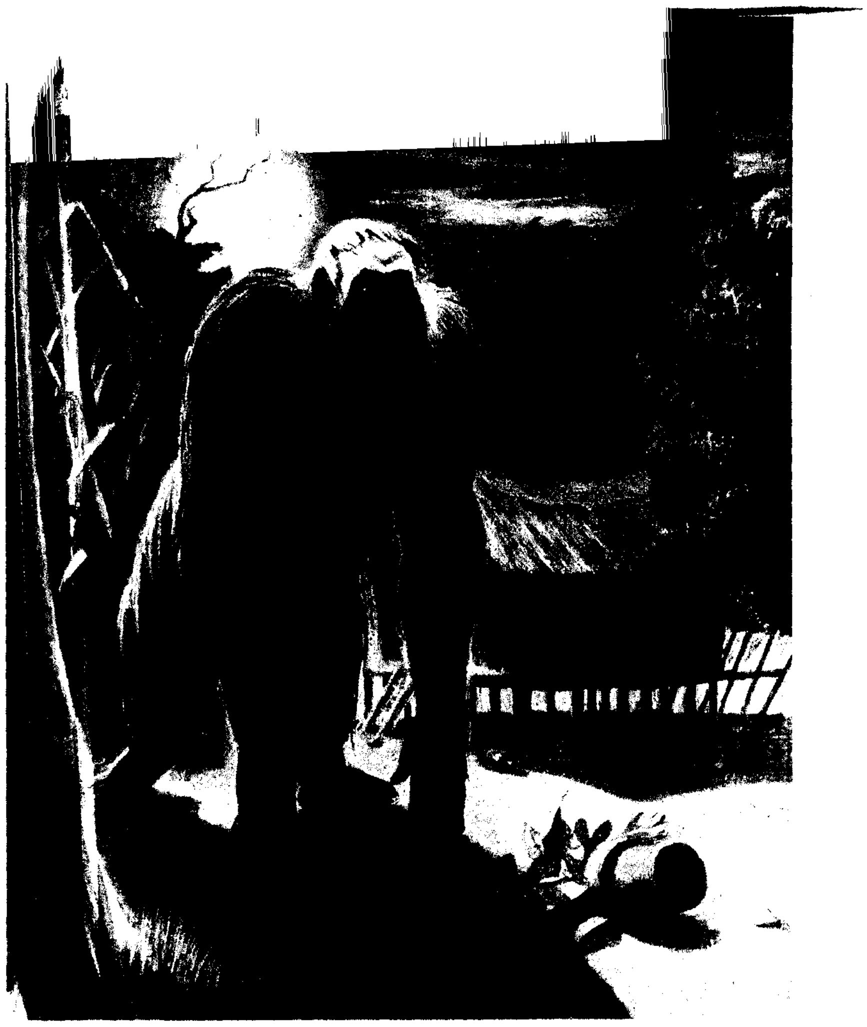
"Saja, Tuan Contrôleur." The old features lighted up in veneration.

As we chugged over the gleaming surface of the muddy brown Sumatra river, the sun burned down on us from almost directly overhead. We tried to move in the shadow of the trees where their tops overhung the water, but we scraped the greasy clay soil, or fouled our screw with weeds. Down the green gloom of the creeks colored butterflies and sometimes a little honey-thief bird fluttered above the alluring white cups of the water lilies, which lay enthroned, motionless and dreamy in their crown of silent, rounded leaves. Now and then a quivering wing would be caught for a second in a shaft of sunlight, a gleam of magic fanned into life only to die away. Hot. Hot. We talked little now.

When the banks widened out again, the atmosphere became more bearable.

"We are practically there," Van Hoeven said, and round the bend the

"The animal hissed and growled"—a spirited illustration by Roy M. Schroeder, of Chouinard Art Institute



A first-prize winner by Hugh S. Wiley, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

sultan's country seat came into sight, a modest little wooden house, surrounded by a garden. Above the primitive gate which gave access to the estate, there stood in bamboo letters: *Mon Repos.*

"As if His Highness ever did anything tiring enough to warrant taking a rest!" Van Hoeven said.

The *mandur,* still a young man, came running to help us moor the boat. He was visibly excited by the visit which was both unusual and flattering.

He led us through the garden—a typical native one with *tjabe* and *melati* bushes, bananas, papayas and *djambus*—to the front veranda which was in a sad state of neglect. It was overcrowded with European furniture bought at auctions which must have been held half a century ago: rattan rocking chairs, dumbwaiters, showcases, empty flower stands, all half eaten by white ants. The walls were exuberantly decorated with stuffy faded Japanese dolls and *swalls* and cuckoo clocks; and in one corner a cheap Chinese glass painting was paired off with the framed advertisement of a life-insurance company.

"You should have a look inside," Van Hoeven said and tried the door to the inner gallery. It turned out to be locked.

"His Highness doesn't visit here often, I presume?"

"So far as I know, he has been here only once, at the solemn inauguration," said Samidin the *mandur.*

Then a shrill female voice called him to the kitchen. With a sigh he got up.

We also rose, drawn by the sharp roasting smell which penetrated from the kitchen. As we could not reach it through the house, we walked round the outside of it and saw that the building consisted only of one big room and a front and back veranda. But when we reached the back of the house and came in sight of the well, surrounded by bamboo bushes, and the modest annexes—kitchen, storeroom and the *mandur's* living quarters—we stopped. In a cage on wheels such as is used by a traveling circus, we perceived a big red hairy monster, a live, imprisoned orangutan.

IT WAS a formidable specimen, nearly as tall as a man, but much heavier, a dark somber titan. In his cage, where he could just manage to stand upright, he reared up—a tragic monument of antediluvian power in chains, his hirsute fists gripping the bars and his short shapeless legs sagging. His head, which rested neckless on massive shoulders, was in the shadow of the cage's heavy wooden roof. Out of the semidarkness his close-set, malignantly brooding eyes gleamed at us, suspicious new apparitions in his field of vision. His prison was too small to give him any freedom of movement. All he could do was to sink down onto his haunches and pull himself up again. And all around about him, eternally green and boundless, rose the virgin jungle, his world.

Samidin smiled when he saw us halt with a shock. "I caught him myself," he said with pride. "He was getting too bold; my wife was beginning to be afraid of him. At first he sat up there in the trees, and then he came nearer and nearer to the garden. He had seen my papayas and bananas from the distance. And it was with them that I caught him. I put some down for him at the edge of the forest and then I pulled a big net over him that I had made from rattan. You should have seen him raging like a madman. I was afraid at first that he would escape me after all; he bit through rattans as thick as my thumbs! With a heavy iron bar we finally managed to beat him senseless. He had had seven blows on the head already without seeming to feel them! And then we tied him up."

After that Samidin had composed a respectful letter to the sultan, and His Highness had given orders to send him this cage. It had been quite a feat to drag the bound jungle giant across all those tree trunks into the garden. However, there he stood in his cage and still could not understand how he had got there. He spent most of his time sitting down and would not touch food. The fruit, which had formerly made his mouth water, now remained on the floor for days on end. He soiled it and would not give it a look.

Meanwhile we slowly drew near. The cage gave off a penetrating stench and the ruddy-haired colossus looked down on us disdainfully. He did not stir at our approach but his powerful head turned a little to follow us, all his life concentrated in the small, bloodshot eyes with the grandfatherly pouches under them. The powerful mouth with the flat fallow lips stood a little open and dribbling. His dark bald skull was bleeding from chafing against the top of the cage, or perhaps the iron bar had caused the wound there.

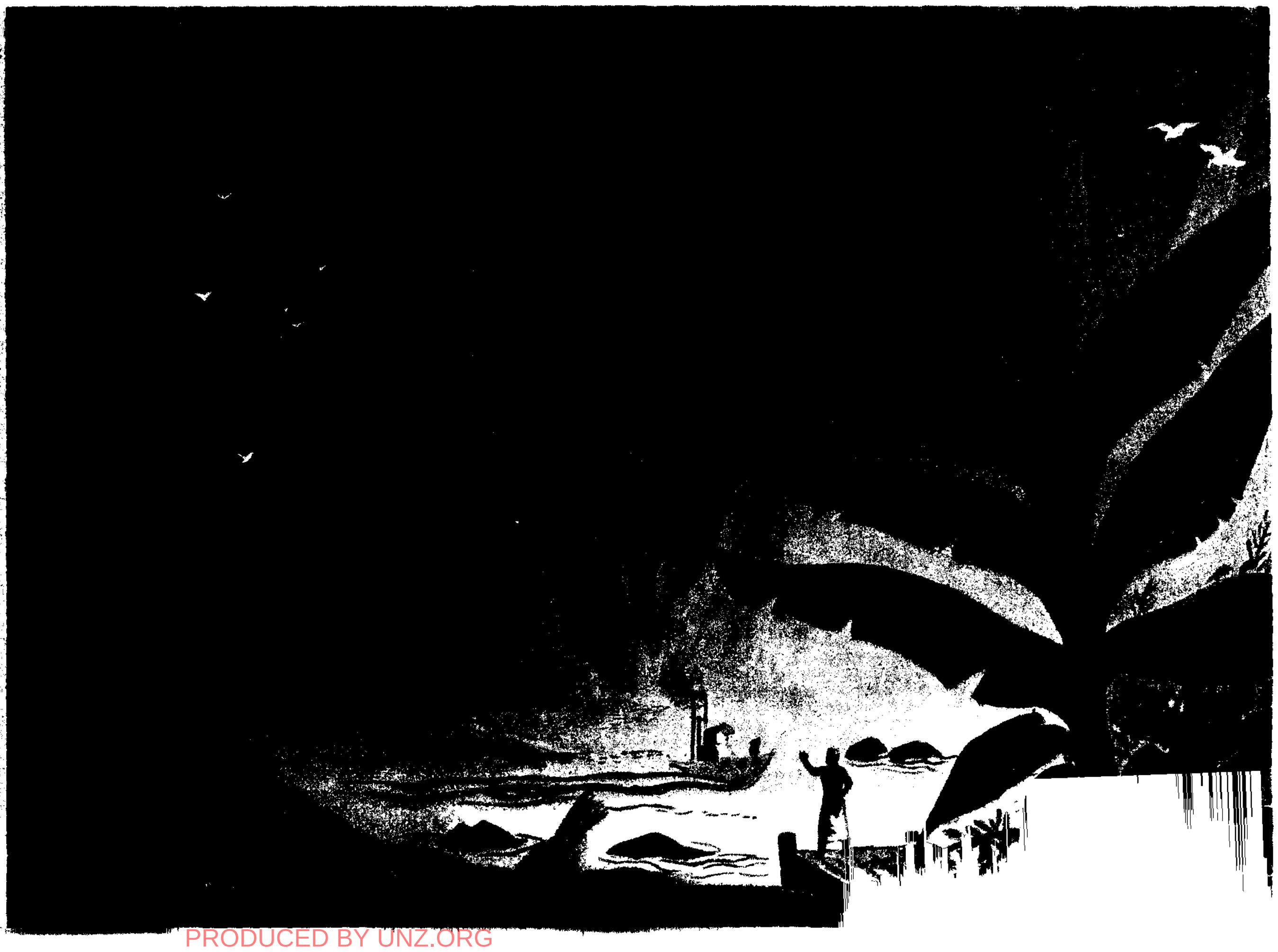
"How long has he been here?" asked Van Hoeven.

The native did not notice the repugnance and indignation in the white man's voice. He had to think first. "There was a new moon when I got him—a good three weeks ago."

(Continued on page 44)

This one, by Roy D. Erickson, of Chouinard Art Institute, took a second prize. The scene is the same as that chosen by Mr. Scali

The illustrations for this story were entries in the second annual contest for art school students held by the Society of Illustrators. Four magazines submitted stories for which pictures were to be made: Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping, American and Collier's. Seven schools participated: Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Art Students League, New York, N. Y.; Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, R. I.; Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, Pa.; American Academy of Art, Chicago, Ill.; California School of Fine Arts, San Francisco, Calif.; and Chouinard Art Institute, of Los Angeles. The jury was composed of four noted illustrators: Albert Dorne, Alex Ross, John Holmgren and Frank Bensing, and the art directors of the four participating magazines: Ed Witalis (Cosmopolitan), Budd Hemmick (Good Housekeeping), Dick Chenault (American) and William O. Chessman (Collier's).



SPIRITUAL
MEDIUM
S FLORENCE
CHIROPRACTOR

While parents are busy with the spirits, Lily Dale children parade to the auditorium to display the "spiritualist truths" taught them during the week

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

In western New York State there is a town which has the largest population of disembodied spirits in the world. By and large they are friendly ghosts who'll advise you on most anything

Lily Dale residents keep up their spirits in small private seances. Miss Betty Possehl, considered to be an unusually fine medium, leads a circle gathering

ILY DALE is a parklike community of neat white cottages built along the shore of Upper Cassadaga Lake about 10 miles from Fredonia, in western New York State. A graceful little brick library, a big white auditorium, an old-fashioned hotel with wide verandas, a white frame assembly hall and an outdoor stage—all placed in a setting of spacious lawns and shady groves—give the place the atmosphere of a college town turned into a quiet summer resort. It is a family place, and young and old are neatly dressed, polite, and friendly—altogether as indistinguishable from the look and feel of respectable, middle-income America as are their cars parked under the elms.

There is a difference, however, as you will discover shortly after driving into the ground and out of this world. For Lily Dale is populated mainly by ghosts. With few exceptions, the people you see are here to hobnob with ghosts.

Until you have visited Lily Dale you are very likely to have a limited appreciation of the versatility and geniality of ghosts—and the ease of getting in touch with them. Far from the conventional spooks of the horror films, these ghosts are as folksy as Lily Dale's flesh-and-blood inhabitants and take an active part in all community activities.

Naturally, the ghosts' principal business is to attend the meetings and assemblies which fill every hour of the day, and to join in the circles and seances which take place every evening. Here they work hard—posing for snapshots (taken, naturally, without a camera), speaking through trumpets, rapping on walls, and moving some heavy articles of furniture.

But like everybody else, the ghosts enjoy relaxation too; and if circumstances are right, you can take walks with them, converse, hold hands, go swimming or fishing, or even dance with them to the popular tunes which are played by a local band every night in the big auditorium. The hospitality isn't all one-sided, either. From Lily Dale, if your spirit "guide" invites you, you can take off on "soul flights" into the spirit world where you will have no end of adventures.

Some ghosts are young and giddy; others are old and wise. All of them, you'll find, are behind you 100 per cent in all your earthly enterprises. Either directly, or through properly ordained mediums, they will advise you in problems of business, health and love. It's pretty flattering when you find great scientists, philosophers, and inventors taking a personal interest in your problems. Among the illustrious dead who appear fairly regularly for consultation are Benjamin Franklin, Dante, Isaac Newton, Thomas A. Edison, Julius Caesar and Calvin Coolidge.

No one has ever attempted to count what you might call the floating population of Lily Dale. On the physical plane, though, according to Ralph G. Pressing, editor and publisher of the official newspaper, the Psychic Observer, there are some 250 families, of whom about 60 stay the year around. They come from all over the country, but principally from Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Florida and New York.

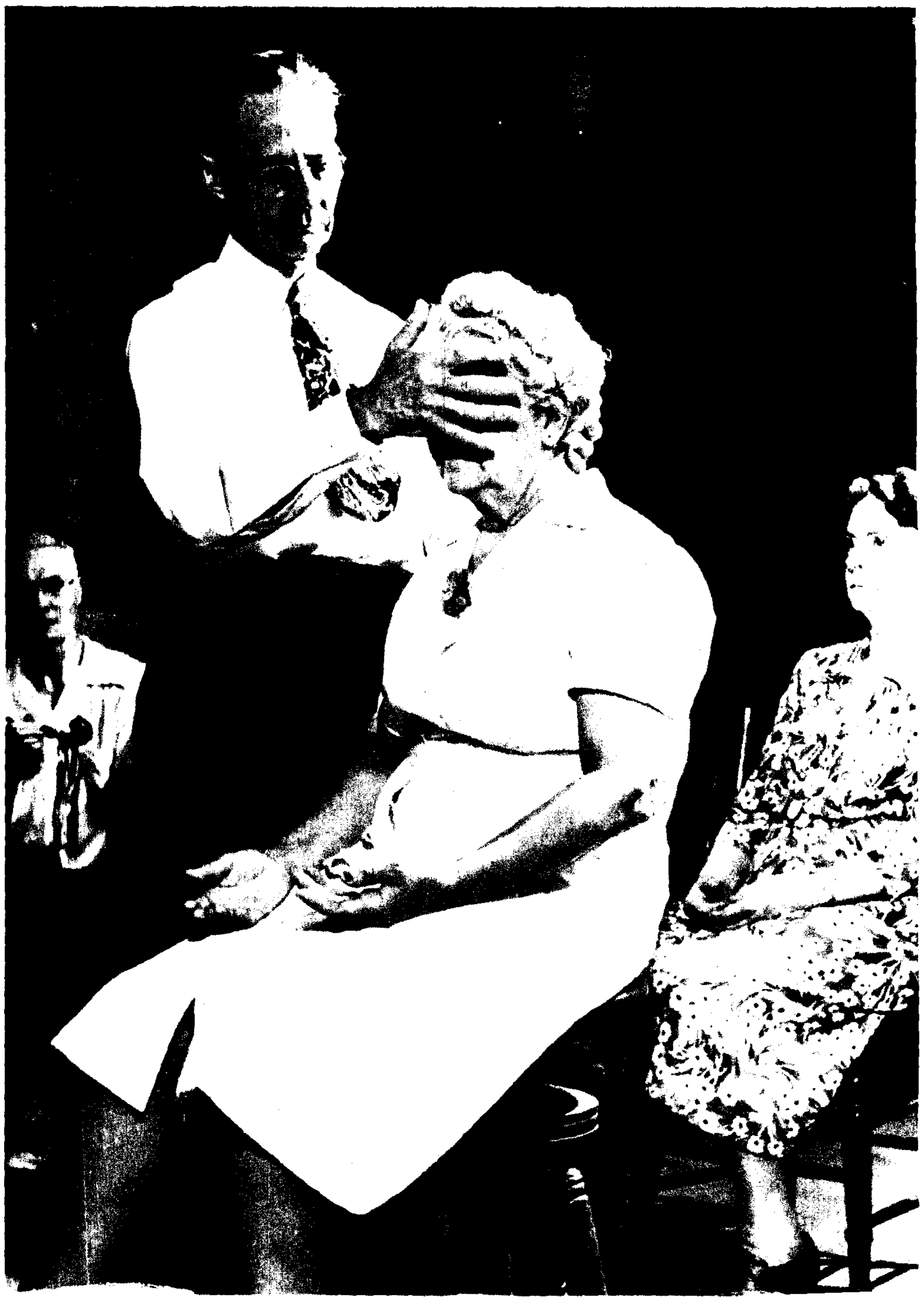
The 67-acre grounds and all real property on it belong to the Lily Dale Assembly, Incorporated, founded 68 years ago for purposes of "free thought, free speech, free investigation." Cottages, most of them built by stockholders, are held in 100-year leases, and in some cases these have been handed down to descendants who have no truck with spiritualism,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRIET ARNOLD

Robert Macdonald, vice-president of National Spiritualist Association, receives a report from Victoria Barnes, M.D., superintendent of N.S.A. education

Daisies will tell, and other flowers too, according to Albert Vaughn Strode, N.S.A. missionary and medium using flowers for contact with the spirit world

Mr. Lee T. Evans, holder of N.S.A. healer's certificate, lays on a hand. "X-ray clairvoyance," he feels, enables him to locate and heal interior disorders



but enjoy the place merely as a summer resort.

In addition to the permanent residents, Lily Dale is host to thousands of visitors. These are welcome to participate in the seances, and, if they wish, stay at the two hotels or in spare rooms rented out by the cottagers. Besides the hotels, the assembly runs a cafeteria, grocery store, novelty shop, and a free picnic pavilion.

The Spiritualist Church, of which Lily Dale is a kind of summer capital, counts around 800,000 members, though Pressing thinks this is an understatement. He estimates the total American spiritualists, professed or not, at about 2,500,000.

A Class Is Conducted

Bells chime throughout the day at Lily Dale to announce the various meetings taking place on the grounds and a season program lists the time, place, and featured speakers of each. I went first to the Assembly Hall where Mr. Lee T. Evans, N.S.A. of Lily Dale and St. Petersburg, Florida, was scheduled to conduct a healing class. In the plain Assembly Hall, which smelled pleasantly of fresh-cut flowers and pine paneling, five women were seated on the front row of folding chairs. Mr. Evans, standing in front of the table on the small platform, had already begun the class. He was a tall man, thin and wiry as a cowboy, with sparse hair over a high forehead, a small mouth and thin lips.

"No," he resumed his folksy chat after waving me to a chair in the front, "the life of a healer is not all sunshine and roses. But when you have the gift, well, you can't very well give God the busy signal, now can you?"

Near the American flag on the wall behind the platform, a large portrait of George Washington, who never told a lie, regarded Mr. Evans sternly as he went on about a visit he'd had lately on a farm in Ohio with his Cousin Cordie, who just couldn't see why Mr. Evans had become a healer, and even made jokes about it. "I felt so sorry for that man I couldn't hardly hold back the tears," Mr. Evans told us. "The minute I laid eyes on him at the station, I knew Cordie was dying of kidney trouble. I could see 'em both, of course, as plain as I can see your faces and the left one was shot full of holes like a sieve!"

Mr. Evans broke the news to his cousin's wife in the kitchen one night—and before he left, Cordie had come around to spiritualism. 'Course they wondered how he knew about the kidneys, and he explained it was "X-ray clairvoyance"—simply one of the gifts a healer takes more or less for granted, same as "clair audience" or "soul projection" or anything else.

"Repeat after me," said Mr. Evans, "the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm." Between prayers he cast his eyes to the ceiling and it looked as though a trance was coming on. But abruptly, with all the charm of a schoolboy who has forgotten his recitation, he asked: "The first line, please?" Five voices murmured as one: "The Lord is my shepherd. . . ." This was followed by another prayer in which each phrase was repeated four or five times: "The Lord is the center of my being . . . I feel His great spirit filling my whole body . . . His power surges within me . . ."

Suddenly there was a noise in the room like startled pigeons taking flight. It was Mr. Evans rubbing his palms together briskly. He placed a chair in front of the class, rubbed his palms some more. Then, like a man

(Continued on page 36)

SWEET WATER

BY DICK PEARCE

CONTINUING A NOVEL OF BITTER CONFLICT IN THE OLD WEST

The Story:
The action takes place in America's Southwest at the time of the rapid expansion of the great network of railroads across the continent.

Arriving back in his home territory of New Mexico, engineer Jim Lineer is puzzled on learning that the railroad he has been hired to build through the dry Tularosa Valley will be bossed instead by impulsive Tracy Thomason, with Lineer as second in command. Lineer soon learns that Thomason is engaged to Barbara Edwards, the proud and lovely daughter of railroad magnate H. H. Edwards, who is on the scene in person together with his prospective son-in-law, his daughter and her traveling companion, young Molly Riordan.

The party taking the trip through the valley where the railroad is to be built includes the two big land barons of the area, bluff, hearty Wilson Ware and lean old Jubal Nye. With Ware is his foreman, big Jess Folsom. And with Jubal Nye is his foreman, a little fighting cock named Harry Keck. There has been a long-standing feud between Ware and Nye, but they have proclaimed an uneasy truce until the railroad is built. However, Lineer has already had to intervene in a fight between Keck and Folsom.

As the wagon train halts in the valley on the second night out, Lineer decides to ride up on a mountain to take a look at the flatlands across which the rails will be laid. Barbara Edwards says she wants to go, but her fiancé tells her not to. Barbara insists. Lineer slowly turns to a cow hand and tells him to saddle up two horses. Thomason turns away in silent anger as Lineer and the independent Barbara mount and ride off.

II

THEY followed the wagon road back up over the afternoon's route until it climbed out of the valley. Then Lineer led single file to the south into the thick juniper and piñon, holding as closely as possible to the crest of the ridge. He watched behind him until he was satisfied Barbara rode in the brush as well as she had seemed to on the road. She had an easy, slack seat.

When the ridge fell away they worked down it until they were in another small valley. It curved up to the southwest, narrowing at a distance into a steep wash The wash was a white gash in the shoulder of the peak they were seeking.

Barbara rode up until they were abreast. She half stood in the stirrups, throwing out an arm. "This is fun!" she exclaimed. The willfulness was gone from her face, leaving it alive and eager, and Lineer was conscious of the red softness of her parted lips.

She settled back in her saddle, and when Lineer did not speak she studied his face, making no effort to hide her interest.

Presently she said, "You did not want to make this ride with me, did you?"

"No," he said.

"Why did you do it?"

He smiled. "Attack is better than defense, eh? Why did you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Force the issue. Pit me against Tracy."

"You could have refused me."

"And then what would have happened?"

"I would have hated you," she said promptly.

"Under the circumstances," he said dryly, "I probably would be better off with your dislike than Tracy's."

"I'm sorry."

"Why did you do it?" he repeated.

"I don't know." Unhappiness made an unexpected shape upon her mouth and then was gone. "It's—oh, I don't know."

"Was it because you quarreled with him over Ed Ware?"

"How did you know that?"

"Half the camp saw the ending of it."

"No, that wasn't the reason. That was nothing. It was because I—I just had to, that's all."

He pulled up his horse. Her own danced away and she brought him expertly back, watching Lineer's sober face. He said, "There are cross purposes here that I don't understand. If Tracy and I have to work together then we have to be friends, too. Or at least not enemies. You must not put me between you again as you did today."

"I won't," she said. "Please, let's don't talk about it any more."

THEY rode on at a fast walk. She gazed straight ahead, her lips drawn tightly together. Two days ago he had thought her mouth sulky. Now he wondered if it were not uncertainty that he saw. She confused him. He had expected a fight with her, and she had been almost meekly contrite.

He said, "How long have you known Tracy?"

"Since I was a child. Why?"

"No particular reason."

"I'm not so sure," she said. "I don't think you ask questions without a reason."

"All right," he grinned. "I was curious. I thought he was a man you met one day and got engaged to the next. I'm surprised that he is someone you have known all your life."

"That is not a very nice thing to say."

"No," he agreed. "It isn't."

"Is that the kind of woman you think I am?"

He said thoughtfully, "Yes, you are a woman. Until just now I had thought of you as a girl."

"You haven't answered my question," she said.

"Nor will I."

"Because I wouldn't like the answer?"

"No," he said. "If you had asked me ten minutes after I first met you there at your father's car, I would have given you a full answer. And an unflattering one."

She said, "How old are you, Jim?"

"Thirty."

"A year older than Tracy. In some ways you seem a great deal older."

"Now you're the one who is being unfair," chuckled Lineer. "But I don't know to which one, Tracy or me."

They laughed together, and for that moment they had found a basis for comradeship. The fact disturbed Lineer. There was a complexity to this girl he had not suspected. He had the feeling that in the same situation she had created this afternoon she might do the same thing again, despite her promise. But would it be an act of impulse or of deliberation?

She rode close to him, saying warmly, "You must not leave, Jim. You must stay and help Tracy."

He regarded her through a short silence. She did not know, then, that Tracy's presence and hers were ruining plans that meant much to him. To her the railroad belonged to the man she was going to marry. He found himself wondering when they would marry. It must be soon, if she was to remain in the Tularosa country.

He replied in a voice half curt, "Tracy is a capable and self-sufficient man."

She looked at him wonderingly, put on guard by his tone.

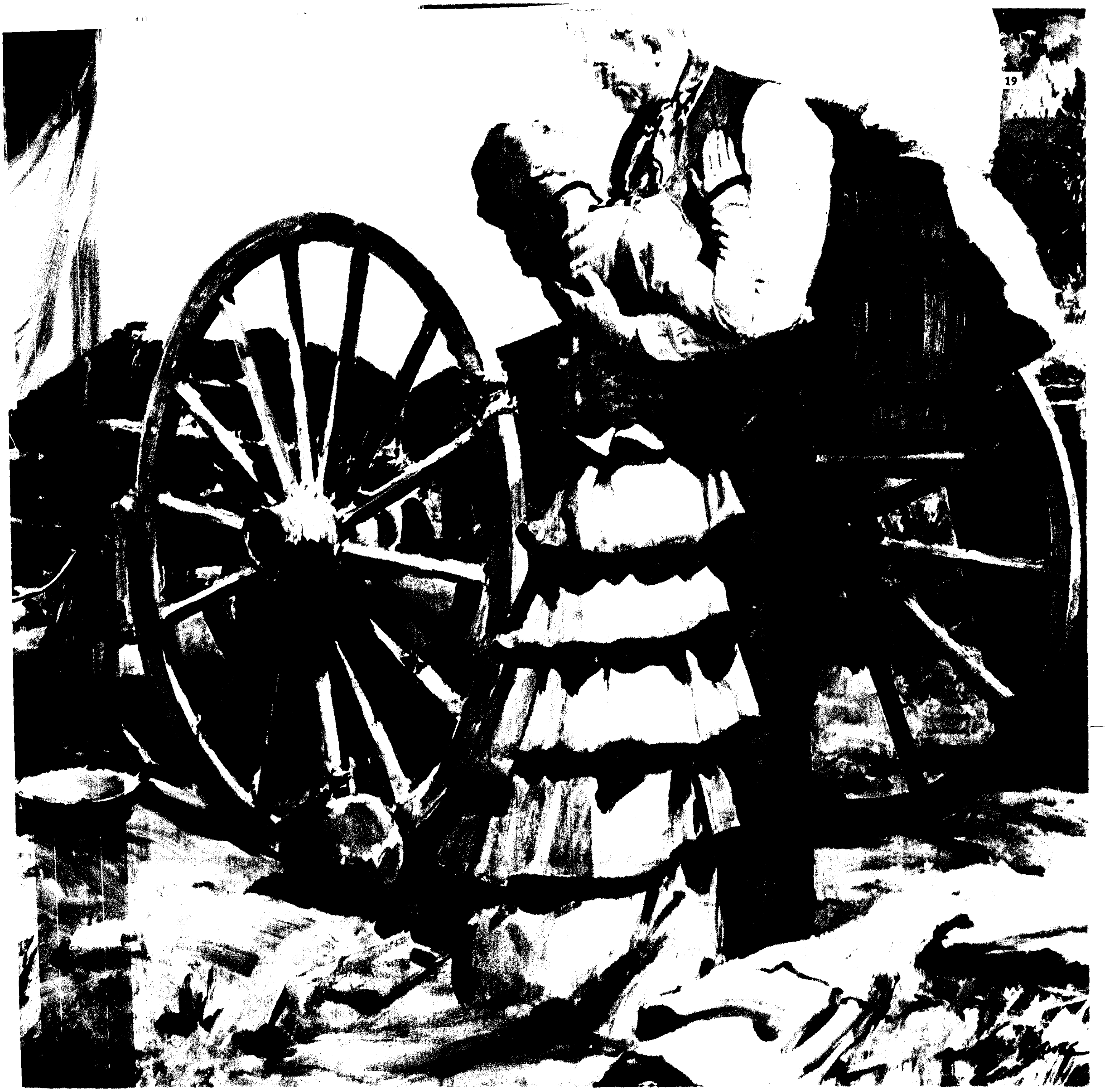
"He is," she said firmly, "and I love him."

He said suddenly, surprising himself, "How does a woman know that she really loves a man?"

Barbara laughed, surprised, too, and showing a certain pleasure at the question. "There is no answer," she said. "A woman knows or she doesn't. She can't go beyond that."

"I never knew my mother," said Lineer thought-

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES



Thomason reached for Barbara and brought her to him roughly. After a while she said softly, "I needed that, Tracy. Won't you remember to do it more often?"

fully. "My father always said that he and she crowded a lot of fun and trouble into their few years together. He said he carried her love somewhere in his body as confidently as he carried the head on his shoulders, and used it every minute but never could use it up."

"Yes," exclaimed Barbara. "Yes, that's it!"

She turned away from Lineer's puzzled glance and stared straight ahead, her eyes faraway and confused.

Lineer took the lead again as they clattered into the wash and began climbing steeply. It brought them out on the shoulder of the peak, with its bare side falling away precipitously to the left and a narrow ravine leading up on their right.

Barbara gave a little exclamation and pointed up thirty feet to her left.

"Yucca bloom," said Lineer.

It rose straight up from barren stones, a blossom mass of creamy white, soft and luscious. Below and all around it, its barrier of needle-tipped bayonet leaves pointed jealously outward.

He went on, recalling a bit of imagery that had come to him on one long-ago day, "Like a full-bodied woman guarded by swordsmen."

"An unhappy woman, then," laughed Barbara. She sent at him a glance that was speculative and again faintly surprised.

Lineer took the ravine to the right. It brought them out presently in a cleft, and they zigzagged painfully up to the peak through the rocks and dismounted, feeling the coolness of the wind as it whipped at sweat-dampened clothes.

Lineer's first feeling was one of disappointment, for to the far south a haze like white smoke rose across the horizon and cut off much that he had expected to see. But the girl's cry of delight told him that, to one seeing this immensity for the first time, the ride had been worth while.

Their depth of horizon lay east and south. At their backs to the west, in the direction they had traveled since yesterday, a higher line of the Oscuros rose, curving around in a half circle to the north and falling away to the northeast into a broken plain. Beyond this *(Continued on page 52)*

INDONESIA—
PROBLEM CHILD OF U.N

When both sides agreed to call off the fighting in Java, the world organization scored a triumph. But the shooting still went on and the order to cease firing had to be repeated. Here is a vivid account of the situation by a Collier's foreign reporter

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Sukarno, President of the Indonesian Republic, addresses a youth rally. But the fierce passion of Republican leaders for independence has not spread to the masses

BY WELDON JAMES

CABLED FROM BATAVIA

A MACHINE gun stuttered a few hesitant bursts as though asking a question. The sounds came from the southwestern outskirts of this still smoldering Javanese town of 70,000, half destroyed by retreating Republicans. Then silence.

"Maybe snipers," said burly, tough-faced Lieutenant Colonel Baron Tets van Amerongen. He was climbing into an armored scout car beside thin, blond Lieutenant Johann Hofers. "Let's get started."

The colonel had a revolver, the lieutenant a Bren gun, but otherwise our ridiculously small convoy of a scout car and two jeeps was unarmed as it began a forty-mile winding tour through mountains, plains, rolling green hills, tea, rubber and rice plantations and dense forests to the palm-fringed blue waters of the Indian Ocean and Wijnkoops Bay—ideal terrain for the three thousand Republican guerrillas operating in this area.

The fortnight's war between Dutch forces and the Republicans had long since officially ended. Both sides agreed to observe cease-fire orders at the first request of the Security Council, while negotiators wrangled over some form of mediation by the United States or the United Nations. But fighting continued on such a scale that a second order from the Council was necessary.

The colonel said that scattered bands had either not received or not believed news of the first cease-fire order. He thought this would not affect them anyway. Meanwhile, he was busy consolidating his position in his small empire. He speculated that the Dutch might find it necessary to take over all of Java, unless the Republican fighters showed more willingness to obey their own leaders.

He added that the only good guerrilla was a dead guerrilla, thus expressing the typical Dutch view that all guerrillas are gangsters who had terrorized their own people, the vast majority of whom welcomed the return of the Dutch.

There was some evidence of this welcome on the tour we took. I observed it elsewhere in jeeping from north to south across Java, both during and after the official war. But the pattern was checkered — in some villages and towns the warmth and sincerity of the welcome were most convincing; in others the people were morose and sullen, giving the "thumbs up" sign reluctantly or unsmilingly or simply ignoring the Dutchmen. Some villages were absolutely deserted. Native cottages, tile-roofed and tree-shaded, were shuttered and barred, giving us in the party an eerie feeling as we jeeped past them in the hot sunlight.

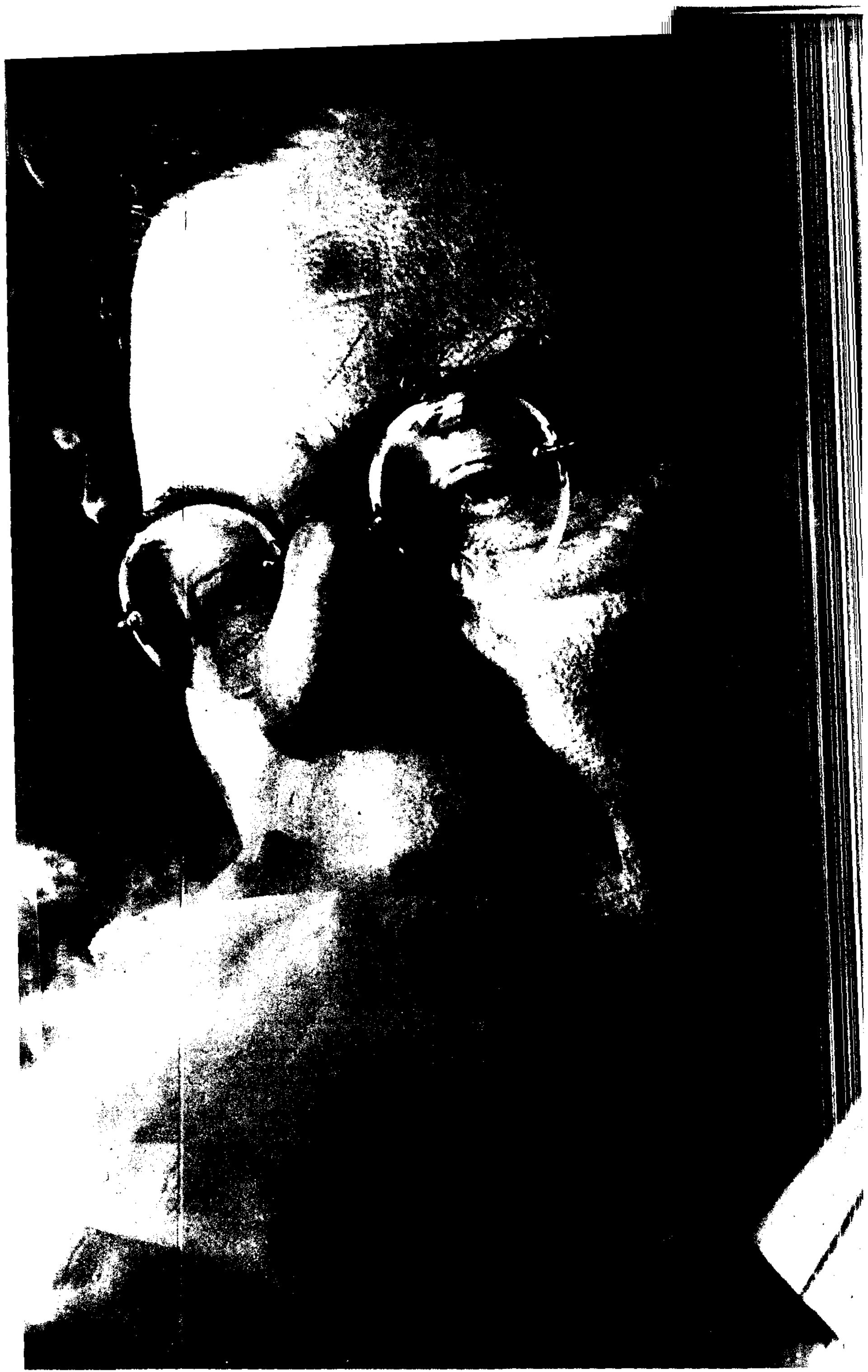
As the lieutenant said, "Such villages are even better ambush points than some of the hairpin roads in the forested mountains." We doubled speed in passing them.

In the fortnight's war, the Dutch reported only 74 killed among 90,000 troops involved—but in the weeks following the first cease-fire order, casualties increased and many more were killed.

However, the unimpressive showing of the Republican army of 300,000 and the fact that handfuls of Dutchmen were holding areas among millions of Indonesians is some indication that the idealistic Republican leaders have not infused their own passion for independence and their own hostility toward the Dutch among anything like all of their 50,000,000 people.

We visited a hidden valley ten miles southeast of Sukabumi, where the Dutch discovered twenty huge concrete galvanized-iron plants erected by the Japanese for manufacturing quinine, cocaine, and other chemicals. The natives said the plants had never been operated.

The Republicans, who had destroyed schools, hotels, numerous residences and most of the Chinese business sector in Sukabumi, failed here. Crude mines were still planted beneath the machinery in various buildings, but not one was set off, possibly because the nearest natives, according to the Dutch, were unwill-



W. EUGENE SMITH

Lt. Gov. General Hubertus J. van Mook reflects on problem of Netherlands rule

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

During the official war, a marine commander, holding map, directs Dutch ad- ance at Probolinggo, former Republican port. Heavy fires in the background were caused by severe Dutch air attacks and Republican scorched-earth tactics

ing to obey destruction orders. This is a phenomenon familiar elsewhere in Java, where in some areas the peasantry stuck bamboo poles in the ground to mark the location of mines planted by the Republicans.

Previously Dr. Hubertus J. van Mook, the Lieutenant Governor General of the Dutch East Indies, had told me a favorite story of an East Java village where a bulldozer removed a log road block. Next morning the same logs were across the road, whereupon the Dutch quizzed the village headman about possible infiltration. The headman finally admitted sheepishly that his own villagers had replaced the block during the night in order to see the fascinating bulldozer work again.

Introducing Johnny Senduk

The evidence seemed to indicate that millions of Javanese were either cordial or only apathetic toward the Dutch. Like millions elsewhere, they seemed more interested in peaceful farming and in earning a living than in the political struggle. It was not on these masses, but on a handful of men like Johnny Senduk that the Republic must count to win its fight. I talked to Johnny in Jokjakarta a short time before fighting broke out between the Dutch and the Indonesians. He is a short, slender, muscular young man with brooding brown eyes and a set conviction that Indonesia ought to be free. He is one of thousands of literate Indonesians who form the backbone of the Republican movement. Ninety per cent of the 72,000,000 Indonesians, scattered through an island empire fabulously rich in rubber, oil, tin, sugar, spices and other foodstuffs, cannot read or write. And of the literate 10 per cent, only a handful boast more than three years' schooling. Educated men like Johnny are important.

Born in Menado, in northern Celebes, 27 years ago, Johnny came to Jokjakarta, the horse-and-buggy capital of the Republic, by way of America and Australia. He had five years in a Dutch school (for which his farmer-father paid tuition) before settling down to rice crops and loafing for a spell. At seventeen he traveled across the sea to Balikpapan, in Borneo, to become an office boy for a Dutch oil company.

His salary of seven and a half guilders a month (less than $3) was enough to buy rice with, and that, according to some old Dutch hands, was all any Indonesian ever cared about in the good old days before World War II. But Johnny liked coffee as well as rice, and he hated the necessity of having to count his pennies before he could order a second cup. He decided to go to sea, make more money, drink more coffee, and see more of the world.

When the war came, he was a cabin boy on the S. S. Tegelberg, quite satisfied with his quarters, his food, and his 21 guilders a month. But he lost his easygoing calm when he discovered there was one scale of war bonuses for Dutch members of the crew, another for the Indonesians.

"It was something like $80 for a Dutchman, $4 for a 'native,' " he said. "A torpedo would not know the difference, I figured, so in Buenos Aires I helped lead a strike for equal pay. We got it—but when we got to New York I was afraid the captain was going to jail me, or something, and I jumped ship."

The frightened youngster knew no one in New York and nothing about the city. Indonesians on Forty-second Street promptly spotted him for "a yokel fresh from home," and took him in. They got him a job as a dishwasher on the East Side. Several jobs, in fact. He was fired four times before he learned that the Americans did not want every dish lovingly polished.

By the fifth job he'd got the idea that they wanted speed. He was making a fortune of $12 a week, and getting his food besides. More important, there was a free public night school, and he, Johnny Senduk, was as free to go there and study as anyone else in New York.

"That was when I decided," he said, "that there must be something wonderful about democracy. I washed dishes by day and studied English and some history and government by night for eight months, and I never got over the wonder of it. This, I said, ought to happen in Indonesia."

In 1943, Johnny zoomed up in the world. He got a job with the Netherlands Information Service, writing and broadcasting propaganda for the Indies from San Francisco. He spent the rest of the war there and in Australia doing that. The Dutch paid him a handsome $300 a month, and, for extra work on their programs, the British paid him another $150. He was never so rich or so happy.

"I believed all the stuff we were putting out," he said. "Freedom, the Atlantic Charter, and all. But Indonesia claimed its freedom the moment the war ended, and it did not get it. When we came back with the Dutch in the spring of 1946, up from Australia, I went over to the Republic immediately." At the time of my interview with Johnny, there was still hope that war between Dutch and Indonesians could be avoided entirely. But he told me, "No one can guarantee your safety if war comes, not even the government. Every white man will very soon look like a Dutchman."

Crisis Followed Crisis

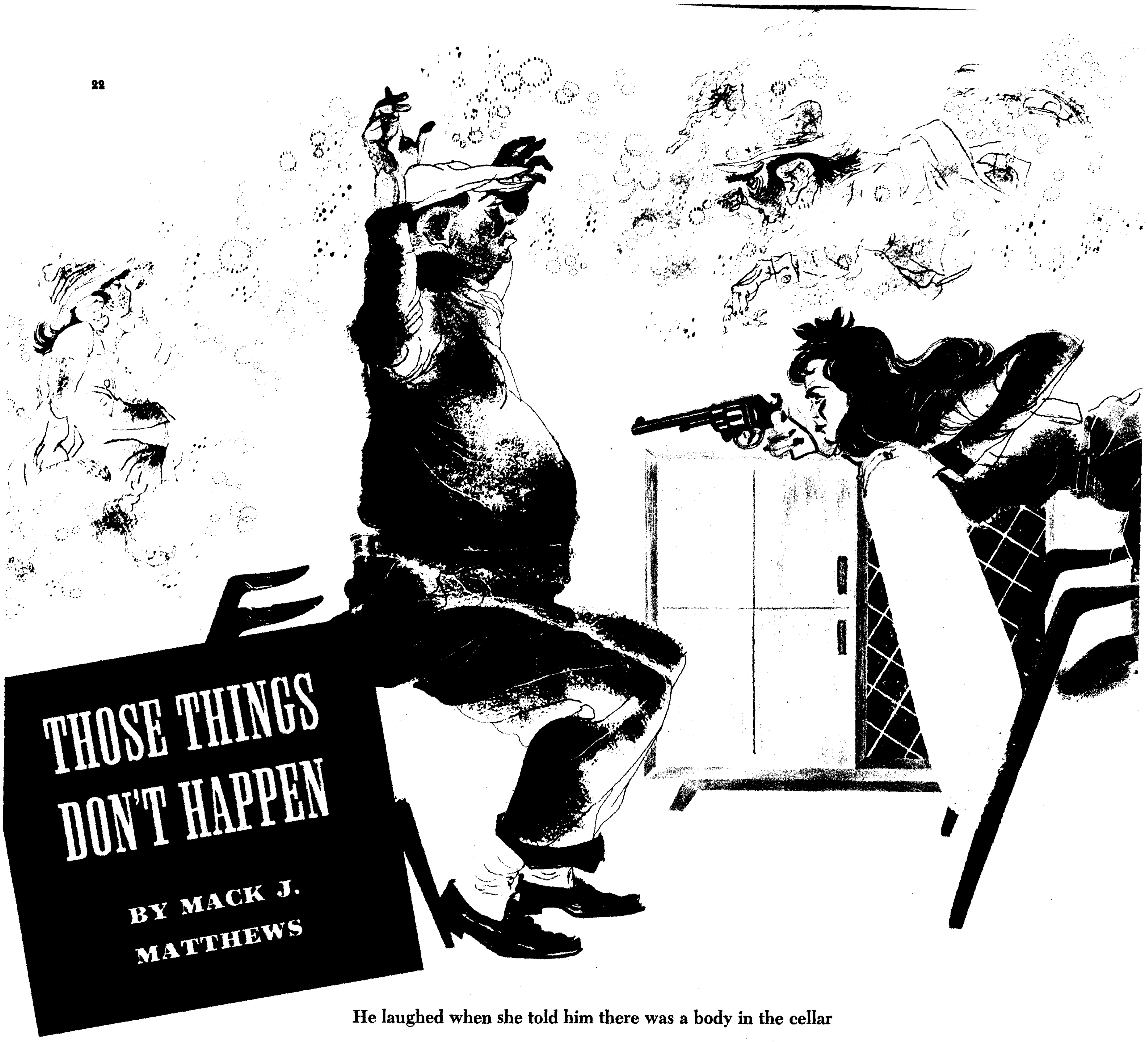
There was a crisis on that week end. There had been one the week before, when both Dutch and Indonesians had warned me not to go to Jokja, because "the war" might begin 48 or 72 or 96 hours later, and the two or three white-skinned foreigners in Jokja might look too Dutch to be safe. Beneath the surface quiet of sleepy Jokja there was the explosive threat of a revolution-in-pause.

We jogged down the main thoroughfare to a side street and approached the studios of Radio Jokjakarta, whence programs in six languages poured forth day and night (but never during the siesta hour), written, produced, and delivered by young civil servants like Johnny.

The program we viewed was in Indonesian or Malayan, the best "national" substitute for any of the 200 clashing dialects and distinct languages of the East Indies, and had little to do with politics. A schoolgirl trio was singing Malayan love songs, hauntingly sad, accompanied by an industrious cellist and a bored pianist, both full-time government employees.

The studio was the living room of the bungalow; the doors and the windows were open, and on the window sills wide-eyed, brown-skinned moppets sprawled, whispering loudly enough to horrify any Radio City director while others stared in from the green garden. In the glass-paneled

(Continued on page 73)



THOSE THINGS DON'T HAPPEN

BY MACK J. MATTHEWS

He laughed when she told him there was a body in the cellar

HELEN should, by rights, have been darkly Irish and fey, with the look of a lovely witch. Then I'd never have married her—I'd simply have run as if the devil herself were after me. And then I wouldn't be sitting here, wondering, doubting, questioning, and getting myself a headache. Well, anyway, I did marry the woman.

For two years now we've shared those intimate screwball fancies of hers, and built a kind of private world of our own, warm and gay and full of happy nonsense. I don't want to talk about it even now coldly and sanely; it's like reading love letters in a courtroom. But things have reached the point where I don't know what might happen, and it's better to set the facts down clearly while I still can.

Our life together has been gone once over lightly with magic, so it's not simple to think rationally about it. It's colored with the way I feel about Helen, which is something I won't try to put down on paper.

What happens is something like this: We'll be walking along the street, respectable and conservative enough for anybody, when some face in the passing crowd will attract her attention. She'll begin a long, fantastic characterization of him, rambling on in her pleasant voice as if she were merely talking about the groceries or the neighbors.

"That man," she'll say, "was frightened by a horse when he was only a wee child. How do I know? Just watch the way he keeps tossing his head, and now and then breaks into that sort of involuntary trot. Up to this time, he's kept it pretty well under control, but it's beginning to show. I'm not one to gossip, but they do say his wife left him because he neighs in his sleep."

She goes off like that once in a while, and it really isn't as silly as I make it sound. Helen has a way of telling a story that makes it gay and amusing. It's partly her expression, very serious and intent, like that of a child reciting something, and afraid she'll start laughing before she gets to the end.

You might get something of the feeling I've had with her, if you saw New Yorkers unobtrusively setting little bowls of peanuts flanked by small flasks of gin, just outside their apartment doors each night, to placate the little people. Or if you found them shunning a certain block on Broadway, reputed to be the Roseland of the shee.

Some of Helen's people are entirely imaginary. There was Aunt Vannie—short for Evangeline—for instance. Of her Helen remarked once that the family had never figured out how she got up on the chandelier that time, but they had to call the fire department to get her down again.

It was Aunt Vannie who greeted a dinner guest at the house with the information that she'd been picketing his plant with the strikers and had had such a wonderful time with them. They had, she said, wanted to call the strike off at one time, but she'd talked them out of it and told them to stand up for their rights. It was after this incident that Aunt Vannie went out West to visit friends. I think Helen had to invent the friends for her to visit, too.

Then there was Lady Agatha, a movie serial heroine of Helen's. All I can remember now of her colorful career is a sequence in which she was saved from a raging forest fire by a sudden cloudburst and flood that nearly drowned her. Fortunately for the heroine, a cold wave swept the country, freezing the water that threatened her. All that prevented her freezing to death was the pack of wolves that came along and pursued her so

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED STEFFEN

I found Helen where she'd been when the lights went out. She was pointing a revolver at a man I didn't know

energetically that her running away from them kept her warm. The last I remember of Lady Agatha, she was hanging by her hands from a fragile footbridge over a river seething with crocodiles, while overhead the wolves were snapping viciously at her fingers.

One evening last week—and this was when I first began to get worried—we were at home, playing some new recordings of Mozart and just taking things easy. Helen was looking nicer than ever that night and I made a point of telling her about it at great length. She made coffee and we were all set for a nice quiet evening of utter relaxation.

"Darling," Helen began mildly, "I think there's something you should know, before you go down in the cellar."

"Darling yourself," I said, "I'm not going down in the cellar." I was building up my resistance against whatever it was she wanted me to bring up. A man should be able to relax and rest sometimes in his own home.

"You're not?" She gave me a look of reproach.

"No, dear, I'm not. While you were making the coffee I thought up some resolutions. I've decided to give up spending my days in the poolroom and my nights in the cellar. I'm going to forswear that revolting habit I have of pelting you with olive stones after dinner. I'm just going to play the phonograph. Aren't you glad?" This time I was beating her at her own game, I mused lazily.

"Well, that's all right then, because there's a man down there. I didn't want it to be too much of a surprise to you when you did go down there."

"Is he a nice man?"

"Don't be vulgar. What would an iceman be doing in the cellar, anyway?"

"I said n-i-c-e. And if you want to make an issue of it, what would any man be doing in the cellar?" We could go on bickering comfortably like this all evening, but I rather hoped we wouldn't.

"This one isn't doing anything. He's dead." Helen waited for a reaction. I yawned. "Didn't you read the paper this evening?"

"No. Did it say we had a dead man in our cellar? I declare, it's getting so you can't believe a thing you read in the papers these days."

"No, silly. There was a robbery," Helen explained, with a great show of patience. "Diamonds and things. Three men held up Lintner's Jewelry Store and took just about everything except the clerk. They got away just like that!" She snapped her fingers. "Except one of them was slightly shot."

"I get it now. It's those shoot-'em-up comic strips you've been reading. Want me to tell you the rest of it? It goes like this: The wounded bandit, separated from his comrades during the running battle with the cops, staggers to the holdup car and escapes.

"Weakened by the loss of blood, he stops in the suburbs before a small but pleasant house, and staggers some more, up to the door. Forcing an entry, he terrorizes the woman he finds alone in the house, and orders her to dress his wounds. She obliges, but while he's off guard she seizes his revolver and shoots him dead.

"The woman then snatches the jewels from the dead man, shoves the body down cellar, not wanting to leave the house in a mess, and dashes out of the house, with the two accomplices of the dead man grimly pursuing her. And next week I'll tell you what happened after that."

I SAT back complacently. If Helen could beat that, she'd have to go some. Maybe I didn't tell it with her charm and grace, but I had used plenty of imagination.

"That's good!" Helen said. "Except no really good housekeeper would shoot a man in her house and make a mess like that. The way it should be, he just comes in and looks around and then slumps down dead. And as for dashing out after she put the body in the cellar, she wouldn't do that, either. I'd never hear the last of it if you came home and found I was out gadding about, and didn't have dinner ready."

"Your version's all right," I told her patronizingly, "but mine has more action in it." I put the Mozart records on to play again. Helen was looking at me admiringly, the way a wife should look at her husband every now and then. And at that point, the lights went out.

Swearing disgustedly, I stumbled to the kitchen for the flashlight. There's nothing I hate more than changing fuses. Other people can do it easily enough, but if I even walk near an empty light socket, I get a shock. And when there's a fuse to change, I go through the ordeal in unhappy anticipation of electrocution.

By way of minor miracle, the flashlight was where it should be in the kitchen drawer, and the batteries weren't burned out. I felt almost cheerful as I went to the hall, flashing the beam before me. I called out to Helen that I'd fix it right up, but there was no answer from the living room. I thought she hadn't heard me.

As I started down the stairs I thought with a kind of shivery feeling of the nonsense Helen and I had been talking only a few minutes before, about a dead man in the cellar. Speak of a cellar, and into it you go. I wondered gloomily why it was that fuses never blew in the daytime, when you could see what you were doing.

I went directly to the box on the wall, pulled the switch, fumbled for a good fuse, and found it. After a couple of false tries, I found the blown fuse and made an exchange. I felt pretty good, having come through without even a minor shock. The shock came, though, when I swung around to leave. The light had flashed across something lying on the floor, something that didn't belong there. I turned the light back to pick it up in the beam again.

It was so definitely a dead man on the floor. Not the dead man I'd been chattering about so glibly upstairs, either, that nice cartoon corpse without substance or reality. This man was horribly real and dead.

You don't expect to find a cadaver pitiful, like a broken doll. His tie was dangling outside his coat, across his outflung arm. It was a gaudy tie, and it lay gaily across the dark cloth of his coat sleeve.

I stopped feeling tender after a very short moment. I'd seen something else. A pair of feet that were not the dead man's feet, that were not sprawled lifelessly, but were standing, with the toes pointed toward me. I moved the beam of light up slowly, over gray trousered legs and on up to a waist. But it was the hands that interested me, rather than the torso. For one of the hands was holding a revolver pointed directly at me.

"Don't flash it in my face, bud, or the gun might go off," a man's voice said quietly in the darkness. "Just turn around slowly and start up the stairs."

Slowly I started turning. And then I got mad. I threw the flashlight as hard as I could at where his face should have been, leaped to one side and heard the roar of a shot. Regaining my balance I made a flying tackle at where I thought he would still be standing. It was a lucky try. I hit him hard and we both went to the floor. I was thinking only of getting the hand that held the gun.

The impact of my body crashing on the man had knocked his breath out, and it wasn't hard to pin his hands down. Neither held the gun. He was beginning to struggle when I found the gun where he'd let it fall. I brought it down hard against the side of his head, and felt his body go limp beneath me.

Weakly, still holding the gun, I got up, and stumbled blindly toward the light switch. It was only a dim light, but I felt better when it came on. The second man was out, almost as cold as the first. I knelt beside him, took off his tie with one hand, holding the gun trained on him with the other. Then, after turning him over on his stomach with my foot, I knelt again and tied his hands behind his back. His feet I strapped together with his belt tight about the ankles, and went upstairs.

I phoned the police, who thought I was kidding them at first, until I got mad. Then they got excited and said to sit tight and they'd be right out. I felt more like sitting and getting tight, but I didn't bother to tell them that. And I was thinking up a few choice words to say to Helen.

She was on the chair where she'd been when the lights went out. And in her hand she was holding the mate to the revolver I was still carrying with me. She had it pointed at a man I didn't know, and he was sitting very meekly in a chair before her. I'd forgotten that there was another guy in the holdup team.

HELEN greeted me with a glance and smile. The phonograph had started playing when the lights came on, and it was near the end of the second movement of the Jupiter Symphony. Helen spoke without taking her eyes off the man before her.

"Darling, will you hold this pistol for a while? I'll go make some fresh coffee. And shouldn't we call the police or something? We can't just sit here all night with this man." She looked a little wan but still game. Sitting down beside her, I showed the revolver that I had, explaining what had gone on in the cellar.

She was very attentive and admiring, but still kept an eye on the man in the chair.

"Just like Humphrey Bogart!" she said when I'd finished, and then went into the kitchen to start the coffee. When the cops came, Helen let them in, being a very gracious hostess about the whole thing. There were a lot of explanations and questions and confusions before the police went away, taking our guests and their loot.

But the thing that gets me is the way Helen takes the whole business. Like casually making coffee while we were waiting for the police. I don't think the whole affair is any more real to her than the man turning into a horse, because I can sense that Helen is faintly critical of our gangster friends of that evening. If she'd invented them, they'd have been much more vivid and sinister.

She seems to be annoyed at the way the man in the cellar simply keeled over with the first tap I gave him, and the way the man upstairs let her capture and disarm him with his dead comrade's gun. I have the feeling that she's very, very disappointed in them all.

I also have the feeling that one of these nights we'll be sitting quietly at home, and there'll be a ring at the door. Helen will go and I'll hear her talking briefly to someone there. She'll come back with a telegram, and I know what the telegram will say. It will be something like this:

ARRIVING EIGHT THIRTY PM TUESDAY WITH COMMUNIST PARROTS. MAKE SUITABLE ARRANGEMENTS. LOVE. AUNT VANNIE.

And I just wanted to get down the cold facts of what really has happened before that comes, because by then I won't be in any condition to tell about it rationally. ★★★

TOUCHDOWNS ARE BIG BUSINESS

Cleveland
BROWNS

With his 24-piece all-girl band, the Musical Majorettes, Mickey McBride high-steps up and down the field to the tunes of their own stirring football marches

ARTHUR McBRIDE, known as Mickey to nearly everybody in Cleveland, went into business when he was six years old, a small but prosperous operation involving the sale of newspapers on a Chicago street corner and a slightly illegal activity in streetcar transfers. That was fifty-one years ago, and except for three years when his parents made him waste his time going to school, Mickey has been working, mostly for himself, ever since.

And now look at him—one of the wealthiest residents of Cleveland, where he has lived for thirty-four years. Mickey wears $200 suits and a $600 topcoat, the killer-diller of his wardrobe, all set off by expensive shirts and flashy bow ties. In a pocket, silk-lined, of course, he always carries a bank statement, which never lists less than a million dollars in assets.

Actually, this is only a drop in Mickey's bucket; he could probably cash in at around ten millions, and his fortune is increasing every day. His holdings include a radio station; a big orange grove in Florida; a professional football team, a championship outfit, naturally; lots and buildings in Chicago and Cleveland; a thousand parcels of real estate in Florida; a printing company; a $50,000 winter home near Miami, and, in partnership with Dan Sherby, taxicab companies in Cleveland, Akron and Canton. And who do you think owns the automobile agency through which these companies buy all their cabs?

Mickey has had the Midas touch for half a century, but his friends feared he had lost it some three years ago, when he ventured into the financial quicksands of professional football where many a hopeful promoter has been sunk without a trace. Until 1940 Mickey had never seen a football game and had no interest in it; about all he knew of the game was that on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon 22 men got out on a field and mauled one another while thousands of spectators went crazy. Then his son Arthur, now twenty-five, enrolled at Notre Dame, and Mickey was persuaded to journey down to South Bend and watch the Fighting Irish trample some luckless opponent.

He immediately became a football enthusiast, and for the next few years followed Notre Dame's footballers all over the country. But he always managed to get back to Cleveland for the Sunday games of the Cleveland Rams, of the old-established National Football League, who in general did not do so well against the powerful Chicago Bears and Green Bay Packers. In 1942, by that time a football fanatic, Mickey offered Daniel

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVE PESKIN

BY ED PR[illegible]

Mickey McBri[illegible]
game, and [illegible]
Brown runs it [illegible]
ning combina[illegible]
Cleveland Bro[illegible]
away with th[illegible]
America Conf[illegible]

Reeves, owner of the Rams, $105,000 for the team, but Reeves refused to sell. Two years later, his player roster riddled by the calls of war, Reeves failed to field a team, and Mickey, with nothing to do on Sunday afternoons but listen to the radio, felt that he had been cheated.

It was about that time, in 1944, that Arch Ward, a Chicago sports editor, began to promote a new professional football league, the All-America Conference. Reeves' team, the Rams, had lost money every year, but Ward and his associates were convinced that with a good team and proper promotion Cleveland could be transformed into a good football town. Ward had several talks with McBride, who is always on the lookout for a good speculative venture, and finally Mickey agreed to finance the conference team in Cleveland.

"I'll go in," he said, "but I got to have the best coach and the best players in the country. And," he added, "I got to have the best promotion, too."

The really hot man in football coaching circles then was Paul Brown—he's not so cold now, either, what with a championship in his first year in the big time. Brown had made an extraordinary record as coach at the Massillon, Ohio, High School, and had duplicated his performance at Ohio State University.

When Mickey went after him to coach the Cleveland team in the new league, Brown was a lieutenant (junior grade) in the Navy, on leave of absence from Ohio State, at the Great Lakes base near Chicago. Brown listened to Mickey's proposition, and then asked two questions: Was McBride really rich? Was he prepared to dig deep into his bank roll to put over the new team? McBride answered yes to both questions, displayed his bank statement, and gave Brown bank and other references in Cleveland. And much to everybody's surprise, Brown promptly went to Cleveland and investigated McBride.

Brown returned to Chicago satisfied that Mickey really had a lot of money and was willing to spend it. He had three conferences with McBride and Arch Ward before they could agree on terms.

Then Brown signed. His contract called for $25,000 a year, the highest salary ever paid a football coach, and 15 per cent of the profits. He was also to receive $1,000 a month until he got out of the Navy and actually took charge of the team. He was assured of complete control of the players, both on and off the field.

In February of 1946, $14,000 richer, minus income tax, than when he had first met McBride, Brown got out of the Navy and came to Cleveland. McBride installed him in offices on the fourth floor of the Leader Building, where Mickey's other interests occupy the eighth and tenth floors. Brown found that McBride had already signed one player, Herbert Coleman, a center from Notre Dame. He promptly sold Coleman to the Chicago Rockets, and so started with a clean slate.

Goodby, Cleveland! Hello, California!

Meanwhile the Cleveland Rams of the National League had had a successful season in 1945, as far as actual play was concerned, winning the league championship in the play-off game. But financially it was the same old story: In four home games the Rams had played to only 73,000 spectators, and at the end of the season the team was more in the red than ever. Dan Reeves decided that eight losing seasons were enough, and in the fall of 1946 he abandoned Cleveland and moved the Rams to Los Angeles, where they did well.

The withdrawal of the Rams left McBride's team the only professional outfit in Cleveland, and also left him with no excuse if he failed to put the team over. Taking McBride at his word, Brown hired six assistant coaches and began signing up players at unheard-of salaries, raiding the draft lists of the National League to get outstanding stars.

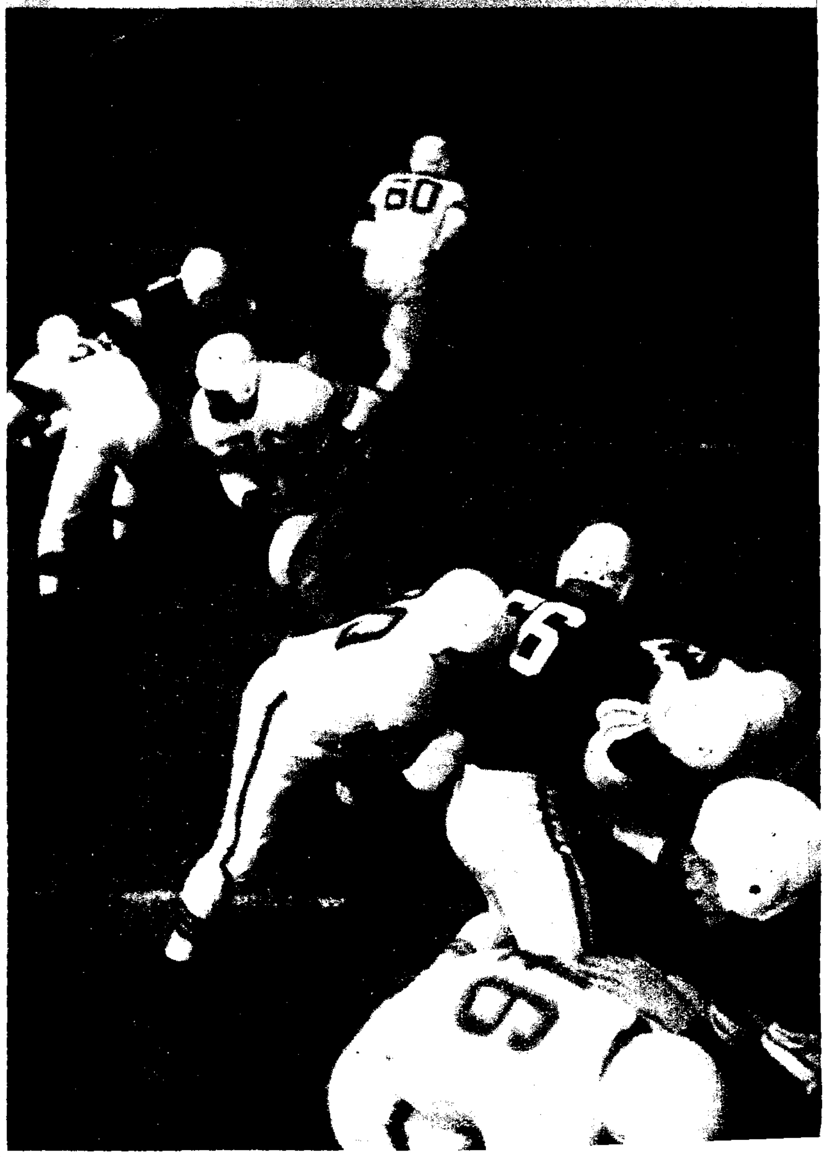
Many of the best players were in the service, and Brown offered them contracts under which they received from $100 to $200 a month all the time they were in the Army or the Navy or the Air Force. In this manner he signed Otto Graham, the passing wizard from Northwestern University, who was on the draft list of the Detroit Lions. The Lions, following the example of other National League teams, had delayed negotiating with Graham until he was actually available for play.

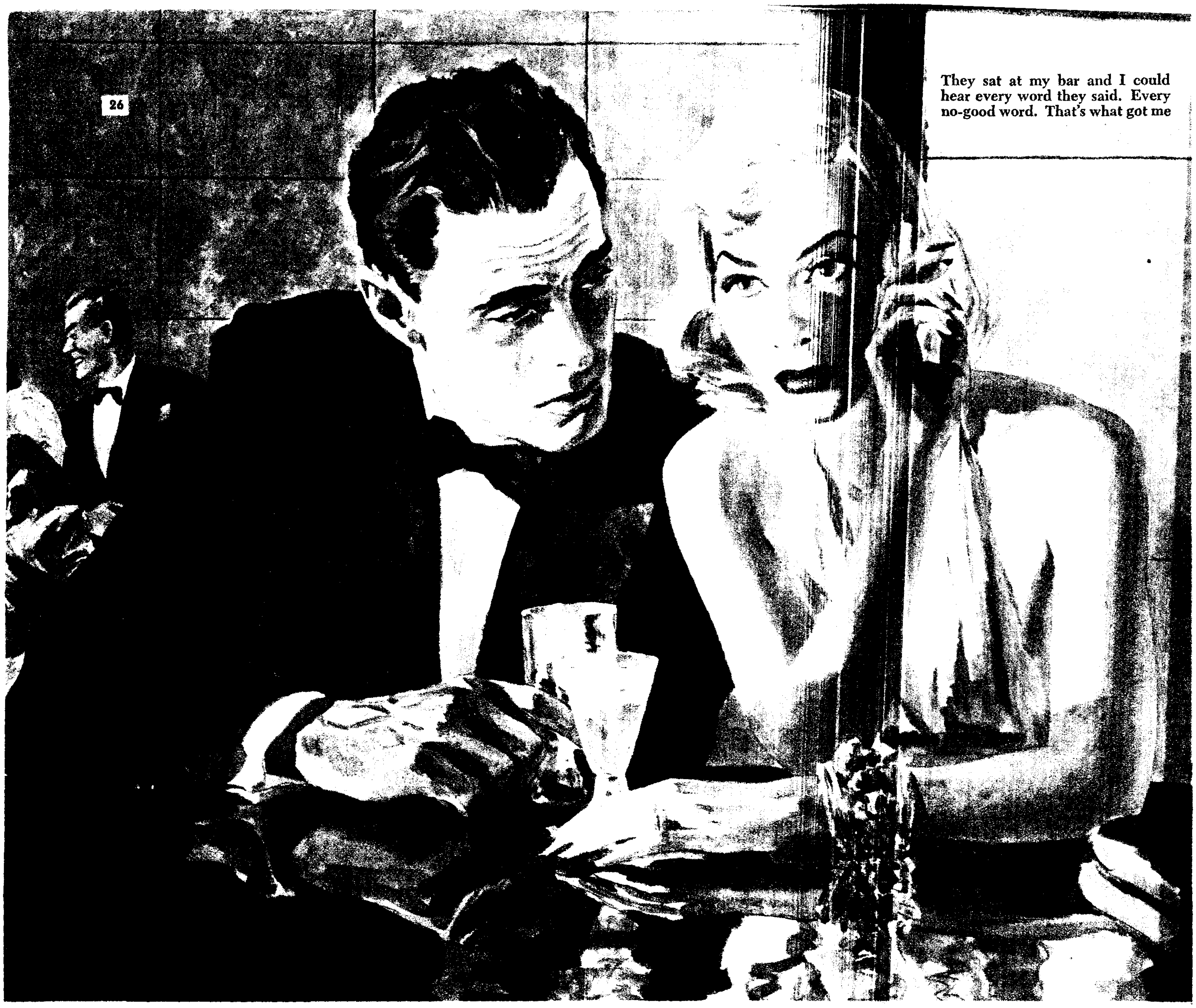
While Brown was spending huge sums for players, McBride took over the promotion of the team. The first item on Mickey's agenda was to get a good name, and a contest was announced, with a $1,000 bond as first prize. It was won by a sailor who suggested "Panthers." But Brown learned that once before Cleveland had had a football team called the Panthers, and that it had been a pretty dismal aggregation. He rejected the name. Previously he had refused to let the team be named in his honor, but now he relented and Mickey handed over another bond to a fan who had suggested the name "Cleveland Browns."

Before Mickey had finished his campaign, the Browns were the most terrifically promoted outfit in the history of sports. He *(Continued on page 85)*

The two who made the Cleveland Browns, Owner Mickey McBride and Coach Paul Brown, look the squad over during calisthenics

Marion Motley, Cleveland's star fullback, totes the ball in what Coach Paul Brown calls his "bread-and-butter trap" play





They sat at my bar and I could hear every word they said. Every no-good word. That's what got me

NOTHING OR NOBODY

BY GEORGE ZUCKERMAN

He had an hour to add up the facts of life

PUT the Book away, Father. I know it's holy and all that, but you can read it later—when they march me into the little room with the trick chair.

If you don't mind, I'd like to talk to you because—well, you look like you could be a good listener. See, I never had too many chances to talk. Maybe that's the trouble with my life. I listened most of the time. I wasn't a bad listener and I think I liked to listen to interesting things—and people—and radio programs. But I never had much of a chance to talk.

That's it, I think. And when I got a chance to talk and make somebody listen—well, it didn't work. No, it didn't work at all. And that's why I'm here, Father, and I guess that's why you're here. Well, one thing I'm sorry about is that you had to get up so early in the morning. I really am. Me, I always hated to get up in the mornings. And don't forget I had four years of the Army. A funny thing, Father, I got the Good Conduct Medal twice. Once I got the Purple Heart. In France.

But the war had nothing to do with it. People like to think so. They like to think because I'm a veteran I got bats in the belfry and all that. But it ain't so, Father. It ain't. Matter of fact, I look back now and think the best four years of my life were spent in the Army.

Is that funny, Father? Well, it's just this. I had a lot of buddies killed and wounded and sometimes I got sick of the chow. But I felt like I was doing something—something important. And—well, it's this, too. I felt a little bit important myself. Oh, I only got to be a corporal in the Infantry, but that was all right because I never got to be anything else that really counted in life.

Well, nobody in my family was ever really important. My old man was a subway guard. On the IRT. He was a hard-working guy and maybe he worked too damned hard. We couldn't ever say much when he was home. No noise around the house. He didn't want no noise around the house when he was home. We couldn't even play the radio. We'd eat supper without saying a word. Then the old man would take his collection of newspapers. That's right, a collection. About eight papers every day—papers he'd pick up in the subway cars. He'd read

(Continued on page 95)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Another New Champion

What makes a champion?

It's the ability to excel the best that competition offers.

That's precisely what you can expect . . . and what you get . . . from this new Dodge "*Job-Rated*" truck in the 1½-ton class.

This new truck is built like a champion *to carry* above-average loads. It's powered like a champion to *move* above-average loads.

Like any Dodge truck, it is "*Job-Rated*" throughout to fit its job, and to stay on the job . . . longer, steadier and with satisfying economy.

If your loads require trucks of this capacity, see your Dodge dealer *now* for the finest truck investment you've ever made.

Remember ONLY DODGE BUILDS *"Job-Rated"* TRUCKS

YES...BUILT LIKE A CHAMPION

Capacity—15,000 pounds—chassis, body and payload allowance. 24,000 pounds—tractor, trailer and payload allowance.

Power—236½ cu.-in. 6-cylinder L-head engine developing 109 horsepower.

Front Axle—4,000 pounds capacity; high carbon, drop-forged steel.

Rear Axle—12,500 pounds capacity; full-floating; single or two-speed.

Frame—Hot-rolled, high carbon steel; reinforced with side plates.

Transmission—Heavy-duty four-speed.

Clutch—Heavy-duty 11-inch; permanently lubricated ball release bearing.

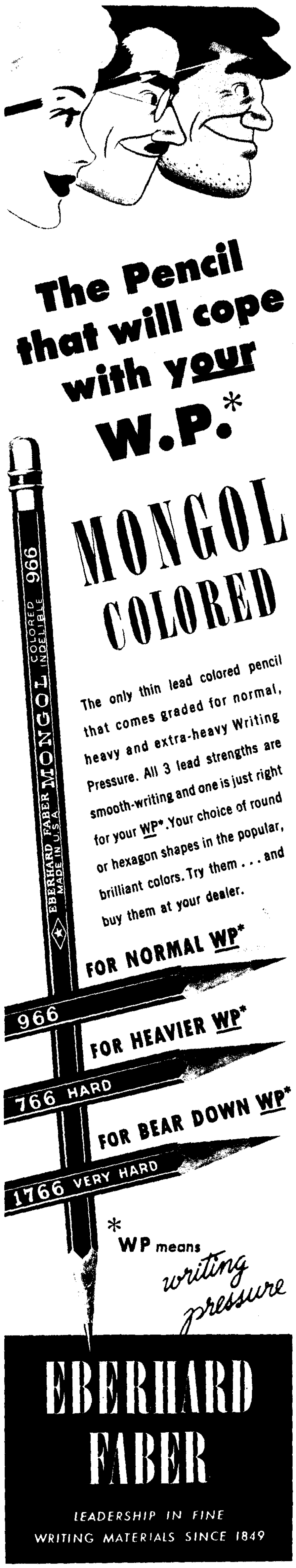
Brakes—Hydraulic internal-expanding type equipped with booster; cast-iron brake drums.

Tires—7.50 x 20—10 ply; dual rear tires. Optional (at extra cost) 8.25 x 20—10 ply.

Models—Standard Cab—4 wheelbases; Cab-Over-Engine, 3 wheelbases . . . all models available with single or two-speed rear axles.

DODGE *"Job-Rated"* TRUCKS

FIT THE JOB . . . LAST LONGER



The Pencil that will cope with your W.P.*

MONGOL COLORED

The only thin lead colored pencil that comes graded for normal, heavy and extra-heavy Writing Pressure. All 3 lead strengths are smooth-writing and one is just right for your WP*. Your choice of round or hexagon shapes in the popular, brilliant colors. Try them . . . and buy them at your dealer.

FOR NORMAL WP* 966

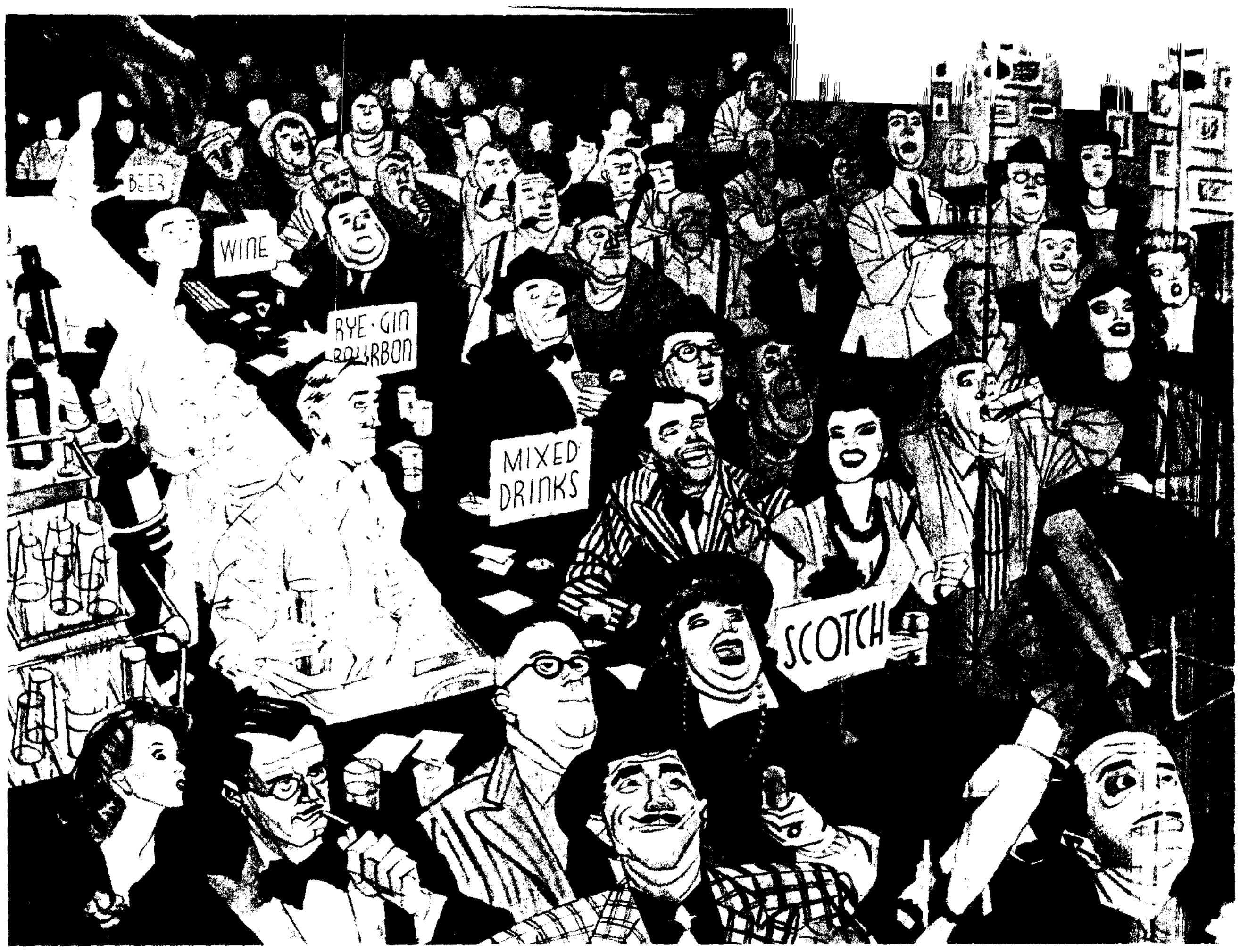
FOR HEAVIER WP* 766 HARD

FOR BEAR DOWN WP* 1766 VERY HARD

* WP means writing pressure

EBERHARD FABER

LEADERSHIP IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849



A Brooklyn barkeeper seats his television patrons according to the price of the drinks they order

FIFTY-MILE BLEACHERS

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

So you wanna see the game, huh? Okay, pull up a chair. Television is becoming Big Business, and in, of all places, the corner bar and grill where ardent sport fans, sipping a glass, can watch their baseball or ring star in action

THE other Sunday a loyal citizen of Brooklyn braved Manhattan's wilds to root for the Dodgers in a double-header against the New York Giants. He sat through six sweltering hours of baseball and went home only half happy. His Flock had won the opener but lost the nightcap. Furthermore he had missed the great play of the day, Second Sacker Ed Stanky's sensational twisting catch of Giant Willard Marshall's drive deep behind the base line. As Stanky stretched for the ball, some uncouth fan reared up in front of the visitor and totally eclipsed his vision.

Back in Flatbush later the citizen was bemoaning this unspeakable fact to another Dodger fan. "You mean you missed it?" the latter asked. "You mean you didn't get the look on Stanky's face when he nailed that one? I'll never forget that look."

"What look?" the citizen queried painfully. "Where wuz you sittin'?"

"In a tavern 20 miles away," came the smug reply, "with a nice cool glass of beer in me hand."

In many sport-struck pubs a new generation of egomaniacs is being spawned by an invention called television. The sun is setting on the day when the opulent ringside fan can regale envious stay-at-homes with the high points of the fight, when the flamboyant masters of the spoken and written word can hide their oversights behind a verdant hedge of adjectives over the microphone or in the morrow's column. "Whaddya mean it was a left hook that finished Eddie?" a habitué of Jeffries' Tavern demands with newly found authority. "When that there television camera panned down close on the ring you could see the sweat on Eddie's nose. It was Tony's right hook that did the business. You can't tell from nothin'. I seen it all."

There is a chance, albeit thin, that this year for the first time baseball bar fans may be able to see part of the World Series by television. The question of television broadcast rights is still up in the air at this writing, but there's been enough progress in network hookups to assure a whopping big potential audience in the East.

For instance, a game televised in New York could be rebroadcast (via radio relay and the wonders of a line called a coaxial cable capable of handling television's wide frequency band) in, say, Washington, Philadelphia and Schenectady, all of which have television stations. But there are no long-haul relays yet capable of letting New Yorkers see a game televised in St. Louis or vice versa. Television's normal direct range is limited to a radius of about 50 miles.

Whatever happens at the World Series, this television business has already started the goofiest boom the country has seen since some Florida speculator discovered that stucco and subdivisions spelled money in the bank.

Television is the biggest thing that's happened to the bar-and-tavern business since the free lunch. Often when a hot fight or a tight ball game is being televised, bewildered but beaming publicans have to lock their doors against late comers to keep their television-equipped establishments from bursting at the seams. Radio and the juke box have been standard equipment. Now comes a flickering screen to invade the vision as well as the hearing of the thirsty patron—and, apparently, just in time.

The ready cash of the war years was beginning to evaporate from bars as elsewhere; then, on top of that, came the regular summer slump. But proprietors with television sets noticed the slump was leveling off, even shifting into a sales spurt. The worried custodian of a corner saloon embellished with nothing more appealing than a radio, a 20-platter juke box, shuffleboard and a wall *décor* of lovely dames, wandered up the street in search of his missing customers. He found them, stacked three deep against the mahogany counter three doors away, watching the luminous image of Joe DiMaggio taking a cut at one of Bob Feller's specials. All to the merry obbligato of a tinkling cash register.

In New York in June, a trade journal called Beverage Media hap-

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

TIME OUT FOR A TASTE TREAT...

Time to stop for a moment and sink your teeth into the luscious milk chocolate coating of a Milky Way candy bar. Just taste that thick, milk chocolate . . . the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk. All melt together, in each enjoyable mouthful, to give you that rare taste blend you will find only in a Milky Way.

When you crave good candy, eat a Milky Way

AMAZE YOURSELF
as our "guest"... with this
CONTRASTING DEMONSTRATION
on your own car

CLEAR-FLEX CLEARS! *OLD BLADE SMEARS?*

Prove that your WINDSHIELD . . . like all others . . . has LOW SPOTS . . . hard to wipe clearly . . . . . . using ANYTHING BUT the NEW . . .

ANCO† CLEAR-FLEX‡
WINDSHIELD WIPER BLADE

END VIEW FLEXORS *Pats. Pend.* DEAD-LOCKER†

CAN'T FALL OFF—CAN'T BLOW OFF

FLEXES TO CLEAR THE LOW SPOTS

Know CLEAR-FLEX . . . the first Wiper Blade to conform fully to all windshield surface irregularities. Even wipes uniformly all types of curved windshields. Keeps clear those annoying hard-to-reach low spots common to all FLAT windshield glass. Clears quickly . . . WITHOUT HELP . . . blinding road muck . . . slapped against your windshield . . . from sloppy pavements . . . by passing cars. CLEAR-FLEX already has engineering approval for original equipment on coming models of high-grade cars.

COSTS LESS TO USE

CLEAR-FLEX ECONOMY REFILLS quickly MAKE LIKE NEW . . . at your gas pump . . . when rubber finally becomes worn or damaged. Holder OUTLASTS your CAR.

YOU WIN THIS WAY

Simply ask your good gas-pump man . . . next time you buy gas . . . to install for you . . . quickly . . . out on the driver's half of your windshield . . . one ANCO Clear-Flex Wiper Blade. Deposit with him only the regular price . . . printed on its box. Keep your old Blade . . . if you like.*

THE CONTRAST TELLS

Leave untouched the used Blade and Arm on your OTHER wiper shaft . . . until you compare it with CLEAR-FLEX performance . . . in the next storm! You are delightfully amazed . . . by CLEAR-FLEX. *Eye-strain . . . jangled nerves . . . FILM FATIGUE . . . GONE!* You enjoy at last the relaxed comfort . . . and added safety . . . of crystal-clear driving vision.

YOUR MONEY BACK QUICKLY —IF YOU'LL TAKE IT!

If you then are willing to part with your ANCO Clear-Flex Blade . . . the dealer who put it on for you is authorized by us to remove it . . . put back your old Blade . . . and refund pleasantly every cent you deposited for CLEAR-FLEX. We protect him in that. Show him this ad. You risk no money. Get yours today. Try it. Then make it a PAIR. May save you a costly smashup!

ANCO DEAD-LOCKER
WIPER ARM

*—Use CLEAR-FLEX Blade ONLY with the sturdy ANCO Dead-Locker Arm . . . already on millions of cars. ANCO Arm fits quickly any wiper shaft. Suits any good wiper motor. Holds Blade true . . . at correct pressure. If not now on your car, ask serviceman to install a PAIR quickly for you. More than 250,000 good gas stations and service stores sell ANCO BETTER Blades and Arms.

Made by the makers of long-famous ANCO RAIN-MASTER† Blades and Arms . . . original equipment for years on DeLuxe models of high-grade cars. Your dealer knows ANCO.

†Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
‡Trade Mark of—The Anderson Company

Quality Protected Under Fair Trade Laws
ANCO Patented Products—Patents Make Jobs

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Established 1918
GARY, INDIANA

pily announced that a survey of bars and grills with television revealed a 30 to 60 per cent increase in business. One innkeeper headily estimated his trade had quintupled.

The rush was on. In all eight cities of the U.S. (New York, Schenectady, Philadelphia, Washington, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Los Angeles) boasting television stations, and in their environs, bar-and-grill men besieged their radio dealers for receiving sets. (Baltimore and Boston stations hope to be on the air by Christmas if not before.) They wheedled, cajoled, bullied and threatened for priority on deliveries.

One Friday afternoon a tormented barman burst into a supply store in Queens, Long Island, and cornered the manager. "I've got to have a set now, today," he wailed, "or I'm ruined."

There are upward of 50,000 television sets in the country now. Production in June, according to the Radio Manufacturers Association, was 11,484 receivers, nearly twice as many as turned out in the entire year of 1946, but demand still heavily tops supply as television approaches its first anniversary of commercial broadcasting.

Bright signs pop up in pub windows: "See the Game Today." . . . "Fights Here on Television Tonight." A man in Elizabeth, New Jersey, had to rip out fixtures and build wooden bleachers around the walls of his place to accommodate the crowds. An Italian restaurateur in the Bronx converted a deserted back room into a theater. The demand for extra waitresses and bartenders is bullish.

Installed "Television Suites"

Hollywood reported television bars were outdrawing night clubs. Night clubs ordered sets in self-defense as a jaundiced café society shouldered eagerly up to the twinkling screen. In his El Borracho in Manhattan's stylish East 50s, Proprietor Nicky Quattrociocchi painted a notice on his set reading: "You're not transparent. People back of you can't see the screen. Please don't stand there! Thank you!"

In the Bowery where ten-cent slugs are the backbone of the undercarriage trade, one barkeep was threatened with a boycott unless he quit stalling and got a television machine.

Big hotels like New York's Pennsylvania and New Yorker have installed special "television suites" calculated to attract travelers from hinterlands still beyond television's range.

All over the U.S.A. the scramble has mounted for bigger and better contraptions. Inventive taproom tycoons used mirrors to enlarge the screen pictures and multiply the visible surfaces. In at least one bar a system of magnifying glasses was employed.

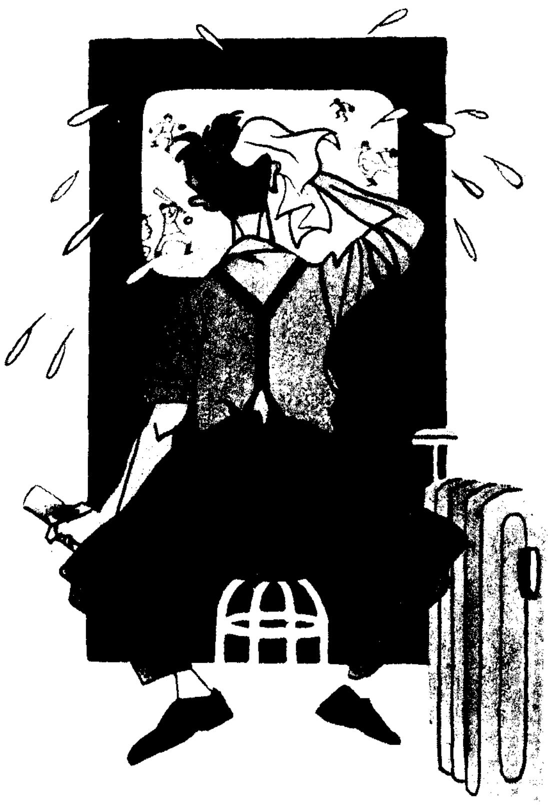
An upstart company, the United States Television Manufacturing Corporation, headed by an ex-Marine major named Hamilton Hoge, threatened to give the big manufacturers a run for their money with a giant projector-principle set sporting "the world's largest screen." (On most sets you see the image directly from a tube; the UST picture is enlarged to more than 3½ square feet by reflectors.) In September, 1946, UST's sales, which are mostly to bars, hotels and restaurants, totaled $11,487.50. In June, 1947, they had soared more than 20 times to $253,258.29.

The bonanza has had its blighted spots: Customers love to fiddle with the knobs on the sets, trying to get it into sharper focus or change the scene. This invites breakdowns. Some new models conceal the dials behind sliding doors to discourage such fiddling.

Recently the Wall Street Journal viewed with alarm the fact that some financial-district bartenders were so hypnotized by the action on the screen that parched clients all but perished of thirst.

A new knothole brotherhood has sprung up, changing venue from the ballpark fence to the sidewalk outside a crowded cocktail lounge from where the membership peers through Venetian blinds and revolving doors at the televised drama inside. Barmen have been plagued by small boys attempting to gate-crash the sport features, but minors are conscientiously shooed away. And of course the inevitable happened—on the Eighth Avenue fringe of New York's Hell's Kitchen, a righteously wroth fan hurled a bottle at a screen in belligerent veto of an umpire's decision.

Some of the worst complications involve the deadhead or free-loading section of the public. "Have you noticed the new-type television bar-fly?" a reader wrote bitterly to the New York Daily News, the other day. "He hogs the bar, one hand clutched around a glass of beer, never buying anything more expensive, and there he parks, through fights, ball games, etc., etc. . . . while people who want to enjoy a few drinks and act like decent spenders have to occupy tables . . ."



To insure ample perspiration and a perpetual thirst the heat was upped

This problem has been attacked by various methods with varying success. A man in Orange, New Jersey, keeps his joint stoked to a temperature designed to insure ample perspiration and a perpetual thirst. In Brooklyn, an alert barkeeper placed chairs facing his television set in well-spaced rows. The front row is reserved for Scotch drinkers, the second row for the bourbon, rye and blend trade, third row for devotees of the grape, the last row and standing room for the ordinary or beer-drinking fares. At last reports he was doing nicely.

Another fellow in uptown Manhattan nailed a sign on the wall of his television salon setting a "$2.00 minimum, per person," and jacked up the price of bottled beer from two bits to 35 cents. He doesn't attempt to enforce the minimum, but the sign discourages the insincere and the regulars haven't kicked much over the inflated beer price, figuring, apparently, that it's still a pretty cheap way to keep up with the Yanks or their favorite ring star. In a Third Avenue rendezvous just off Forty-second Street, they suspended sale of draft beer entirely while television shows were on, in favor of the bottles, but competition forced them to quit it.

Many members of the trade, however, bridle at such alleged profiteering, including big John Daly, ex-president of the New York State Restaurant and Liquor Dealers Association. "Cheaters like that should be run out of business," Daly says with Irish temper. Himself a tavernkeeper for 40 years, he fears such abuses will play into the hands of the prohibitionists. He thinks television is here to stay and has invested in it himself but he's warned his colleagues that it's no panacea for the bar business. "In a few years it will be as common as radio and we'll be right back where we started," he has observed.

Public eateries and drinkeries are by no means the only places where television is drawing crowds. Churches, schools and clubs are getting sets. Long Branch, New Jersey, businessmen purchased 10 receivers for youth centers so kids could have as good a look at ball games as their fathers get in bars. Fifty-five Philadelphia firehouses are installing sets for neighborhood children, and, incidentally, for the firemen themselves between alarms. Receivers are boons to veterans and other shut-ins in hospitals who otherwise might never see an outside spectacle. Even several convents are now wired for sight as well as sound.

Individual taxpayers, yearning for their own sets, have obviously been bucking stiff competition, but if they have been short on patience they have been long on ingenuity.

Sets Furnished

Several months ago a doctor called up one of RCA's television-supply men in New York, a man named Conrad R. Odden, and appealed for a receiver for a patient who was confined to her home with a severe nervous disorder. When the doctor explained the instrument might get her mind off her ills, Odden managed to send one out to the lady right away. Somehow the word got around and now Odden's mail is loaded with doctors' certificates from rheumatics, arthritics, women with child and a sprinkling of hastily self-convinced hypochondriacs, all of whom emphasize that they need television as urgently as medicine, purely on compassionate grounds.

Odden, a 44-year-old ex-Norwegian aviator, who is so busy now with orders and repairs that he doesn't have time to get his hair cut, tries hard to give the legitimate cases first call as fast as the equipment is available. A woman called him up one day and announced she had a complicated and confining pregnancy and would he deliver a receiver please. "Madam," Odden said politely, "I'm sure it would help you while away the time, but how do I know you are not kidding me?"

"Send your men along," she replied, "and let them see for themselves." She got the set.

Even discounting the novelty attraction of anything new, the boom has proved that television is shooting out of short pants into a vigorous adolescence. Producers are still worried over the tremendous cost of studio productions. To be seen as well as heard, a soap opera would involve expenditures calculated to repel the most extravagant sponsor. But

Mercury is as stimulating as a crisp autumn day . . . and just as full of pep!

Styled to perfection—with a distinguished smartness, flowing low-slung lines and a lively *modern* look—it makes you want to be inside sitting behind the wheel. Lounge back in those restful seats . . . stretch out your legs and relax — here's real comfort! Six people can ride easily—in deep wide seats with plenty of head room and leg room for all.

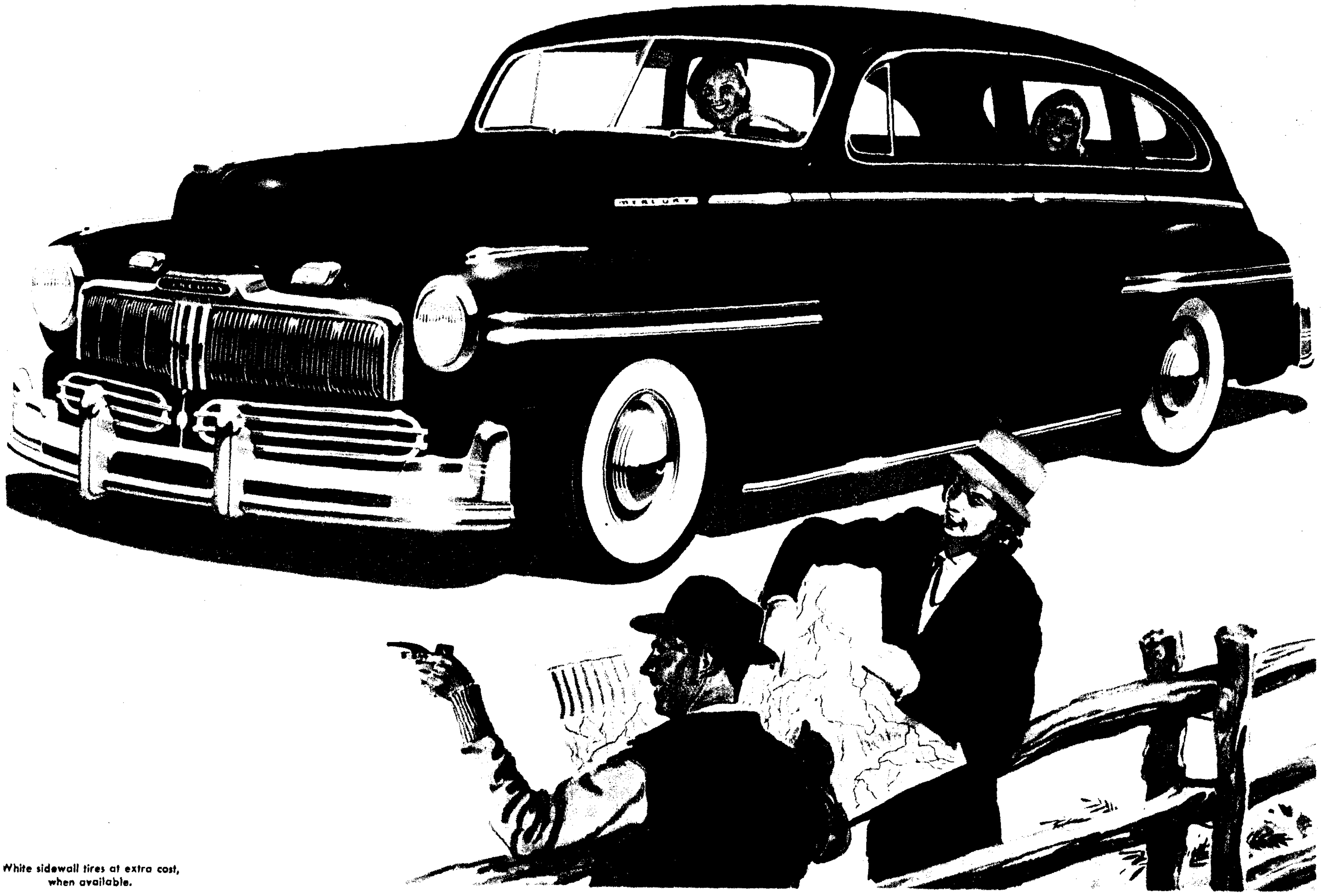
And what spirit! Mercury is alive with power, eager to go wherever you wish. You drive without effort—it's so easy to handle, holds the road so beautifully, you just want to keep on driving! Moreover, Mercury gives you more pleasure per dollar: lower cost mileage and more economy of operation in every respect. Mercury has a perfection and reliability born of decades of automobile designing and engineering. See it, compare it, drive it. You'll agree, in style, comfort, economy and thorough satisfaction, *Mercury gives you more of everything you want!*

More responsive to the wheel, accelerator and brake!

Easier to handle—more fun to drive!

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT WITH *Mercury*



White sidewall tires at extra cost, when available.

do you know...

that the beautiful modern air-conditioned *ice* refrigerator gives foods the *three essentials* of complete, scientific food protection—constant cold, proper moisture and clean-washed air? No breakdowns, no noise, no defrosting—and you always have pure, crystal-clear ice on hand for every cooling need. Inexpensive to buy . . . and economical to use!

Before you buy *any* refrigerator be sure to see the beautiful new post-war Ice Refrigerator. Just get in touch with your local Ice Company.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
1706 L Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

sports and current events are, relatively, cheap to televise because they're there, ready-made and they will undoubtedly provide the main attractions of this new medium for a long time. Makers of razor blades, automobiles and breakfast foods are already subsidizing sports telecasts. In Chicago and St. Louis, a total of four breweries has won the hearts of tavern men by sponsoring on television everything from harness racing to wrestling.

"Sports will be to television what music was to radio," *is the prediction* of General John Reed Kilpatrick, president of Madison Square Garden. He looks forward with pardonable fervor to the day when Joe Louis and his successors, if any, will defend the heavyweight title before a "ringside" crowd of millions. They will view the bout on giant screens in special theaters all over the country, after such details as box-office percentages have been worked out with the promoters.

But what, in that event, will television do to sports? The question has ignited a major furor which most fans, busy with their beer and barside seats, have thus far overlooked.

Baseball Commissioner "Happy" Chandler's attitude has been to "wait and see" what television may mean to baseball. At least one broadcaster has approached him on the possibility of televising the coming World Series if one New York club is a contender, but, at this writing, no commitments had been made to anybody. If the classic develops into a subway siege between the Yanks and Brooklyn, all three New York television stations will press hard to get in on it.

The key to Chandler's consent in that event would be held, interestingly enough, by the Mutual Broadcasting System, which won't have a television outlet until sometime in 1948. Mutual and the Gillette Safety Razor Company have the radio-broadcasting rights to the Series through 1951, and Mutual has first refusal of television rights. Mutual officials have said in private they would definitely not object to the '47 Series being televised; if they were asked they would probably recommend the assignment go, in New York, not to CBS or NBC but to WABD, operated by the Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Incorporated, which makes television equipment.

New Source of Revenue

Baseball magnates are both intrigued and puzzled by the potentialities of television. They smell fresh revenue. A good major-league ball club now realizes upward of $50,000 a season from radio and as television takes hold it will be another source of income although some of it will undoubtedly be at the expense of the radio account. "We probably can't expect to carry water on both shoulders," one National League official said. But what about gate receipts? It has been conjectured that fans prefer to watch a major-league game on television rather than a minor-league team on its home grounds and that this, in part, explains the box-office slump of the Newark Bears this season.

This might conceivably be classified as an invasion of a baseball club's "territorial rights" which are protected now in radio broadcasting by a complicated code. Under the rules, a Boston station, for instance, could not air a New York game without permission of the local Boston teams. There is no such code for television yet. President Ford Frick of the National League is chairman of a four-man committee studying the problem in that circuit and due to come up with recommendations in December. The American League is doing similar research through the major leagues' executive council.

Screwily enough, television may eventually cause the disappearance of billboards from ball parks. Last fall when the Ford Motor Company bought the CBS telecast of the Dodgers pro football games from Brooklyn, the agency handling the account ordered the scoreboard kept off the screen—because it carried an ad for a watch competing with a timepiece made by another of the agency's clients. Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr., red-haired young director of CBS sports telecasts, got that one overruled. In this case it was the agency, not the sponsor, which betrayed the hypersensitivity, but wherever possible the television cameras now avoid backgrounds extolling goods rivaling the sponsor's products.

What might be called the "Gee whiz" and "Wish you were here, friends," schools of sports announcing—and writing—are bound to be toned down too, in future, because television fans will indeed be there in all but the flesh, to see for themselves.

Although television may affect the gate at an individual event, many experts think it will stimulate sports attendance in the long haul, just as radio has done. Some pugilists and promoters, whose livelihood is ordinarily geared to gate percentages, have been peeved over exclusion from the television kitty. Some fighters are said to object to changing the color of their trunks so they can be more readily identified. (Black and purple, standard shades for boxers, are indistinguishable over television.)

General Kilpatrick, whose Garden encourages the televising of every event possible from the circus to a dog show, reacts to these minority protests something like this: Television revenue permits payment of higher percentages than fighters would otherwise get, and if they're any good on the screen they'll eventually attract a following to the money seats anyway.

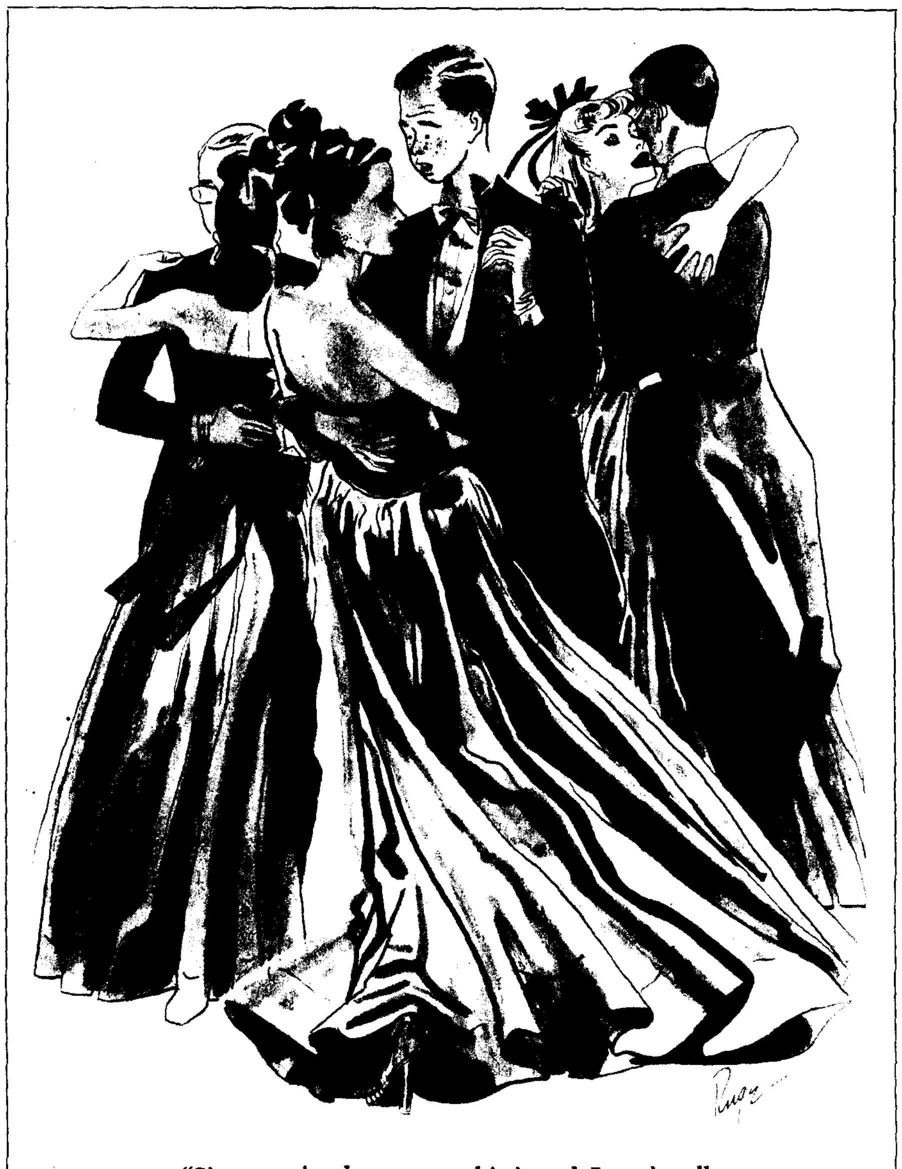
To pessimists, Harry Markson, Promoter Mike Jacobs' press agent, likes to tell the following stock but avowedly veracious story: "Friend of mine in Flatbush, a real-estate dealer, used to kid the pants off me, saying fights were no good, that he'd never seen one in his life and never would. Then his old man bought a television set and this guy sees his first bout. Since then, he's been to the Garden five times this summer."

Favorable Tax Ruling

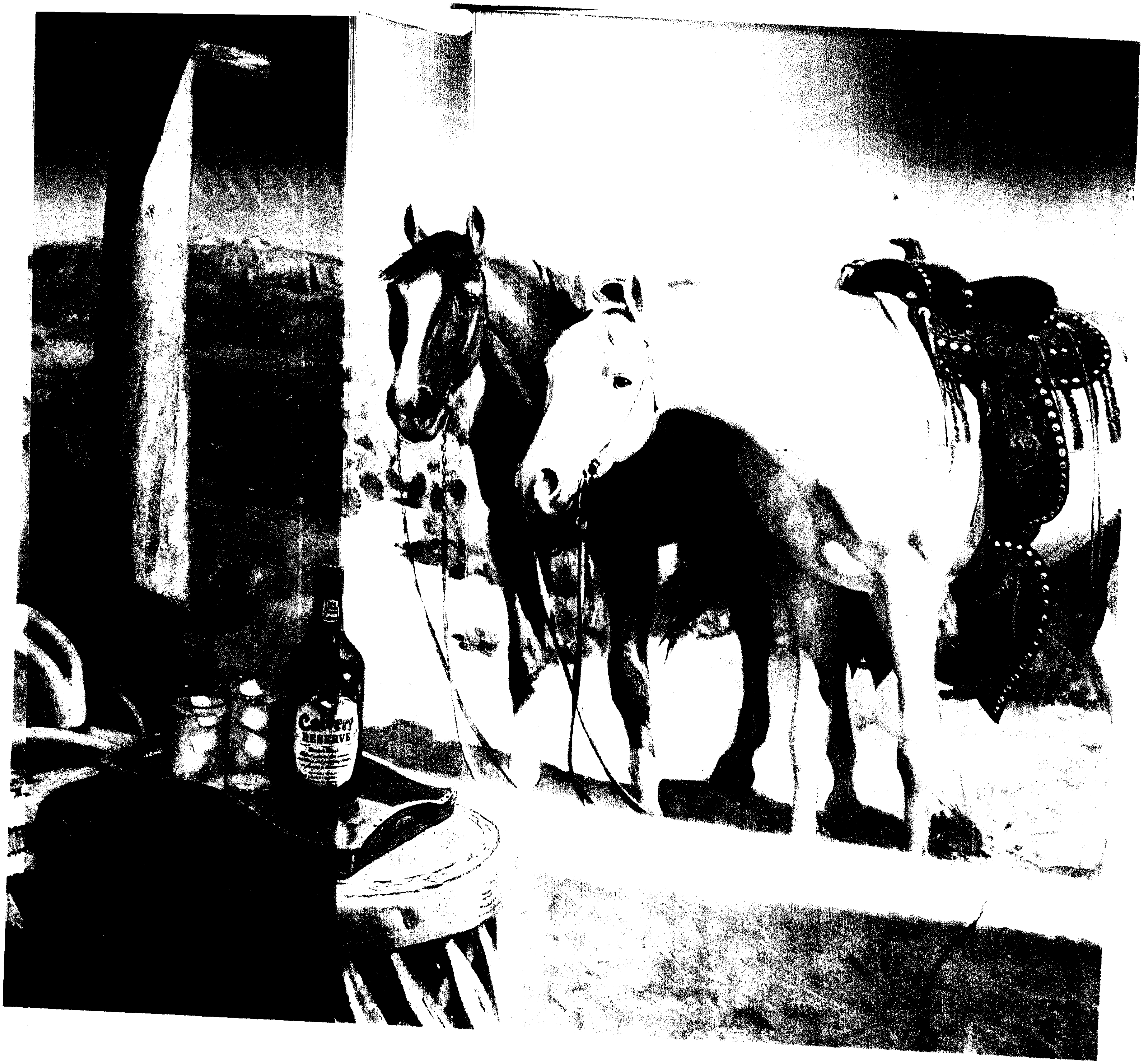
Just as television bar-flies were beginning to hatch in potentially lucrative numbers some months ago, both the television industry and the bar-and-grill men contracted heart disease over the threatened possibility that maintenance of receivers in public places rendered same liable to the 20 per cent federal amusement tax. Late in March, however, after vigorous representations from the Television Broadcasters Association, Incorporated, Joseph Nunan, commissioner of internal revenue, ruled television sets were outside the amusement tax classification provided their use was not coupled with other entertainment. Undaunted by this decision the Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board recently ordered liquor licensees showing television to pay an annual fee of $120, and beer parlors were similarly assessed $60.

The television boom continues on the wings of science. If you haven't seen Hilda Chester, fanatical Dodgers fan, entertain at Ebbets Field with klaxon, cowbells and sheet inscribed "HILDA IS HERE," be patient. National television hookups, and her appearance thereon, are only a matter of time.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Since you've become sophisticated I can't tell whether or not you're having a good time" JOHN RUGE



"We can expect a stampede any minute!"

Wondering about the big rush Calvert's getting these days? The reasons are worth knowing: Calvert is agreeably *light* whiskey. A *gentle* blend for gentlemen! And luxuriously mellow . . . richly satisfying in highball, cocktail or neat.

Try Calvert . . . and you'll say it, too . . .

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

Calvert

BLENDED WHISKIES

Reserve OR *Special*

Choice Blended Whiskies, 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

FOR 17 YEARS AMERICA HAS SAID:

"When there's a choice

If you're about to buy a radio or radio-phonograph, you don't have to take what you can get any more. You can choose again on the basis of quality and reputation. Every 1948 Philco keeps faith with the standards which have made its name *famous for quality the world over*. When you buy, let Philco quality be your guide . . . **accept nothing less and pay no more!**

Amazing new way to play records!

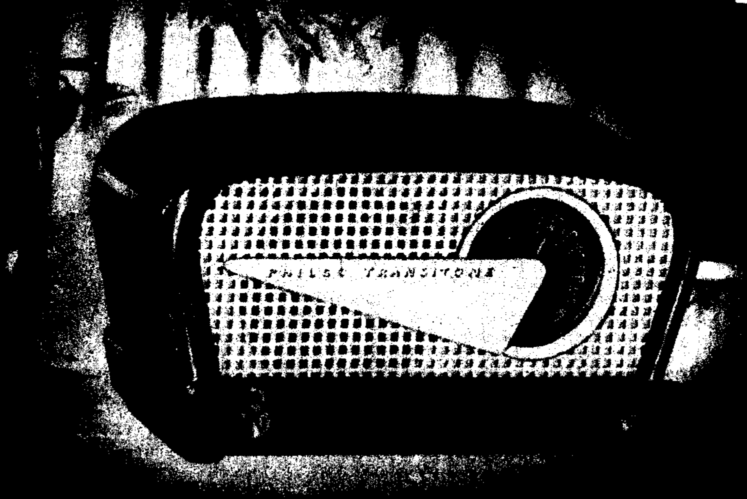
Only 129^{95}

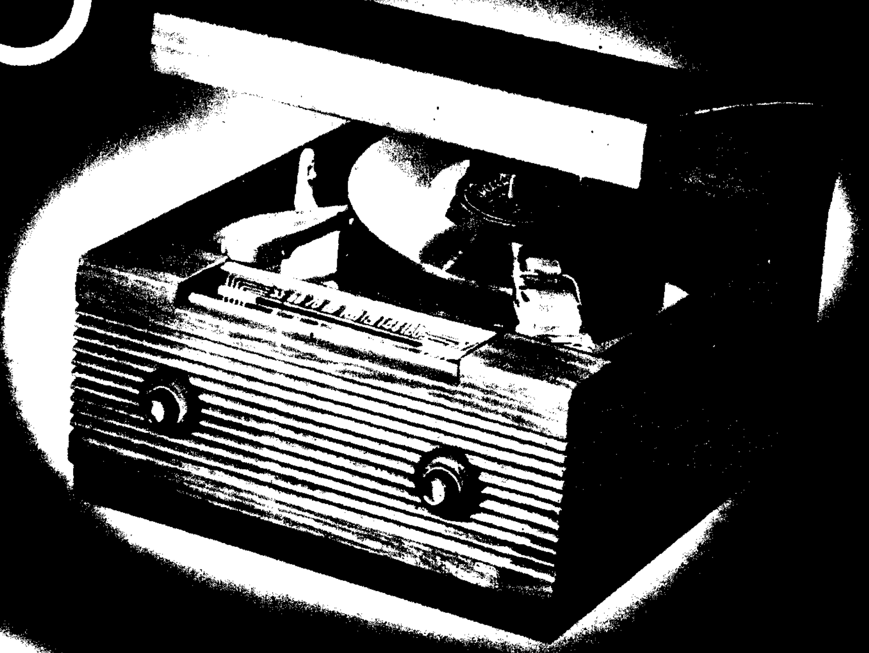
A New Kind of Radio-Phonograph

Yes, sensational value! A radio-phonograph combination in a stunning mahogany console with Philco's famous quick, easy way to play records. Powerful, sensitive radio reception. Rich tone on radio and records. See the Philco 1260—a triumph of quality and value!

PHILCO

"It's a PHILCO"





Smart as the Newest Fashion $\$29^{95}$*

The new style leader in compact radios! Fresh, modern, smart. Quality features for superb tone and performance. **See the new Philco 230.**

A Quality Automatic, Today's Greatest Value! $\$99^{95}$

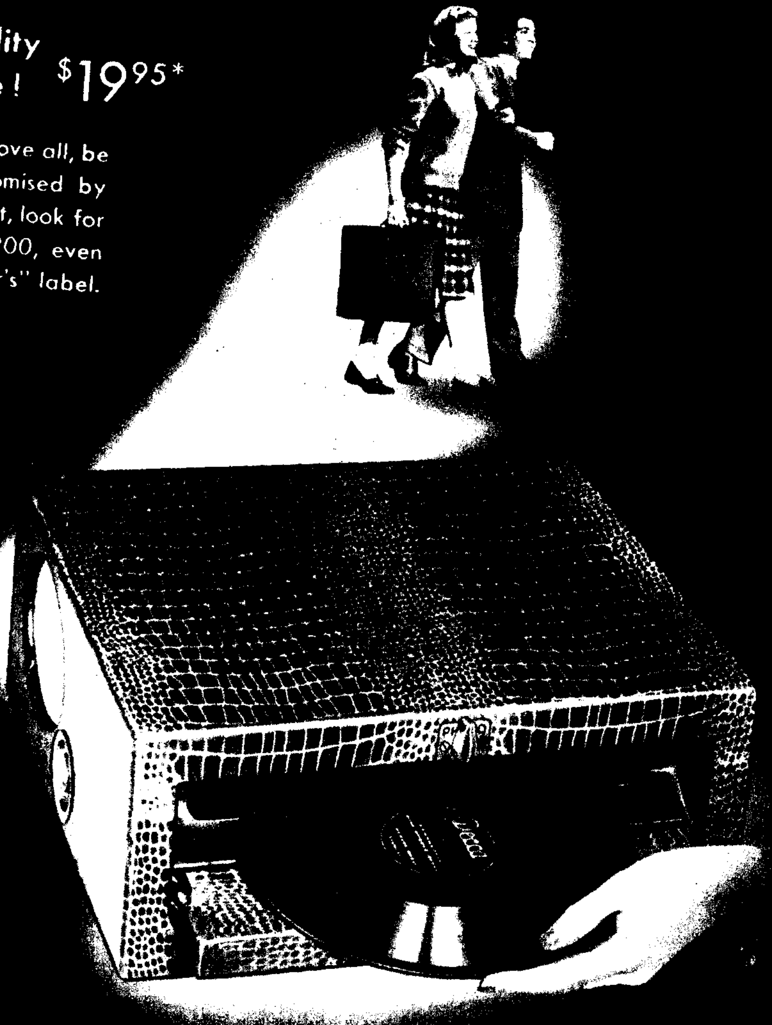
For true, lasting satisfaction in a table radio-phonograph at the lowest possible price, see the new Philco 1253. Automatic changer, powerful radio, full-bodied tone . . . **a sensation!**

Yes, Philco Quality at this Low Price! $\$19^{95}$*

In a compact radio, above all, be sure of the *quality* promised by the Philco name! Hear it, look for it in the great Philco 200, even to the vital "Underwriter's" label.

The Champion of Table Radios $\$37^{50}$*

For the *plus* that Philco research gives you in a small radio, see the new 460 I. Amazing sensitivity, power and tone, ivory plastic cabinet of unique design.



Now, a PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH with Philco's new, easy way to play records $\$49^{95}$

The young folks' dream! A phonograph you carry anywhere; no fussing with lids, needles, tone arms. Philco 1200 . . . slide in any record and it plays **automatically!**

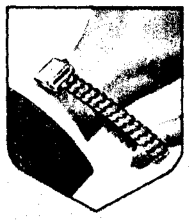
Famous for Quality the World Over

*Price slightly higher Denver and West.

FOR MEN ONLY... *Lucky Guys!*

Golden Knight
by Speidel

$12.95
(including Federal Tax)
In yellow, pink or white to match your watch.



Never has a man's watchband achieved the beauty and smartness of the new Speidel GOLDEN KNIGHT . . . inspired by the decorative armor worn by chivalrous knights! With its exclusive Speidel SMOOTH-ACTION, it is causing men everywhere to discard old-fashioned bands to give their watches the gleaming luxury of GOLDEN KNIGHT. Wear it yourself or give it as a gift . . . it's the he-male watchband!

COPYRIGHT 1947 BY SPEIDEL CORP.

At Better Jewelers Everywhere

SPEIDEL CORPORATION • 78 SHIP STREET • PROVIDENCE • R. I.

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Continued from page 17

who has hit his fingernail with a hammer, he made whipping motions with his forearms. This, I learned later, was to start the flow of healing power through his hands. He indicated with a nod that I was to take the first treatment and I moved to the chair in front of the class.

"Just relax," he said, continuing his preparations. "That's right . . . lean back. Folks wonder sometimes why we insist so much on relaxation . . . they forget what the healer has to go through with that flow of power. Backs up on me if you don't receive it—yes, sir, makes me feel like I'm going to explode with it! Faith, that's all we ask . . . the mind and body open to receive the great flow. And oh, the happiness of it . . . !"

I felt no happiness as Mr. Evans stood beside my chair and placed his right palm against my forehead, the left palm against the back of my head. He stood there pressing gently for a full minute while I wondered what I was supposed to do. Then he said:

"Celia is here, standing beside us. Have you anyone in the spirit world by that name?" I said no. "The name is Cecile—Sister Cecile. She is a beautiful girl, a Catholic nun, and she says she knows you." I said I didn't remember ever having known her. "It will come to you," said Mr. Evans, removing his hands and snapping his fingers.

Suddenly he stood bent over me with one hand on my stomach and one hand on my spine. In this position, his forearms and elbows were pressed tightly against my chest and back. Perhaps I jumped a little for he interrupted his talk to the ladies to tell me: "There's always a slight jolt when the connection is made. Now do you feel it?" It took a while to think of an answer, but I said, "I feel something."

Using his hands like two electrodes, Mr. Evans had shifted their position several times to expose my insides thoroughly to the rays. Now Mr. Evans snapped his fingers harder than before and moved over to the platform table where he had left two small piles of folded paper napkins, one stack violet, the other stack pink. He began wiping his palms very carefully, like a boxer after a good warmup round. As I went back to my original seat, he threw away the crumpled pink napkin and completed the job of rubbing his hands with a purple one. This was repeated after each treatment.

The stout woman was next. While Mr. Evans was treating her another lady asked him if treatments could be carried on at a distance. She explained she lived in Columbus, Ohio.

"Oh, my, yes," said Mr. Evans, who said his winter residence is in St. Petersburg, Florida. From there he treated patients all over the United States. After all, he laughed, distance meant nothing in the spirit realm where communication was direct and instantaneous. "Just leave me your name and address, or write me any time. If it's anything really serious, then, of course, I'll come to you astrally. We do this in all emergencies. Simply slip out of our physical bodies, wrap our mental bodies in an astral substance, and come directly to your bedside." Later I learned Mr. Evans was only one of many healers who make their astral rounds. Fees are generally paid as "love offerings" by the patients.

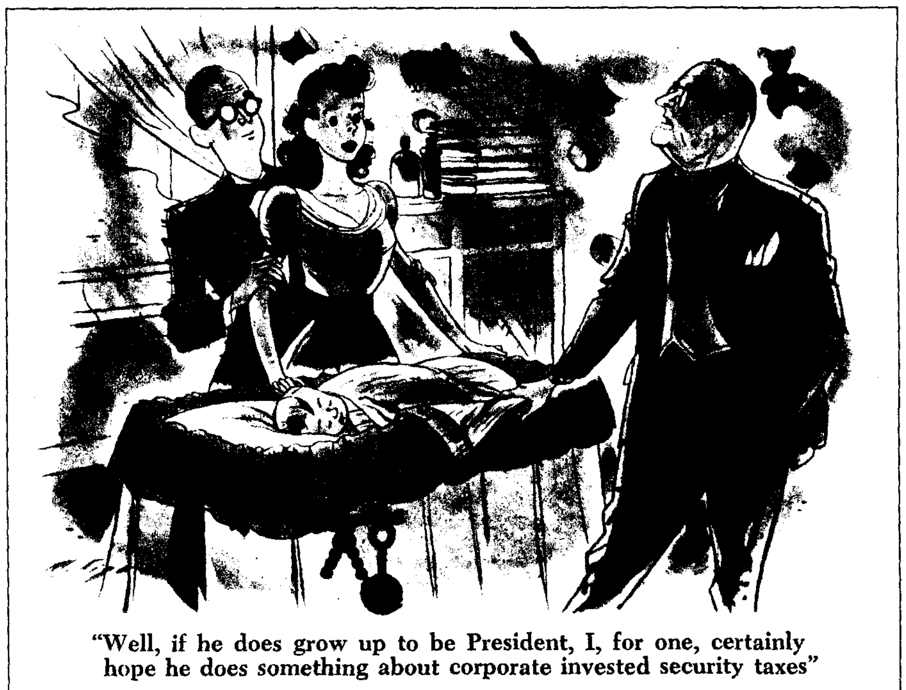
Each Got Same Treatment

All the ladies got the same general treatment plus special attention to their particular ailments, which included insomnia, lumbago, eye trouble, and stomach and heart conditions. The third and the youngest lady—about 35, I judged—had a stronger reaction than the others and went into what appeared to be a trance. Mr. Evans simply left her sitting there, handed down another chair from the platform and started the next treatment. The younger woman rose and went back to her seat, looking very pale.

Mr. Evans addressed the younger woman with sympathetic understanding: "You've had mediumship, of course. I thought so." The lady said yes, several times, beginning only a few months ago. This time, she said, she heard voices and saw the spirits more distinctly than ever before. "Yes, I felt it coming on you," said Mr. Evans. Then he asked her to stand beside him while he continued his treatment of the other lady and watch his hands.

"Describe, if you see it, the color of the rays coming out of my hands," he told her, leaving a gap of about two inches between his hand and the abdomen of his patient. There was silence for a few seconds. Then the woman said, "Yes, I see it. It is pale orchid. Now it has turned to light blue. Now it is green—a very light green." I was watching carefully but I saw no rays of any color.

"Thank you," Mr. Evans told her in dismissal, and she retired to her chair.



"Well, if he does grow up to be President, I, for one, certainly hope he does something about corporate invested security taxes"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
FERRIS WINS IRISH SWEEPSTAKES
IRISH SWEEP-STAKES WINNER JOE FERRIS

"I'm a busy man, Mr. Ferris—suppose you tell me what I can do with that lousy job of yours and get it over with"

COLLIER'S JOHN NORMENT

"Color is very important in this work," he told the others matter-of-factly. "Green, as you may know, is the color of time—the lighter the green, the shorter the time." Then, addressing his patient: "This means a speedy recovery. You will sleep very well tonight."

The lady who sat beside me was the last to have her treatment, and when she returned to her seat, she whispered to me, "My eyes, oh, they're ever so much better. It's wonderful." The bell had rung the hour 10 minutes ago, and now a woman's voice called from the entrance. "Everybody's supposed to be out of here by two o'clock. That's to give you time to get to the auditorium at two-thirty."

Sister Cecile and the spirits which had appeared to one of Mr. Evans' patients were the first spirit manifestations I encountered at Lily Dale. But the rest of the day and evening were full of them. At the auditorium service, for instance, through the medium of Mr. Hubert O'Malley, at least 30 spirits managed to get their messages across to persons among the audience of about 500.

The first hour was similar to that of any Protestant church service—hymns, prayers, solos by a vocalist, and a sermon by a guest speaker, Miss Mabel Barnes, of Michigan. Mr. O'Malley followed Miss Barnes to the pulpit. He was a short, compact man with a large head and a harassed, squirrel-like face. He spoke in a series of sharp, staccato utterances, punctuated by a hacking cough. "Today we shall hear from the living—not from the dead. It is we who are the dead ones . . ." The audience laughed appreciatively.

As if suddenly touched on the shoulder, Mr. O'Malley wheeled around, bobbed his head up and down several times and exchanged words with persons not visible to me. "They're always so impatient," he explained to the audience. No one laughed.

If you've ever watched monologuists like Cornelia Otis Skinner or Ruth Draper, you know how an accomplished actor, sitting alone on a straight-backed chair, can populate a bare stage with real flesh-and-blood characters. Mr. O'Malley's pantomime was not quite so successful in materializing the spirits present on the stage. Apart from this pantomime, Mr. O'Malley's performance differed little from the standard pattern followed by the dozen or so other mediums I watched after him. The delivery, always rapid-fire and intense, is more like the auctioneer than the seer.

"I want to get in touch, in very close rapport, with you," the medium starts out, pointing out a member of the audience. "That's right . . . the lady in the red hat. Will you listen very carefully, please, try to concentrate. . . . Mary is here. She is asking for you. She is a very lovely girl, and she is carrying a little baby in her arms. She calls the baby—what is it again? Dolly, is it? Yes, that's right. The baby's name is Dolly. Do you know Mary and the little baby girl she calls Dolly?"

The woman in the red hat fingers her handkerchief and says, "Mary was my young sister. She died soon after her baby . . ."

"Well, they're right here beside me now, and Mary wants me to say they are happy—very, very happy. She wants you to be happy too . . . and she tells me you have been worried lately . . . you have a problem . . . about your son, she says, your oldest boy. Is that right?"

"That's right," says the woman in the red hat.

"Well, Mary tells you not to worry about him. She says Tommy is young and he will grow out of it. Do you understand?"

This kind of spirit message, more specific than most but otherwise typical, can sound impressive until you consider the essential information it contains: The woman in the red hat is a woman who worries about her son; her younger sister died in childbirth. I heard no medium mention any details about a departed spirit that couldn't have been picked up by hearsay or rocking-chair acquaintance.

Settings of Majestic Beauty

The best place to study the mechanics of spirit reading is probably "the Stump Meetings" which take place every morning and late afternoon in a grassy clearing deep inside a forest of towering pines—a setting of majestic beauty. This, you soon gather, is a kind of training school or amateur hour for young and inexperienced mediums or those who still lack a particular following of their own.

The exception here during the afternoon session was Miss Betty Possehl, the chairman, master of ceremonies, and herself one of Lily Dale's youngest and prettiest mediums. Miss Possehl delivered her spirit messages with great animation and a fetching Scottish accent. But none of the others who trotted briskly up front as she called their names could match her.

One medium, an attractive Brooklyn girl in her early twenties, got stuck completely after seeing only two spirits named "Ann" and "Annie," respectively, neither of whom seemed to have any particular messages for anyone present. As she walked back to her seat, blushing

sing the blues
and be happy

Pick a blue note . . .

Pick a suave and subtle *new* note...Powder Blue, with a faint dusty tone that puts it into smooth harmony with every color in your wardrobe.

We've blended this new shade into many of this season's new Van HeusenTies . . . You'll find it in woven patterns bold and neat, in prints and in smart new panel knits. All superbly fashioned by the makers of Van Heusen Shirts, for perfect knotting and draping. $1.00, $1.50 *and* $2.00.

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y.

Van Heusen ties

Made by the Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts

"It's
PIONEER
Sir"

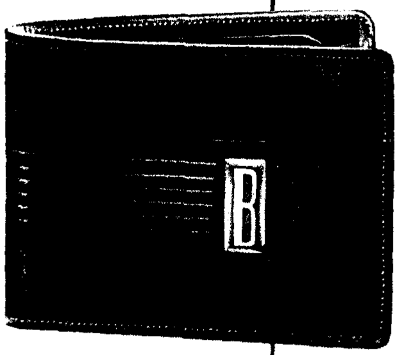
PERSONALIZED
WALLET
and KEY CASE

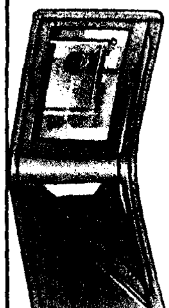
Jewelry type etched initial mounted on wallet of fine imported pigskin. $5.00 plus tax

Personalized key case of matching pigskin in rich hazel tone. Has six removable key hooks. $2.50 plus tax

AT MOST BETTER MEN'S COUNTERS

PIONEER U·S·A·





red, Miss Possehl called after her encouragingly, "It's all right, Alice. Your timing's fine. Just brush up the delivery, that's all."

The greatest attraction for visitors and the shrine of spiritualists everywhere is the Fox Cottage, a modest farmhouse which was moved to Lily Dale some 30 years ago from its original site in the village of Hydesville, 30 miles from Rochester. Here, just a hundred years ago come next March 31st, the youngest daughters of John and Margaret Fox—eight-year-old Margaret and Kate, six and a half—first translated the raps that were heard around the world and which led to the foundation of the Spiritualist Church. Unsympathetic historians since then have seldom failed to note that the birth of spiritualism coincides with All Fools' Day's eve.

The two girls set up what was accepted as communication with the ghost of a peddler who, local legend said, had been murdered in the house. The ghost, it seemed, answered questions by rapping on the wall—or somewhere—and once contact was established, it was easy to set up a code for messages. Shortly thereafter the Foxes pulled up stakes and Katie and Margaret were taken to Rochester to live with their married sister, Leah Fox Fish.

When the strong-willed, managerial Leah entered the picture, the children suddenly discovered they could converse with almost anyone, including friends and relatives of visitors who started pouring into the house for "sittings" at 50 cents a head. This was front-page news, and the press of the world broke out in a rash of articles about the "Rochester Rappings."

On to New York City

In due time Leah packed up her prize performers and moved off to New York City to ride the wave of popular interest that swept over the country. Not one to shoot her bolt on unseemly commercialism, Leah formed a spiritualistic society, studded it with many of the "big names" of the time, and introduced much of the religious atmosphere such as the singing of hymns and the reciting of familiar prayers, which are found in the present Spiritualist Church. The theology was developed later by Andrew Jackson Davis, a Poughkeepsie, New York, tailor.

"Will I get the new refrigerator my husband has promised me to order?" The woman in the gray tailored suit asked it in a low, earnest voice and hardly finished speaking before the answer was plainly audible—3 firm raps. In the Fox Cottage, that means "yes." The woman beamed. "My old one's so small," she explained happily to the host and medium, Miss Flo Cottrell of Holland, New York, who makes the Fox Cottage her summer home. "He was very definite about it too," said Miss Cottrell with a smile of sweet serenity that never once left her face during the hour I spent in the pleasant little house. .

From 10 to 12 noon and from 4 to 6 P.M.—hours dictated by her spirit teacher—Miss Cottrell receives visitors, and you're welcome to inspect all the rooms except one occupied by her and her aged mother. After you've seen everything—some old guns, ironware, spirit paintings of Indians, and bric-a-brac—Miss Cottrell suggests you might rest a while, if you wish, on the folding chairs which occupy the center of the living room and ask any questions that occur to you.

One rap means "no," two, "don't know" or "uncertain," three, "yes," four, "ask questions," five, "greetings." Whenever a new visitor wandered in, the 5 raps sounded distinctly. Between questions, Miss Cottrell recounts briefly how the Fox sisters first discovered they could speak with the murdered peddler. The rapping you hear now is by Miss Cottrell's own spirit "teacher," who appeared to her when she was nine. She was playing at table tipping just for fun with an aunt and uncle when he appeared to her, introduced himself as "Uncle Ike," and gave her the code they have followed ever since.

"Fred is here," Miss Cottrell announced in the same tone you might use to say, "Pass the salt." Her eyes swept calmly over the handful of guests and settled on a young woman who'd come in with her husband. They were a healthy young couple who looked as if they both worked much out of doors. The wife gave her husband a frightened, appealing look, and it seemed to me he blushed under his sunburn.

"Yes, I knew Fred," the young woman said. "He was—an old friend of ours." Miss Cottrell went on smiling sweetly. "Well, he says he is very happy for you, and never to regret the way it turned out."

"Is Clara getting better or worse?" The woman who asked this sounded as if she'd been holding it in for a long time. There was no answering rap.

"Perhaps you'd better ask him the question another way," Miss Cottrell suggested.

The woman asked, "Will Clara get well?" Two raps—meaning "Don't know" or "Uncertain"—sounded from wall or floor near Miss Cottrell. "Is she getting any good out of those treatments they're giving her at the hospital?" The answer was a single rap—"No."

Presently, Miss Cottrell moved to another chair near the stairway, and subsequent rap responses were heard from that part of the room. "They follow me everywhere," she said. Here, I thought, is a woman who has never had a moment's privacy since the age of nine.

But about the original rappings heard a hundred years ago in this same house, the Fox sisters themselves are perhaps the best authorities. After their first highly profitable demonstrations in New York and a triumphant tour of the country, the going got tough. Partly it was the scientific investigations, partly opposition from well-established churches, but mostly competition from a growing horde of mediums.

But forty years after they brought spiritualism into the world, the Fox sisters made headlines once more. Margaret, a widow, barely managed to support her two children by taking in "sitters." Katherine, who had given up spiritualism at seventeen to marry the arctic explorer, Dr. Elija Kent Kane, went back to it after his untimely death a few months later, and was having trouble making ends meet in London.

Returning to this country, Katherine told reporters she intended to expose spiritualism "from its very foundations." Margaret was interviewed later and quoted as backing her sister, saying, "Spiritualism is a humbug from beginning to end."

Then, to a capacity audience in the New York Academy of Music, Katherine demonstrated how the raps had been produced by snapping the joints of her big toe against a sounding board built into her shoes. She also produced rapping by moving the knee joints. But the first rappings in Fox Cottage, she said, came from another source.

"My sister Margaret and myself were very young children when this horrible deception began. We were very mischievous children and we wanted to terrify our dear mother, who was a very good woman and easily frightened. At night when we were in bed, we used to tie an apple to a string and move it up and down, causing the apple to bump on the floor . . ."

It was in Rochester, said Katherine, that they learned to snap their toe joints, and Leah was aware of the deception.

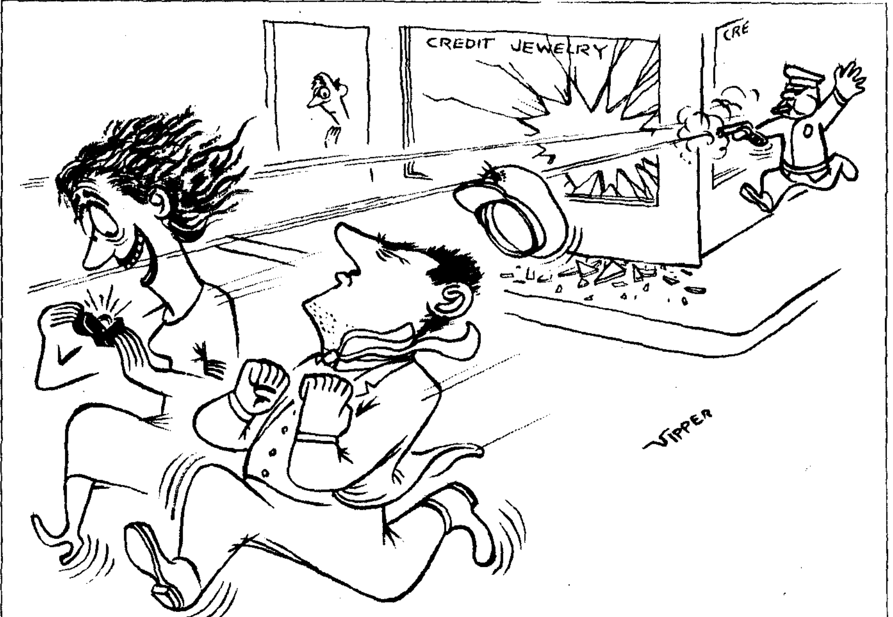
The "confession" was good box office for a few months, then interest dried up and Katherine was again at the end of her rope. Presently she was back in business as a medium, retracting her confession and laying it to financial hardship and evil influences.

But by then nobody cared, least of all the other more successful mediums who discovered that the added publicity didn't hurt the movement a bit.

"Exposures" have been made time and again, but nobody does a more thorough job of it than the mediums themselves. The Psychic Observer is itself a travesty on the movement with its fabulous "spirit news" columns and its advertisements of "Love Healers," "Psychic Artists," and for the trade, of "baby- student- and professional-size aluminum trumpets," "luminous bands," and "lasting quality luminous paint."

To outsiders, almost everything claimed or promised for spiritualism sounds like a cruel burlesque of their followers' credulity. Yet it would be less than fair to accuse its proponents of deceiving anyone. They give only what is asked. And what their followers ask is apparently something they have not found elsewhere: relief from anxiety about life, from fear of death and above all from loneliness. To reduce their solace to a trick in the dark is like reducing the glow you feel on New Year's Eve to 5 or 10 ounces of grain alcohol.

Next week Jule Mannix will take up where Mr. Lagemann left off and tell you where you can buy a good inexpensive phantom. Read Ghosts for Sale



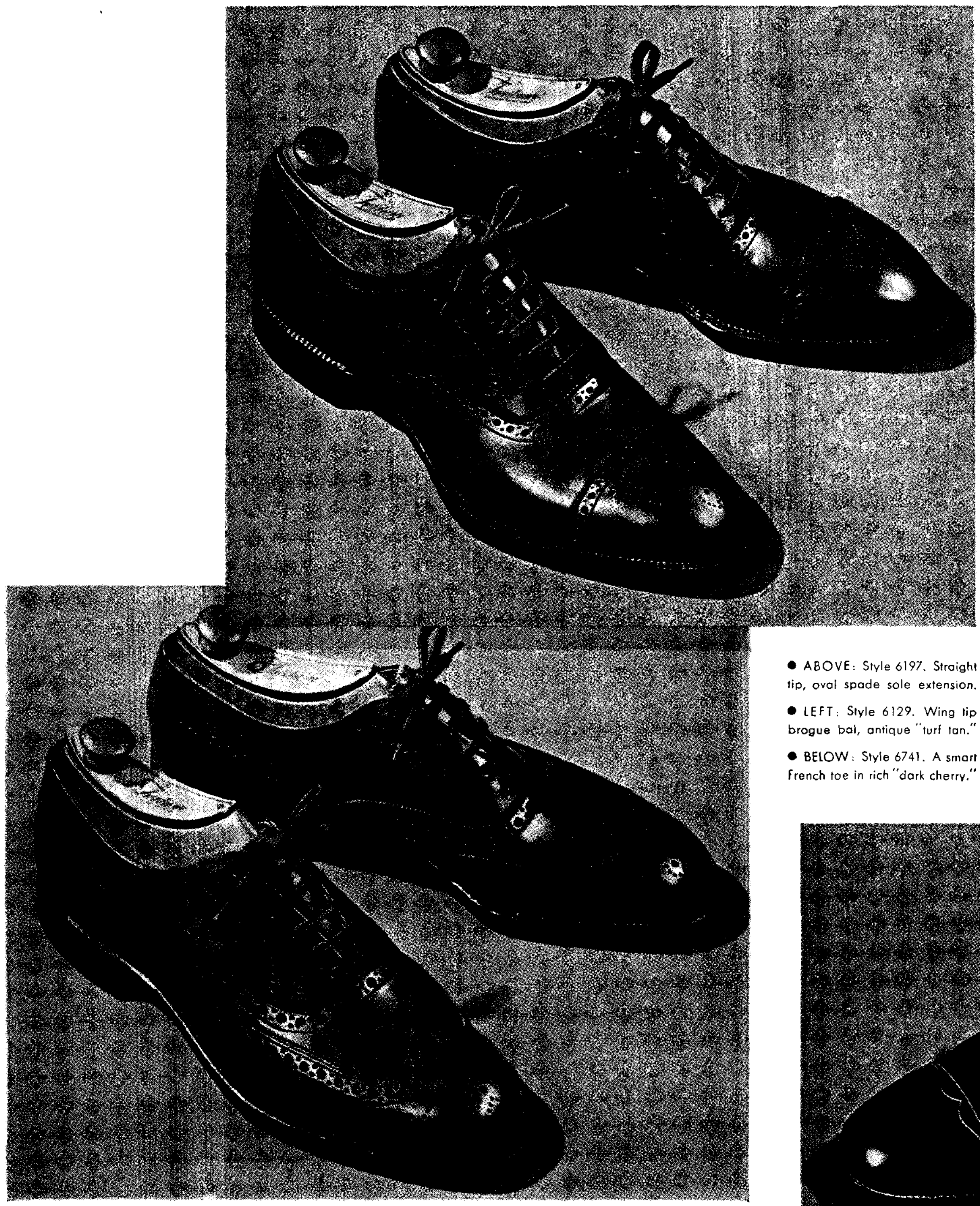
COLLIER'S "George! It's . . . It's beautiful!" VIRGIL PARTCH

When you step into a Fortune, sir...

YOU "FEEL LIKE A MILLION"

FORTUNE'S "TOWNSTREET" SERIES

- Yes, that "million dollar" feeling is yours, *and* at a moderate price, when you step into a Fortune "Townstreeter"— the finer footwear for town and business. For whatever your walk of life, you'll breeze through more smoothly . . . confidently . . . in smart, authentic, comfortable "Townstreeters." This *maximum* satisfaction is yours for so *moderate* a price because Fortune selects plump, durable leathers in large, cost-saving quantities . . . because Fortune anticipates style trends so that production can be maintained without cost-consuming interruptions . . . and because, despite modern machine methods, Fortune's skilled craftsmen lend full attention to your comfort — assuring you a fit that makes a Fortune feel like it's made for *your* foot, alone. And, in addition, every step in the creation of every Fortune moves under the watchful eyes of Fortune's cost analysts — men trained to keep down the price to you because it's good business for us. But for the final proof, see your Fortune dealer today.



- ABOVE: Style 6197. Straight tip, oval spade sole extension.
- LEFT: Style 6129. Wing tip brogue bal, antique "turf tan."
- BELOW: Style 6741. A smart French toe in rich "dark cherry."

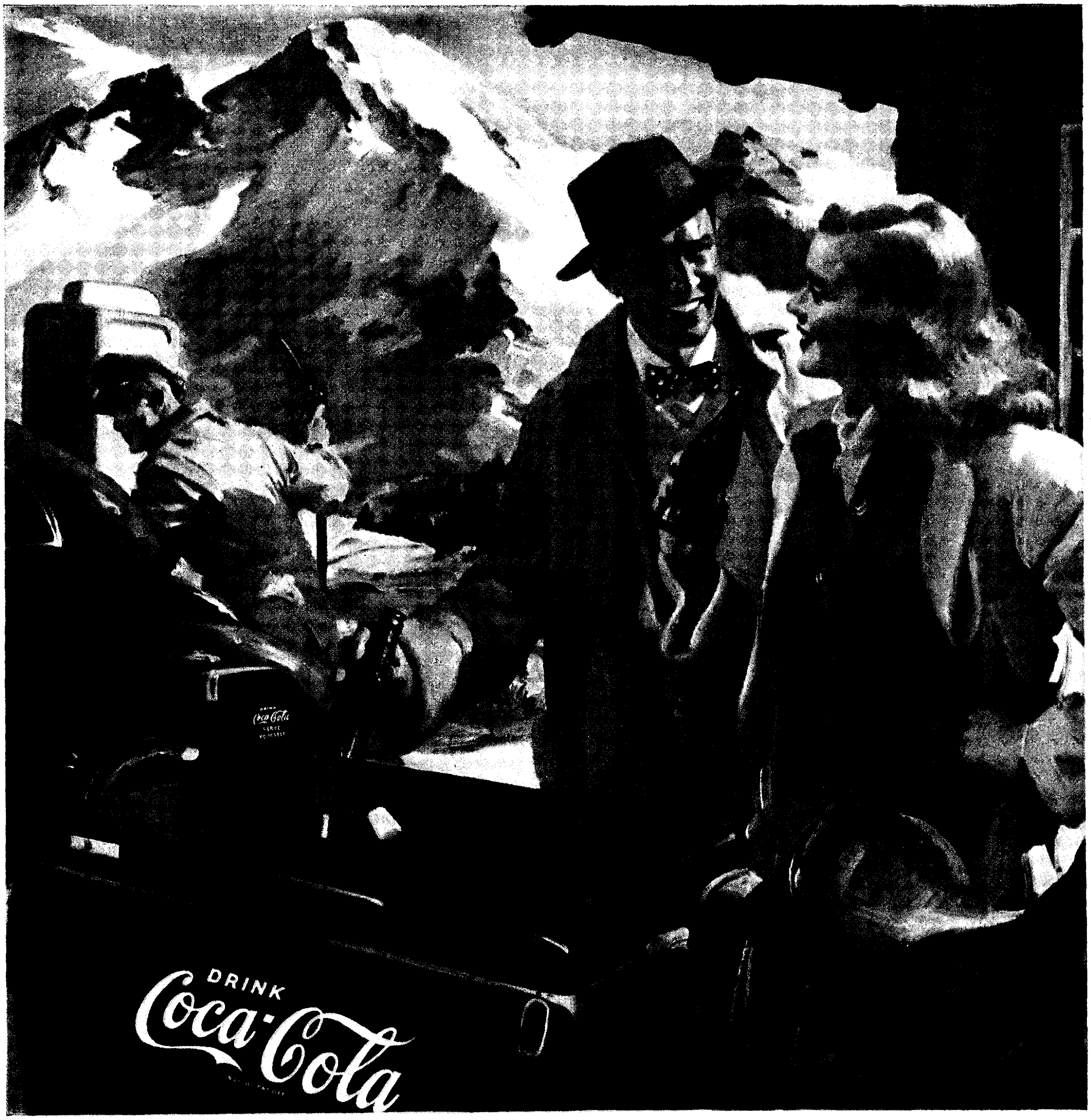
Fortune

SHOES FOR MEN

RICHLAND-DAVIDSON SHOE COMPANY · NASHVILLE · TENNESSEE

A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION

You're in style when you step into a Fortune



Drive refreshed...Have a Coca-Cola

A happy custom belongs out on the highway when you stop for gas and oil. It is part of the pleasure of motoring,—*the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola. You stretch your legs, have a Coke from the familiar red cooler, and you're on your way—refreshed.

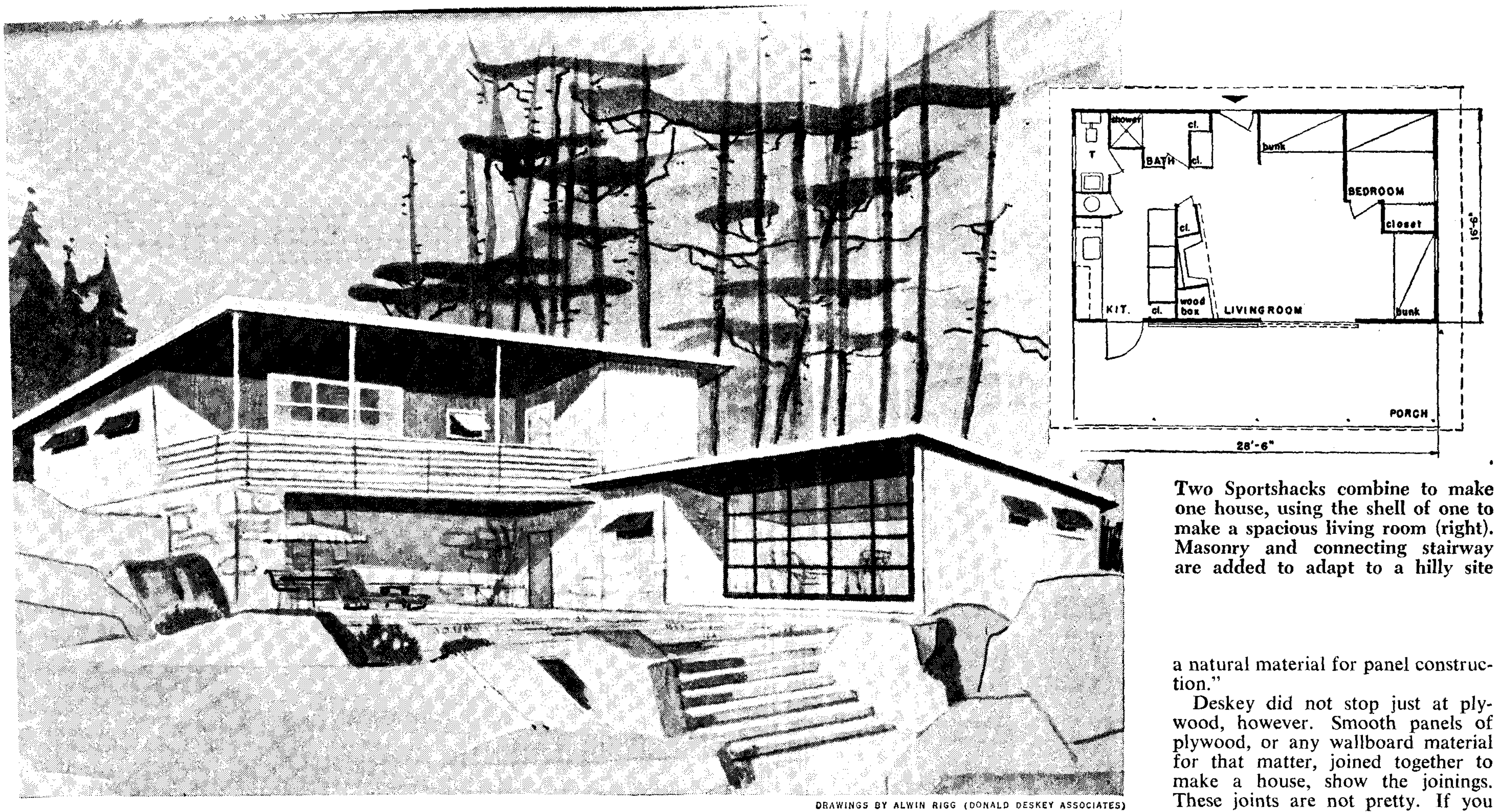
* * *

Listen to ***The Pause That Refreshes On The Air***
with Percy Faith and the Coca-Cola Orchestra
Sundays 6:30 P.M. EDT Columbia Network.

Coca-Cola
"Coke"
5¢

Ask for it either way . . . both trade-marks mean the same thing.

COPYRIGHT 1947, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY



DRAWINGS BY ALWIN RIGG (DONALD DESKEY ASSOCIATES)

Two Sportshacks combine to make one house, using the shell of one to make a spacious living room (right). Masonry and connecting stairway are added to adapt to a hilly site

HOUSES READY-MADE

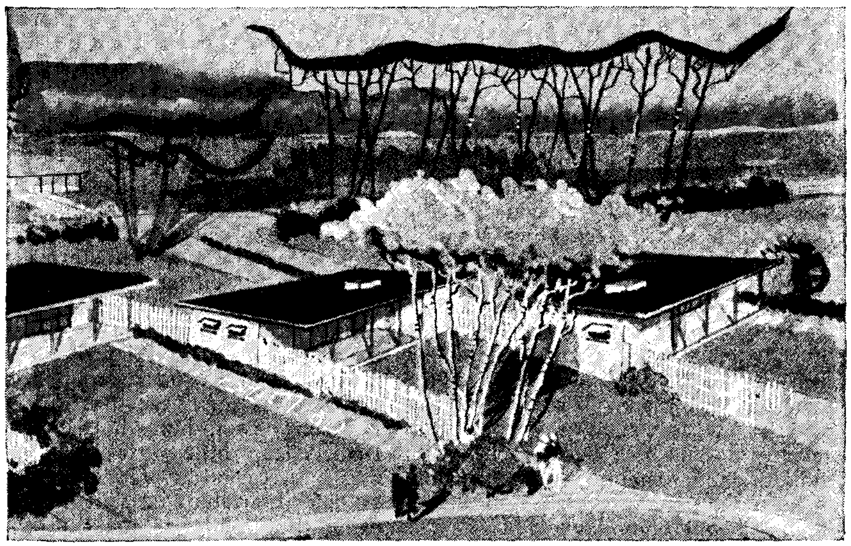
BY RUTH BUGBEE

Prefabrication, once off to a bad start, is beginning to find its rightful place in housing. Here are some pace-setting examples

MR. DONALD DESKEY, designer of the prefabricated houses pictured here, is not one to be easily daunted. "I think the marketability of prefabricated houses has been far overestimated," he says cheerfully, explaining why, in his opinion, prefabs are not blossoming overnight and by the tens of predicted thousands to solve the housing shortage. Nevertheless, he is convinced there is a sound and growing market for prefabricated houses of good design, that can be varied to meet individual need. That's why he is in the business.

Marketability is a specialty of Mr. Deskey's. He is an industrial designer. As such, it is his job to develop and improve products to sell successfully against competition. In twenty years of industrial designing, he has worked in fifty different fields, putting the Midas touch on such diverse items as billiard tables, fountain pens, radios, lamps, pianos, boats, stoves, plumbing and heating equipment, for fifty-some companies, a list of whose names would read like a Who's Who of American industry. For ten of these years he has been concerned also with houses, and he is the first industrial designer to produce a prefabricated house. For this he is his own client, as president of Shelter Industries.

For years there have been going concerns in this field. Many large corporations and research foundations have done extensive work on prefabrication. So have government agencies. Still no abundance of prefabs on the landscape.



Sportshacks (plus garages and terraces) achieve privacy even in close grouping

None of this troubles Deskey. He is accustomed to competing with specialists on their own ground, and designing to sell. Assembling his own smart group of specialists, including architects, engineers, production-line experts and the like, he has put on the market to date two kinds of prefabricated houses. The first is a week-end house called Sportshack, designed in prewar years and to be produced again as soon as housing restrictions are off. The second is a G.I. version to suit last year's housing program. Now he has half a dozen variations of this house on his design boards.

He started first with the material of which a house should be made. "Steel and aluminum lend themselves well to mass production," he says, "but will the public accept them?" He thinks not yet. Also, steel houses have not previously been processed satisfactorily against rust. Some manufacturers are now trying enamel coatings. Deskey's own answer to the problem of materials is plywood.

"Wood itself," he says, "is an economical, flexible, durable material with character, and with popular appeal. Wooden houses have stood well for over two hundred years. The development of plywood has added to the desirability of wood as a structural material as well as one for enclosure. It is engineered wood, eliminating all danger of warping and shrinking. It is light, but strong. It is a natural material for panel construction."

Deskey did not stop just at plywood, however. Smooth panels of plywood, or any wallboard material for that matter, joined together to make a house, show the joinings. These joints are not pretty. If you conceal them with strips of wood, the strips have a way of making your house look like a packing case. So Deskey devised a system of taking fir plywood—the cheapest plywood—and scratching the soft, coarse grain out of it. The result is a striated wood with a pleasing textured look, that can withstand any number of further scratches gracefully. The ridges in the wood conceal joints, making a continuous wall surface possible.

This material has been used for the interior and exterior walls of his house, glued in four-foot by eight-foot panels to wooden frames. Inside, the plywood is a quarter of an inch thick and casein-bonded. Outside it is three eighths of an inch thick and resin-bonded to be weatherproof. Insulation is aluminum foil.

The heart of the Deskey house is perhaps prefabrication's most important accomplishment to date. It is a mechanical core, combining in one compact, portable, prefabricated unit the heating plant, kitchen and bathroom utilities, including all fixtures. This is an idea on which inventive minds have worked for years.

The Deskey Version

Two years ago Deskey was working on his own version of such a core, when he was called in as industrial design consultant by the Borg-Warner Corporation of Chicago. Borg-Warner were already well along with their own mechanical core which they called the Ingersoll Utility Unit after Roy C. Ingersoll of the corporation, who saw it on the design board of J. Fletcher Lankton, an Illinois architect, and convinced his company it would be a sound thing for them to manufacture. There was an immediate pooling of ideas, and Deskey's organization was employed to help perfect the design and engineering of the unit.

Convinced that such a mechanical core is not only a natural for prefabricated houses, but flexible enough not to hamper freedom of design even for custom-built houses, Deskey persuaded Ingersoll to commission some of the country's leading architects to design houses around the unit, to prove this point. The houses, of a

GOSH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!

by Berry

I'm givin' my all, shootin' a box office triumph for old Super-Colossal...

But they keep sendin' me gals with the talent of a corn field scare-crow...

I'm ready to tell the big boss to go get himself a brand new director...

When I get a starlet chock-full of talent... a gal with everything!

BEST RAW MATERIAL... GOSH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!

Check the Raw Material in your MOTOR OIL!

Q...How can you put quality in if it isn't there to begin with?

A...You can't!

So when the *man* says "Check your oil," *you check his.*

For safe, economical lubrication be sure it is 100% Pure Pennsylvania.

These oils are made from raw material which is in a class by itself—Pennsylvania Grade Crude. Oils from this crude are quality from the start...better oils from the ground up. They are known as "balanced" oils, a natural balance of all essentials. They do all the things an oil must do...*all* not just one or two.

You benefit, so does your car, by making sure that every quart and every refill is 100% Pure Pennsylvania of emblem* quality.

FRICTION-FIGHTING FREE-FLOWING
SLUDGE-PREVENTING LONG-LASTING
HEAT-RESISTING MONEY-SAVING

MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL
CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
PERMIT NUMBER..........
Made from the highest grade crude oil in the world

*For your protection, only oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude which meet our rigid quality requirements are entitled to carry this emblem, the registered badge of source, quality and membership in our Association.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania

dozen gratifyingly different designs, were built in Kalamazoo, Michigan. The resulting flood of attention from the press has made the Ingersoll Utility Unit known from coast to coast. Orders, which speak even louder, are coming in faster than they can be filled.

The plywood walls of the Deskey house are sound, accepted prefabrication practice, and the utility unit gives every indication of becoming accepted practice. With these, and the design skill of a staff of architects headed by Ralph Gulley, former dean of architecture at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Deskey created a minimum, G.I. house that met with more than a fair share of public interest, even though none of the minimum houses allowed under last year's housing program could possibly approximate anyone's dream house. Bowing to FHA specifications, the interior of the Deskey house is similar in plan to any small house, with two or three smallish bedrooms, living room, kitchen and bath.

"However," says Mr. Gulley, "even though the small-house plan has been boiled down to a formula, we think we have added a few amenities."

He has. A sloping ceiling in living room and larger bedroom follows the pitch of the roof and makes the rooms seem larger. Horizontal ceilings in the other rooms create scale by contrast, and allow space above for warm-air heating ducts, which can be used in the summer for circulation of air, stirred by the fan of the heating unit. Then there's the pleasing wall finish of combed plywood, the compactness of the utility unit, a large picture window in the living room, an awning frame over the terrace, a wall to screen the terrace from the street, a canopy to shelter the main entrance and overhanging eaves that will cut off the summer sun, yet let in the slanting rays of the winter sun.

The town of Stamford, Connecticut, liked the Deskey house well enough that it purchased sixty of them for rental units. The houses were erected as a community.

The town of New Britain, Connecticut, has just ordered three hundred to be built on various city-owned sites throughout the town, for rental to veterans at about $35 to $50 a month. In deference to New England, these have had their façades revamped to look like Cape Cod cottages. But the important facts remain, that the houses are all prefabricated, are being delivered to the city erected at just under $6,000 each, and are being accepted throughout a variety of neighborhoods.

Labor No Stumbling Block

But many times prefabricators meet local opposition due to building codes. Deskey, for one, is not going to bang his head against this wall. He ran into trouble in one Massachusetts town because his house does not require the use of conventional two-by-fours. Now his next house will have two-by-fours in it, even though smaller pieces of lumber could do the job. He also has a variation of the house that can be built with a cellar, since many codes demand cellars. He's out to sell houses, not buck the codes of the land, much as he thinks they need it.

Strangely enough, labor is not the stumbling block predicted. "We are using journeyman plumbers on the assembly line," reports Borg-Warner, "and the officials of the United Association of Journeyman Plumbers has publicized the fact that the Ingersoll Utility Unit is being produced strictly in keeping with agreements that have been reached with the United Association." On each unit, in harmonious company, are the labels of the various unions involved.

The Winner Manufacturing Company in New Jersey, first to fabricate the Deskey house, was not unionized when production started in the spring of '46, but is now—associated with the A.F. of L.

What goes on at the site is another headache for prefabricators. Driving up in a truck of a bright morning, unloading a house, and whisking it up before night is a nice fairy tale. Actually, prefabricators have to beg local contractors to put up their houses.

But the worst thing is the site itself. Plunk any house down in the middle of a drab, barren piece of land, and it looks terrible. Put a prefab there, with all the extra-critical attention it will get as something new, and its goose is cooked.

Advice: Go to an Architect

"When you build your own house," says Architect Gulley, "if you do it right, you go to an architect even before you buy your land, and get his advice in selecting a good building site. He plans the house to fit the site. When you buy a factory fabricated house, you should also go to an architect, or a landscape architect, for advice in selecting a lot to suit this house. The charge for such a service is slight. But the service itself is invaluable because it means making the most of your biggest lifetime investment."

To be as adaptable as possible to any site and to any family needs the next Deskey house, no longer designed merely to a G.I. minimum, is being worked out with half a dozen different floor plans. You can have three bedrooms or two, a center or side living room, a rambling, ranch-house type of structure.

Any room is expandable in size, in four-foot units either way. You can build the house right-hand or left-hand to the plan, to catch the view or the right orientation—i.e., the sun in the right rooms at the right time of day. You can set it with its end to the street, or broadside on the lot—service and front entrances are both arranged for easy access either way. And you can have the roof almost flat, for the south, or any of varying pitches.

In his first venture with prefabrication, Deskey was able to circle around many of its problems. "It was in 1938 that I first decided to go into prefabrication," he says. "I studied the subject to see what was holding it back. I could see two things then: The unions and the lack at that time of FHA approval for prefabricated houses of modern design. So I decided to design a week-end house that could do without either. Week-end houses are built in the country, where unions don't operate. They are built by people with means to do without the FHA."

The result was the Sportshack, a lighthearted minimum house that allowed pleasure instead of grim necessity to rule its design. It had a fireplace fitted with grilles for year-round heating, plumbing, closets. It had only one tiny bedroom, but convertible couches could make four more bunks in a hurry. If more space were needed later, it could be added in four-foot lengths, or even another Sportshack could be connected.

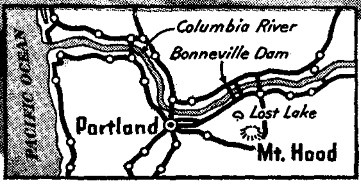
The war put a stop to manufacturing plans. In January, 1946, Deskey started up again. Then Wyatt came along with his housing ideas, and Deskey switched to a G.I. minimum house. Some Sportshacks had already been produced, however. They were immediately grabbed up by lucky citizens who have been weathering the housing shortage very comfortably in them ever since. As housing restrictions ease up, Deskey will return Sportshacks to the production line.

Deskey is convinced that, somewhere between custom-built houses and the rigid, cheap little boxes that no one wants, there can be a great choice of well-designed, variable, pleasant houses, that bring the saving of mass production, practically painless erection, and the guarantee of a responsible manufacturer. He's betting his own money on that.

THE END

WHEN GEESE FLY SOUTH... Switch to—

AUTO-LITE



PACIFIC OCEAN
Columbia River
Bonneville Dam
Lost Lake
Portland
Mt. Hood

Snow-capped Mt. Hood, Oregon's famous peak, suggests the crisp, cold days ahead when you'll want quick starts, best gas mileage. Make sure your spark plugs are ready—install a new set of ignition-engineered Auto-Lites.

Money cannot buy a better spark plug

Tune in the Auto-Lite Radio Show Starring Dick Haymes—Thursday Nights, 9:00 P.M.—E.T. on CBS

● Skies patterned with flying geese signal the wise motorist . . . replace faulty or worn spark plugs with a complete set of Auto-Lites.

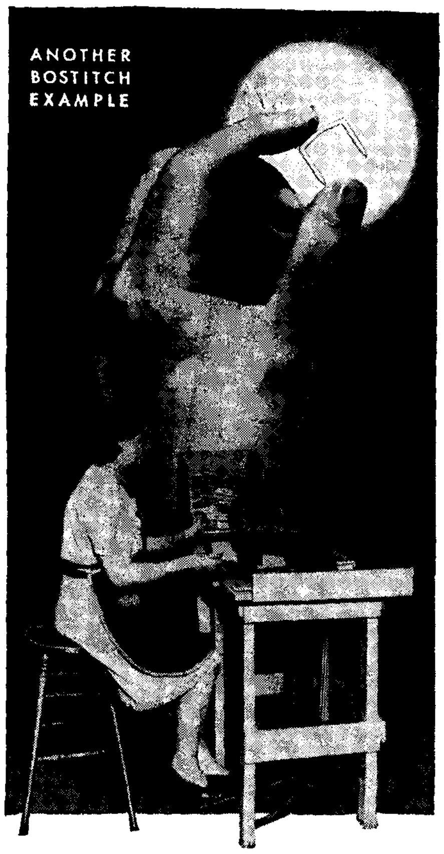
Get the top performance, full power and economy you want from your engine all winter long. You can count on Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. They're ignition engineered. That's why so many manufacturers of America's finest cars, trucks and tractors specify them as original factory equipment. Better see your friendly Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer today!

Toronto, Ontario THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY Toledo 1, Ohio

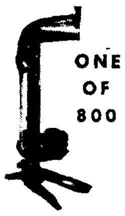
AUTO-LITE

AUTO-LITE
sta-ful
AUTO-LITE
IGNITION CABLE SET

BATTERIES · IGNITION SYSTEMS · WIRE & CABLE



CHANGED TO BOSTITCH; DOUBLED PRODUCTION



When this paintbrush manufacturer started Bostitching metal ferrules to wooden handles—replacing machine nailing—production rose from 425 dozen a day to about 900 dozen.

Bostitch makes savings for others, too: the furniture manufacturer who panels the backs of mirrors at 50% lower fastening cost . . . the luggage maker who reduced floor space 80% for the frame-tacking operation . . . the bicycle manufacturer who fastens shipping cartons, top, bottom and one side, in 1/3 the former time.

Whatever your combination of metal, plastics, wood, cloth, leather or paper, you can probably fasten it better and faster with one of the 800 Bostitch machines. 250 field men in 91 key cities, backed by skilled research engineers and 50 years' Bostitch experience, make it easy for you to get the right machine for any job.

Write for facts about representative models from the world's largest and most versatile line of stitchers, staplers, tackers and hammers. Use the coupon below . . . today.

BOSTITCH

fastens it better, and faster with wire

ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES
ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES

Bostitch, 356 Mechanic St., Westerly, R. I.
(or Bostitch-Canada, Ltd., Montreal)

Please send descriptive material on Bostitch time- and money-saving machines ....

Name ....
Company ....
Address ....

JUNGLE LORD

Continued from page 15

"I shall speak to the sultan about it," Van Hoeven said to me. "He could send the creature to the zoo at Fort de Kock and have his name up as the donor. Even there it would starve, but this is unthinkable."

He fingered the lock. It had been patched together with native carelessness after being broken.

"I had to file it open when the cage arrived," Samidin explained. "They had forgotten to send the key with it."

He pulled the wire with which he had mended the filed ring of the padlock a little tighter. "He won't escape," he said. "He is not clever. If he were clever, I would never have succeeded in getting him into my net."

FROM the kitchen his wife watched, smiling shyly, a naked child clinging to her sarong.

"Is your wife no longer afraid of the orang?"

"No, sir. At first, yes, but not after a few days. Even my boy dares approach the cage now. *Eh, mari sini, djangan takut,*" he called to the little fellow who was being pushed forward encouragingly by his mother. "Come on, let *Tuan Contrôleur* see that you are not afraid."

The orangutan began to show signs of restiveness. He turned his head after the little lad, and uttered a threatening growl. The boy did not heed it and silently picked up a small bamboo stick through which a nail had been driven.

"What's that?"

"That stick?" Samidin laughed. "He likes to tease the ape with it sometimes. Boys will be boys."

"Come on, let's have our lunch." Van Hoeven turned away. The *mandur* looked after him, not knowing whether he should encourage his little son now to show Mr. Controller how little he feared the big caged animal.

Samidin served the rice *tafel,* and we fell to.

"Aren't they strange, these natives?" pondered Van Hoeven. "You come to think they have no feeling whatever for animals. For sheer entertainment they'll sit in a circle to watch a fowl with a half-severed throat jump and flutter about for a quarter of an hour. It is simply not to miss that pleasure that they don't slaughter the creature properly. On the other hand, their fighting cock, their turtledove they nurse like a child. This fellow keeps one—did you notice the pole by the well? He pulls it up every morning to the top of the pole so that the bird will see the sun sooner than he does himself, and in the evening he never omits to cover the cage with a cloth against the night's chills.". . .

We jumped up, filled with apprehension when there came a piercing scream from the garden; the child began to howl violently. Then a door banged and the noise ceased. We reached the garden just as the orangutan was busy squeezing himself through the open cage door. He looked around in agitation and caught sight of the *mandur.* He advanced, hissing furiously, reeling drunkenly, toward the native. Samidin retreated hastily, and practically at the same moment all three of us were in the inner room and had bolted the door with the heavy iron bar which stood beside it.

"The windows!" I shouted. They appeared to be secured with solid trellis-work.

We had acted on a primitive impulse. As it soon turned out our precautions had been superfluous; the animal did not dare venture into the back veranda. He halted a few yards from the door. Stooping slightly, the knuckles of his bent fingers just touching the ground, he stared, still gasping, at the slammed door.

Van Hoeven turned on Samidin. "There you are, you damned fool! Didn't I tell you the lock was rubbish?"

The *mandur's* face was gray. "I ask you to pardon me, *Tuan Contrôleur,*" he faltered.

Van Hoeven peered through the blinds of the back window, then turned to me and made an effort to see the humor of the situation. "It's a damned good joke. We're the ones in a cage now!"

"Presently he will return to the wood of his own accord."

"Let's hope so. If we had the rifles we could chase him away with a shot. Where did we leave them by the way?"

"Outside, near the front veranda."

"Can't we get at them through the front door?"

Samidin saw him walk up to it. "The front door is locked, *Tuan Contrôleur.*"

"I know. But don't you have the key?"

"The key is in my room, I think—" He understood what the idea had been. "If *Tuan Contrôleur* wants me to, I shall try to fetch the rifles through the back door," he offered, with that mixture of fatalism and foolhardiness that sometimes directs the actions of the native.

"He'd be after you for sure; you're the one he wants," Van Hoeven said. "How long is he going to sit and wait there do you think?"

"He will go away eventually, *Tuan Contrôleur.*"

"But when will 'eventually' be?"

"When it gets dark."

"Not before?"

"Perhaps even sooner," Samidin said hurriedly, frightened by the controller's impatience.

The young controller's thoughts went back to his home. "If we are late, my wife will begin to worry," he said to me.

"She does not worry easily, you told me."

"No, that's right, but this time she won't understand why it is, as I am not out on duty. If we stay away late, she may get ideas into her head about the *prahu* capsizing among the crocodiles, or I don't know what."

"Don't get impatient. That creature is bound to give up in a little while."

IT DID not give up. It was in no hurry. It stood always at the same spot, its hands just touching the ground. With its small narrow eyes it peered incessantly in the direction of the back door, its mouth open and its throat still swollen from grief—waiting until its enemy should come outside.

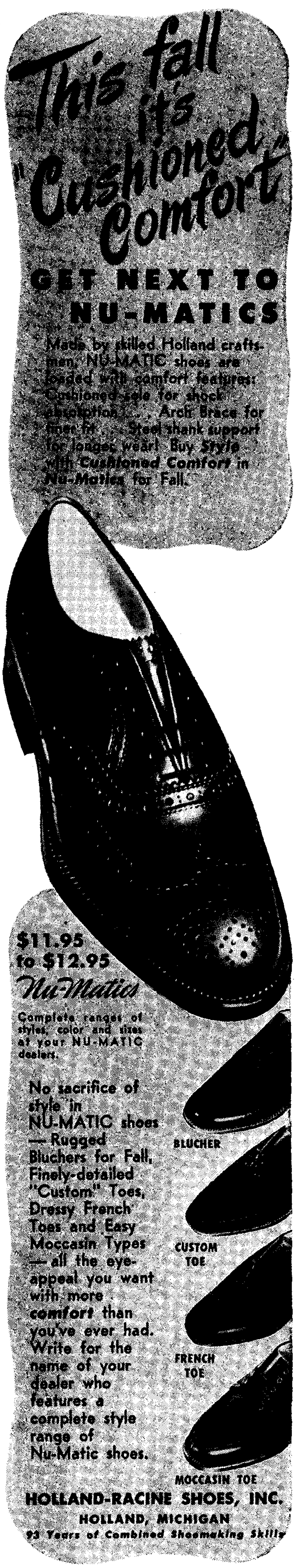
Van Hoeven began to get fed up. "Let's try to drive him off. I don't feel like sitting here for hours on end." He noticed a case of beer bottles. "Suppose I throw some of these at his head, with the sultan's compliments? It is safe to open the door again; he won't dare come into the house."

I opened the door, but kept the iron bar handy. Samidin looked uneasy when he saw what we were going to do. Van Hoeven picked up a bottle and slung it with all his force against the ape. He missed, and the animal did not stir from his place, only looked contemptuously at the projectile that whizzed past him.

"Another try," said the young controller and this time ventured a few steps into the back veranda. The orang watched closely, suspicious. Again the bottle missed; the first throw had been better.

Van Hoeven was disappointed. "You have a go, Samidin," he said, knowing how much better a native masters his hand.

Samidin came forward. He was flattered by the confidence. The orang reared himself up on his hind legs and his throat worked furiously when the



GET NEXT TO NU-MATICS

Made by skilled Holland craftsmen, NU-MATIC shoes are loaded with comfort features: Cushioned sole for shock absorption . . . Arch Brace for finer fit . . . Steel shank support for longer wear! Buy *Style* with *Cushioned Comfort* in *Nu-Matics* for Fall.

$11.95 to $12.95

Nu-Matics

Complete ranges of styles, color and sizes at your NU-MATIC dealers.

No sacrifice of style in NU-MATIC shoes — Rugged Bluchers for Fall, Finely-detailed "Custom" Toes, Dressy French Toes and Easy Moccasin Types — all the eye-appeal you want with more **comfort** than you've ever had. Write for the name of your dealer who features a complete style range of Nu-Matic shoes.

HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC.
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
93 Years of Combined Shoemaking Skill!

smaller and darker figure came out. Samidin took his time. The bottle flew straight at the animal, grazing the swiftly dodging skull. The orang bellowed hoarsely and moved the upper part of its body frantically up and down.

Van Hoeven pressed a second bottle into the *mandur's* hand. "Have another try, a little lower this time."

Samidin nodded silently and threw again. In this instant the ape became conscious of the fact that these dark shining objects which came flying out at him meant pain and danger. With an unexpected, effortless movement, his big hand caught the bottle in midair and hurled it back with rabid force. It broke to smithereens against one of the wooden pillars of the back veranda.

Past realizing the grotesqueness of this fight, both Van Hoeven and I snatched up the remaining bottles and threw them with all our might at the big tawny forest shape, and when we ran out of bottles, we made short work of the smaller pieces of the inventory of the back veranda.

The ape for his part had lashed himself into a state of frenzy. He jumped up and down on hands and feet, and the foam framed his gaping mouth with the dangerous yellow teeth.

At last we realized that this was getting us nowhere. The animal was provoked to the point of casting aside its caution. It approached so near to the steps leading to the back veranda that we felt it unsafe any longer to move about outside our door. We held council. Van Hoeven, no longer in control of his nerves, made a mad proposal.

"Let's risk it. Maybe he'll give us time to get at the rifles. And if not I'll keep him at a distance until you have managed to grab a gun."

"How would you keep him at a distance?"

"With that long iron bar."

"Don't be an idiot! He would tear it away from you in no time."

"If we let him be, he is sure to go away of his own accord later on," said Samidin soothingly, troubled by his conscience.

"Do you happen to have a pack of cards on you?" Van Hoeven asked me. "Something to distract my thoughts, or I shan't be able to stand it much longer." Suddenly his rage broke out anew. "Of all the maddening experiences! Here I am—Civil Officer Colonial Service, next to the sultan the highest authority for miles around, and I am the prisoner of an orangutan!"

He was in too much of a fury to be able to see the humor of it.

After an hour, the ape was still sitting there, but a little farther away than where he had ventured for a moment in his anger. Time did not count for him; he waited patiently—perhaps for more projectiles to descend upon him, or to look once more into the eyes of the brown man against whom he had fostered wild hatred in weeks of suffering. This thought must have been at the back of his mind as he looked around him, now somewhat bored, and caught a fly from the air with his hand and put it in his mouth. From time to time he would suddenly fasten his gaze on the door when he heard anything. We kept still on purpose; we talked in low tones.

"If he is still there when darkness comes, I am getting out of here," Van Hoeven announced. "I am damned if I care what happens!"

"Come, come," I said, "wait until it gets dark. He must go sometime, mustn't he? It's simply inconceivable that he should besiege us here consciously! He has to get used to the thought that he can leave this garden and return to his wood. When darkness falls, his instinct will drive him there."

THE controller's instinct drove him home, where his wife was expecting her first child. He shrugged his shoulders nervously and irritably, and addressed himself to Samidin, "Do you think we could make ourselves heard by the fishermen, when they put to sea presently?"

"They won't put to sea today, *Tuan Contrôleur*—it is *hari Dyumahat.*"

Van Hoeven swore. "We should have thought of that," he said to me.

"Of what? That the fishermen don't sail on a Friday?"

"That Friday is an ill-omened day for hunting."

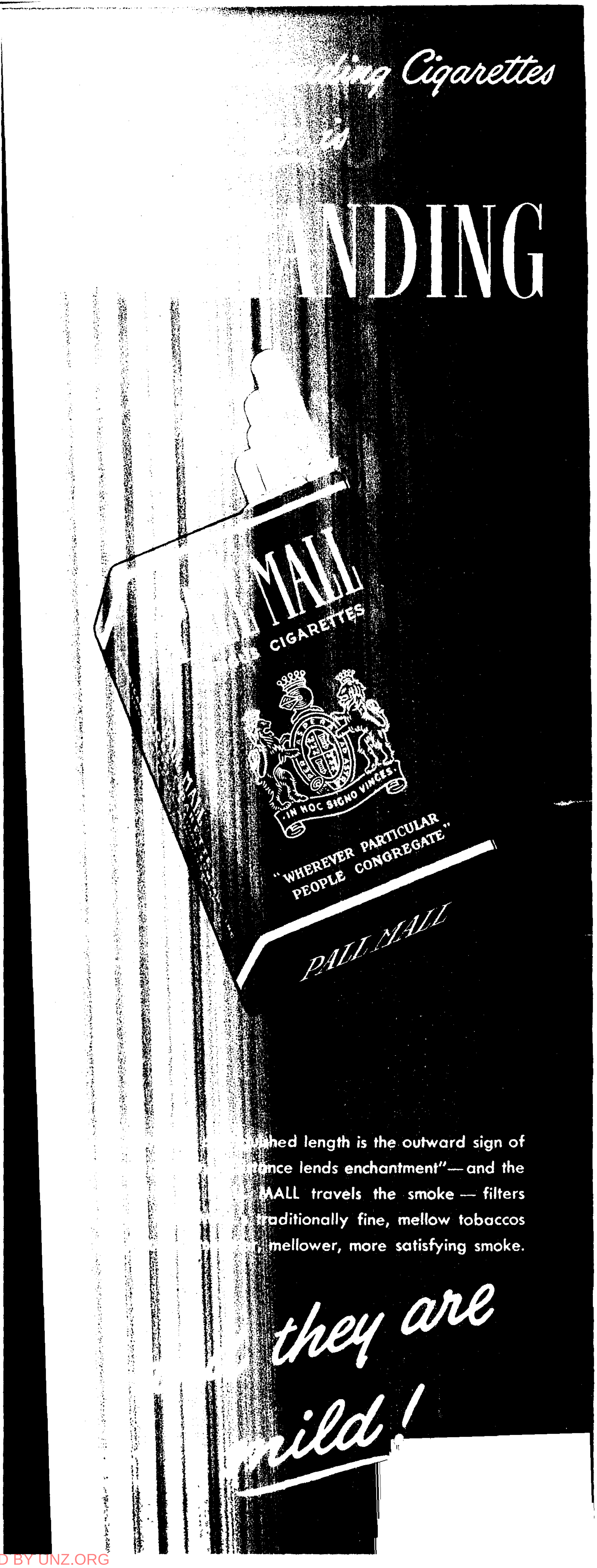
In the sultry hours of noon there had been dead silence. Now birds began to sing with clear voices. "Takukurrr," cooed the turtledove high on her pole.

The short dusk of the tropics crept nearer, by leaps it seemed. The outlines of the lesser buildings and of the young orange trees began to darken rapidly and became vague. The wall of the jungle behind the garden grew higher and stiflingly somber and threatening. The orang waddled sluggishly up and down for a little, and several times uttered a hoarse shout which echoed against the jungle beyond.

"That's what he does every evening,"

"Look what I found frittering away his time in the chemistry lab!"

COLLIER'S KIRK

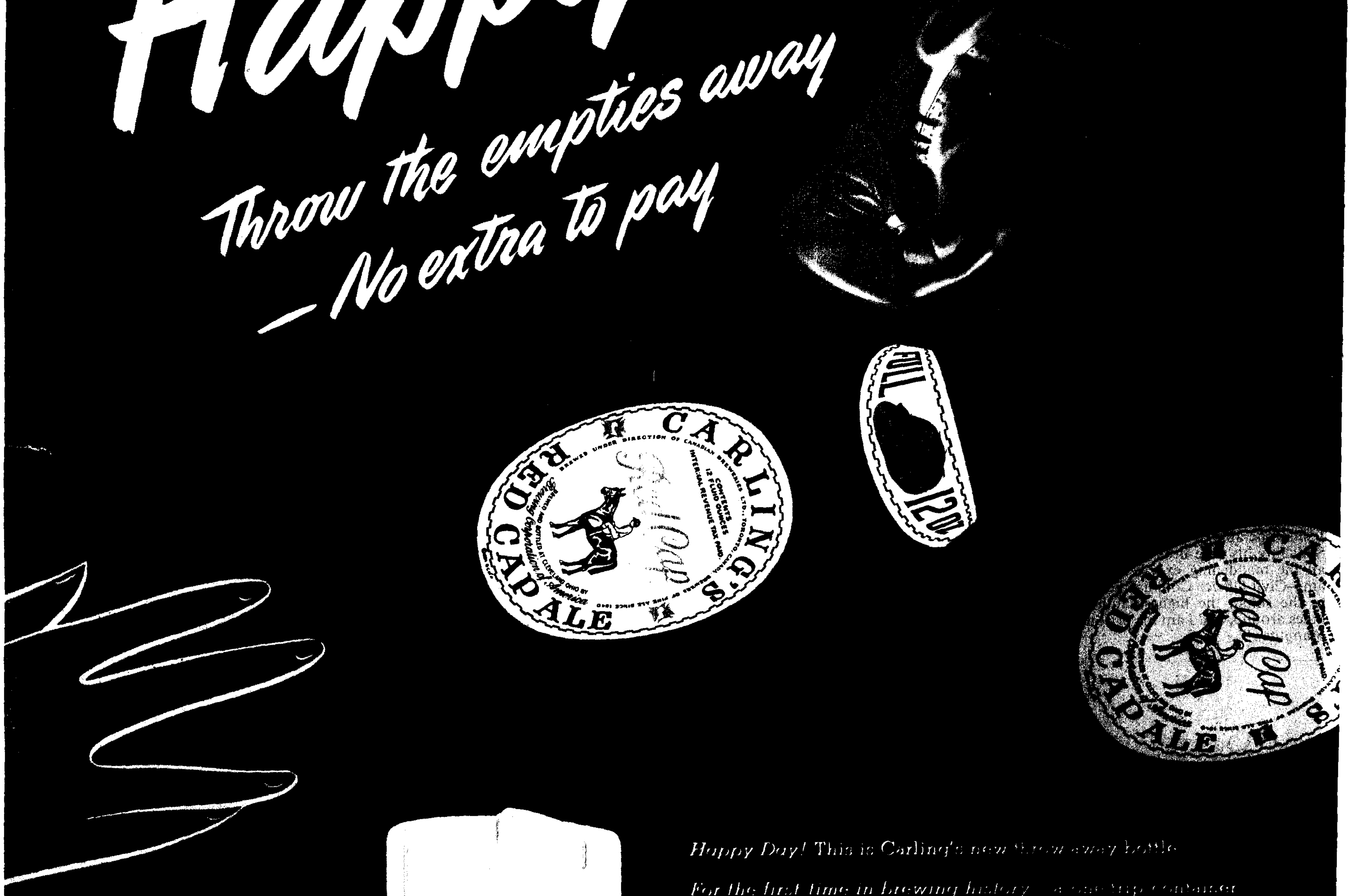


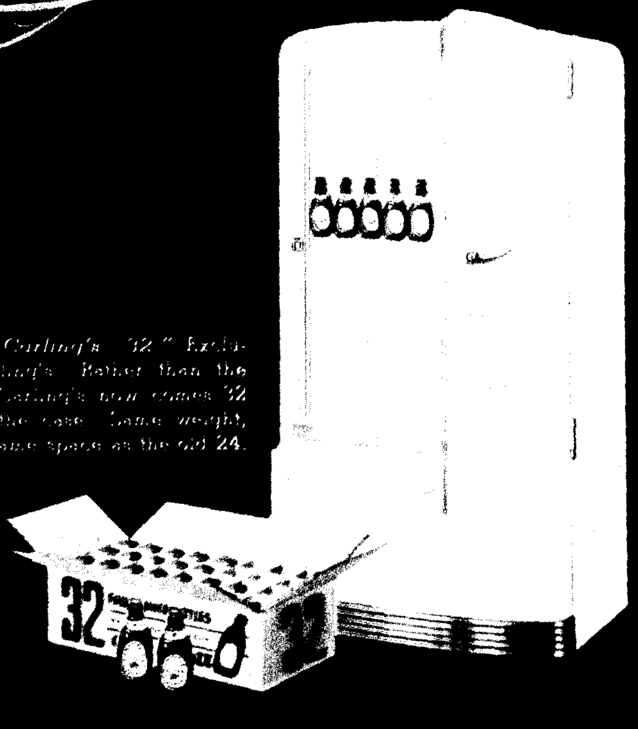
hed length is the outward sign of
nce lends enchantment"—and the
MALL travels the smoke — filters
raditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
mellower, more satisfying smoke.

CARLING'S *Red Cap*

Happy Day

Throw the empties away — No extra to pay





The New Carling's "32." Exclusively Carling's. Rather than the usual 24, Carling's now comes 32 bottles to the case. Same weight, occupies same space as the old 24.

Happy Day! This is Carling's new throw-away bottle.

For the first time in brewing history — a one-trip container at no extra cost to the consumer.

The same 12 full ounces per bottle, [illegible] glass.

No deposit. No return. No nuisance. Every bottle brand new — never used before, never to be used again.

Like beer? Like ale? Try Carling's Red Cap in the new throw-away bottle. It costs not a penny extra. Order by the case — the new streamlined way. On sale everywhere.

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Cleveland, Ohio

Born in Canada (1840). Now [illegible] in the 48 states
as a product of U.S.A.

whispered Samidin. "Sometimes he gets an answer from the woods."

This time there came an echo from the side buildings. "Samidin!" came the plaintive call of the deserted woman, who had fled there with her child.

"Djangan takut . . . don't be afraid!" shouted the father, just as before, when he had encouraged his son to come and tease the hairy, imprisoned monster. The mother stopped sobbing to soothe the little one.

"Takukurrr," cooed the dove, wondering why she was not being brought down and covered up for the night.

VAN HOEVEN seemed to have given up his insane purpose of venturing outside in the dark, overcome by the oppression that this darkness brought with it.

"At least let us have a light," he said with an odd sound in his voice.

"Better on the veranda—not in here. It would draw more attention if somebody happened to come up the river. And we are bound to get enough mosquitoes here as it is."

Samidin appeared to have already understood; he took a box of matches from his belt.

"Do you dare to light the lamp on the veranda, Samidin?"

"If you would keep watch?"

"Let's pull in the easy chairs at the same time," I proposed.

We dragged the chairs inside, and Samidin clambered onto the dangerously creaking table and lighted the paraffin lamp, which hung from the ceiling. That done, he could not refrain from taking up a flowerpot that we had left and throwing it at the dark gigantic specter there in the back yard. The animal jumped aside and scowled and jabbered while the clods of earth and debris flew up against its stomach.

Samidin, frightened by the furious reaction of the orang, fled in a panic to us indoors.

And so came the night. The turtledove did not coo any more; it had probably nodded off to sleep on its perch. Against the dark shadow of the jungle fireflies were buzzing. Later on the moon became visible, climbing slowly against the skeleton of a bare dead *pohon radjah,* "king tree," which rose above the somber mass of living treetops.

The fruit trees and the high, thick clusters of bamboo near the well threw long shadows over the silver-lit ground, so that the dark form of the orang, which seemed to increase in size and menace, was sometimes lost for a while. But we were able to hear him. Once he emitted an impatient yawning noise. He scratched his back against a trunk and in doing so pulled down a branch which broke off. First he ate the fruit, then used the branch to burrow about in his thick, long hair.

Meanwhile, we were being tormented by the mosquitoes; only Samidin was spared. Jungle mosquitoes, which never before had tasted white man's blood, became maddened by its sweet savor. Thousands buzzed around us, and for each one we squashed on our cheeks, on our foreheads, our hands, there came new legions humming, murderous and fearless. We could not sit still in our chairs. The young controller thought incessantly of his wife at home. He got it into his head that the baby was going to be born that night. I reminded him of what the doctor had told him, but he sighed.

"The doctor can be mistaken. My wife was thinking it might be sooner."

"Then why the devil did you come?"

"Who was to know that I should not be home again by evening?"

"It must be a comfort to you that Ahmad is there."

"Oh yes, I can rely on him. But after all you never know what may happen! It's the first time. And if she should worry herself crazy over me . . ."

"What will Ahmad do if we don't turn up?"

"He may wait till midnight and then go in search of us. That is, if my wife will let him. She might try to prove to him, to me and to herself what a courageous official's wife she is."

It was now nine o'clock.

The bed that stood in the room had no mosquito netting; the frame from which it had once hung stuck out bare. The lamp on the back veranda began to smoke as the paraffin became low. It flickered a few times and went out. At the same time big dark clouds floated before the moon and utter darkness descended upon the world. We were not able to see the orang any more, but could hear him shuffle round the house, now here, now there.

It seemed as if by now he was wrenching off branches for sheer pleasure; incessantly wood crackled and leaves rustled. Then suddenly a tumult of cackling and fluttering broke out, followed by much banging and stamping. A riotous, unreasonable destroying power seemed to be at work out there, mysterious and invisible.

Samidin sighed, *"Bekin apa, dija,* now what is he doing?"

ONCE Van Hoeven's nerves got the better of him. He wanted to run to the motorboat, to his wife. I begged him to use his common sense, presently his policeman would come to the rescue. But he would not listen to reason; I had to hold him. He was strong, and I feared he would succeed in shaking me off.

"Samidin, do help me to prevent the *Tuan* from going," I called. Fortunately the *mandur* possessed sufficient courage and understanding for such an act of disrespect. He seized him by the arm that had just freed itself from my grasp, and clung to it like a burr.

"Now, *sudah,* let go," said Van Hoeven, panting, giving up the struggle at last. He sank down on a chair, his teeth chattering from excitement.

At long last fatigue overwhelmed us. We now surrendered without resistance to the mosquitoes. We had smoked all our cigarettes, including the pack of *serotos* which the *mandur* had dug up from his belt and offered us magnanimously.

Outside, the creaking and thudding had been going on without pause. Now, suddenly, there was silence. We lifted our heads and listened, tensely. From the outbuildings came dimly the faint sobbing of Samidin's wife. The *mandur* went nervously to the door.

"Perhaps he is gone. Shall I have a look?"

The same instant there was an anxious cooing and fluttering, and a whipping sound as of a bent pole suddenly released. "My pigeon!" stammered Samidin. Something hit the ground. More noise as of wings beating against a cage—then silence returned, pregnant with unseen danger.

Choking, deadly silence.

Toward morning we two must have slumbered for a little while after all. When we opened our eyes, a dusky sort of light was falling through the blinds. We looked at each other, confused. Samidin sat on his haunches near the door and stared before him. He had not slept.

"Is he still there?"

The *mandur* nodded. "Look at him."

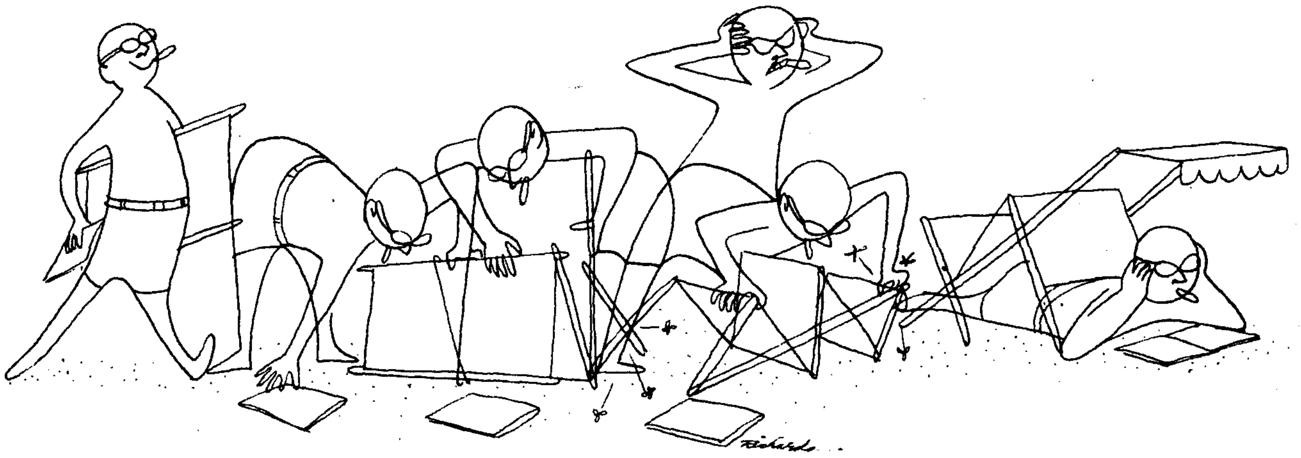
THE orang was sitting a few steps from the veranda, his back toward us and his head sunk low between his shoulders so that we saw only the bald and bloody skull and the outstanding upper rim of his ears. He was a dark, devilish monster, sinister and motionless. And everywhere around him we saw the work of destruction that he had wrought during the long night. The branches of the fruit trees had been torn off, and strewn around the garden.

"Itu dyahat! Bangsat! Anak sundal!" abused Samidin in smothered tones as if he was addressing an evil human. The giant ape now half turned toward us; he had heard our voices. Fiercely, noiselessly, he opened his mouth wide. It was meant as a threat, but it looked like silent laughter.

Had it been from wrath that he had turned this well-cared-for garden into a wilderness? Or was the destruction his nature? After all, what does destruction mean in the jungle? For every torn-off branch, a thousand others will grow!

"Look what he has done to the pigeon," Samidin wailed. The pole had been pulled to the ground and the cage lay upside down somewhere in the bamboo coppice. The bird was probably still alive, though it was lying with spread wings, helpless and inanimate, beneath its cage.

Nobody had locked the chicken house and here, too, the hairy giant of the woods had played his wanton murder game. Amidst scattered feathers a number of lifeless corpses of birds lay on the ground. A few fowls that had managed



COLLIER'S FOLDING CHAIR KEN RICHARDS

EMPEROR

THE PIPE THAT KNOWS NO PEER

Emperor

NOW OFFERS THE BIT THAT'S ON THE LEVEL

COMFORT BIT

It's Flat to Fit Across Your Teeth

$5.00

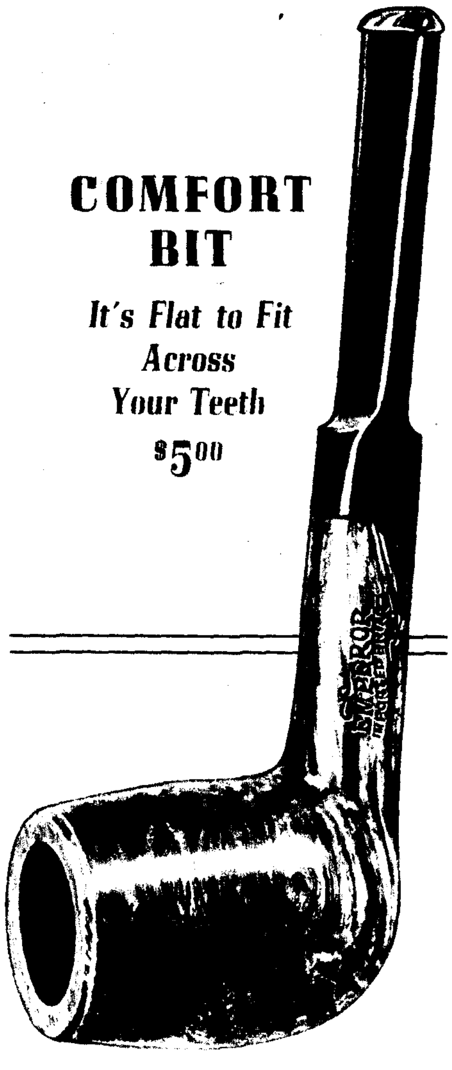
HERE'S the sensational new Emperor model with the Comfort Bit—a mouthpiece that's *flat* to fit the normal alignment of the teeth!

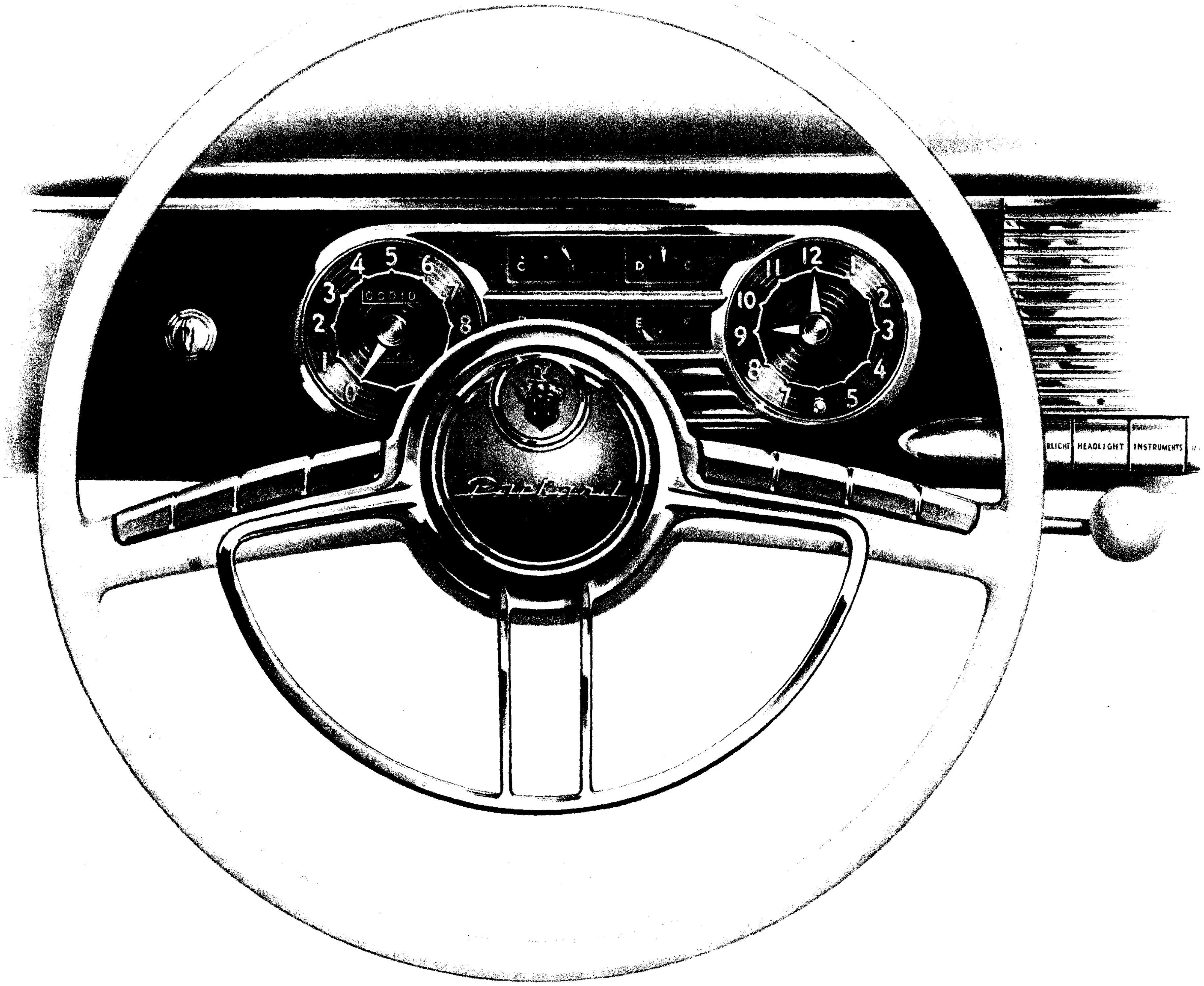
Only in Emperor do you find this refinement. Fashioned of the world's choicest briar in 12 distinctive shapes, the Emperor Comfort Bit is now available at your dealer's. An illustrated folder will be gladly sent on request.

EMPEROR PIPES

Other Emperor Models at
$3.50 $5.00 $7.50 and $10.00 Limited

Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc.
608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.




RLIGHT
HEADLIGHT
INSTRUMENTS
Packard

Behind this wheel--very soon--will sit the happy owner of an entirely new kind of car.

The breath-taking beauty of its advanced free-flow styling--and its brilliant, newly-engineered performance--simply cannot be compared with anything you have ever known in the past.

Watch for--and wait for--the exciting new

PACKARD FOR '48

PACKARD . . . ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE to escape his wild, snatching hands now sat frightened and huddled together on the perch, and a young cock raised his voice to greet the morning with a wavering crow. Vaguely astonished, the ape looked in the direction of the chicken house, but he did not think it worth his while to go back there.

"This is purpose; this is revenge," I said to Van Hoeven. He made no answer. The enormous animal with the ruddy fleece that had been abused by Samidin as a criminal, as a scoundrel of dishonorable descent, was becoming even for us a being with a logically functioning, if blunt, human brain. He had hit his tormentor in what was precious to him, his garden, his poultry, his pigeon. If the mother had not managed to drag her child indoors in time—

It was already half past five. When would Ahmad arrive? Surely he must be on his way here. Behind the clouds above the jungle the sky turned orange and gold, and out of the retreating night arose the shocking picture of devastation, completed by all we had thrown at the orang's head the evening before.

"There, listen!"

COLLIER'S "Please, whoa!" BARNEY TOBEY

Through the bright, deep birds' voices from the jungle treetops, we dimly heard the chugging of a little motor. It sounded far away, but was approaching steadily. Even the orang became attentive; his gaze wandered to the river.

"We shall have to warn Ahmad," I said. "Is he likely to carry a gun?"

"He may have borrowed one from the military. But in any case we must call to him that ours are standing loaded against the house."

"There he is!"

THE little boat came against the tide, running in with a sweep against the jetty. The native policeman sat in the stern, his brown martial straw hat with the upturned brim pulled down over his eyes. With visible astonishment, he looked at our boat. Then he tied up.

"Ahmad! Ati-ati! Ada orang-hutan di-dalam kebon!" Van Hoeven shouted.

Ahmad seemed glad to hear his master's voice. *"Baig, Tuan,"* he shouted back, peering with a sharp look into the garden.

The ape showed signs of nervousness. Uncertain of this threat from outside, he moved in his reeling gait somewhat aimlessly up and down at first, beating his hands furiously against the ground. Then he advanced undecided on the old man, who unhurriedly but without wavering walked up from the jetty to the garden gate.

IN FRONT of the gate Ahmad came to a halt. He saw the now-motionless colossal orang at the bottom of the garden and he measured with his eye the distance to the rifles, which he had already noticed.

"Are they loaded, *Tuan Contrôleur*?" he asked.

"Yes, both of them!"

He opened the garden gate and stepped forward. He and the orang looked into each other's eyes, measured each other's courage. There was a strange similarity between man and animal. Ahmad had the same primeval, narrow-planted eyes, his old and wrinkled head also rested deep between the shoulders. But in the man of authority, grown gray in service, there was no doubt and no fear; he knew that he had the law and the right behind him.

And the ape? After the exertion of its terrible night's revenge, there seemed to stir a vague consciousness of guilt. The animal hissed and growled, and flung the upper part of its body from side to side in a threatening way, but it gave ground before the inner certainty of the uniformed servant of the law on bare brown feet.

"Ajo! Kluar! Get out, you!" Ahmad suddenly called out imperiously.

Meanwhile he had reached the rifles and took one of them. Panic came over the orang when he saw the shining muzzle in a human hand. He whined and howled like a naughty child, picked up branches left and right and hurled them about as if to express his spite.

"Shoot! Shoot!!" Samidin cried, hoarse from excitement. But Ahmad did not shoot; he restricted himself to carrying the weapon before him as an outward token of authority. The animal was already in flight, now and then turning its head resentfully to look back, and throwing branches behind to cover its retreat and confuse its pursuer.

When it reached the well, Samidin ran out of the house to the remaining rifle. He snatched it up and hastened with it after Ahmad.

"Stop that!" Van Hoeven shouted—neither of us wanted the big animal needlessly shot. But the young *mandur* would not listen, and it was only thanks to Ahmad—who in the nick of time succeeded in pushing the muzzle upward—that the shot thundered forth in vain, echoing against the wall of the jungle. The ape screamed and turned to throw himself on his enemy. The old policeman, however, stepped forward and the orang once more hesitated, then proceeded on his flight. Van Hoeven and I had run out of the house and succeeded in taking the gun away from the *mandur*. He wept with rage and shouted coarse, mean invectives after the animal.

"Shoot him! But shoot him, sir!" he begged.

"Whatever for? He's taken flight, hasn't he?"

"Yes, but he has destroyed my garden, bitten my fowls to death! He will come to kill my child, too! My wife won't be able to sleep any more, she will always be thinking: He is coming, he is coming! Have mercy, *Tuan Contrôleur!* Have mercy on my wife and child, if not on me!"

"Don't talk rot, he won't return, he's seen enough of this place for the rest of his life," Van Hoeven said, with a grim contempt for the native's wild imaginings. If the young *mandur* could not stand it here any longer, he would just have to move.

We were impressed and breathless at the sight of the giant ape regaining the jungle from which he had been lured with coveted fruit. Oh no, he would not show himself any more near here. He left the clearing behind him now and pulled his sluggish body up into the trees as if it weighed nothing. He still kept breaking branches off and throwing them about him.

HE CROSSED over to another tree, moving on the green mass of foliage as over solid ground. Sometimes he was completely submerged in it; a branch would break, cracking loudly under his enormous weight, but a little lower there would be another branch to catch him and he would turn up again. Once more—for the last time—he looked back and gave a hoarse and raucous roar. It was a barbaric battle cry, a cry of hate and derision for all four of us. Then the jungle swallowed him up.

The old policeman now thought of something and addressed himself to Van Hoeven. *"Tuan Contrôleur*—yesterday evening the doctor came and—"

"And what? Has the child been born? How is *Njonja*?"

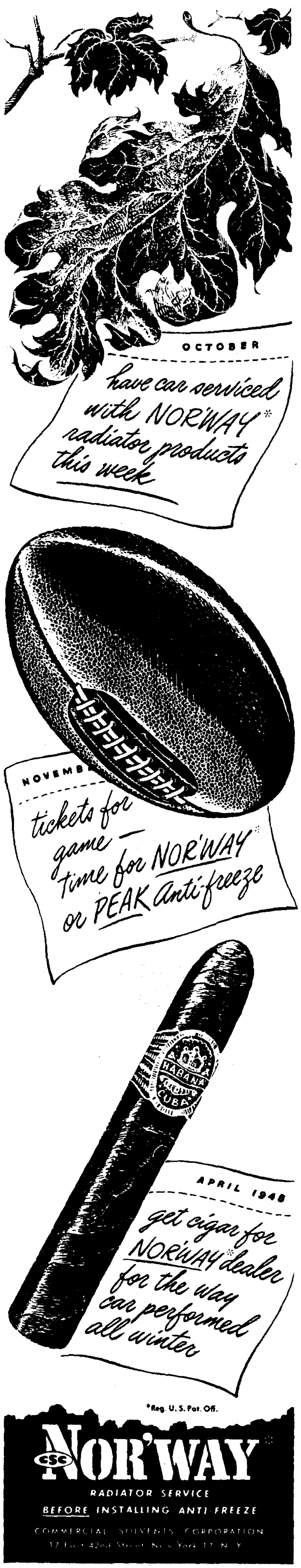
"Everything is all right." While Van Hoeven closed his eyes for a moment, Ahmad went on, "The *Njonja* was worrying about you; but I told her it was the motorboat. *Tuan Contrôleur* does not know how to handle that motor, I said; the thing is old, same as Ahmad, and sometimes cannot get started. I shall go to meet the *Tuan* in a minute. However, I could not leave till morning, because the *Njonja* then felt that her hour was come, and I thought: The *Tuan* will want to know from Ahmad that she is all right. He will be angry if Ahmad is not able to tell him. And I thought, he will like to know as well if it is a boy or a girl."

The young controller had tears in his eyes. "Ahmad! I knew I could count on you! Tell me—which is it?"

Across Ahmad's brown sallow face with the old, close-set animal's eyes that had seen much of life and death, there spread a bright, childlike smile.

"Tuan Contrôleur will be glad and proud, and Ahmad wishes him happiness and good luck. It is a boy."

THE END

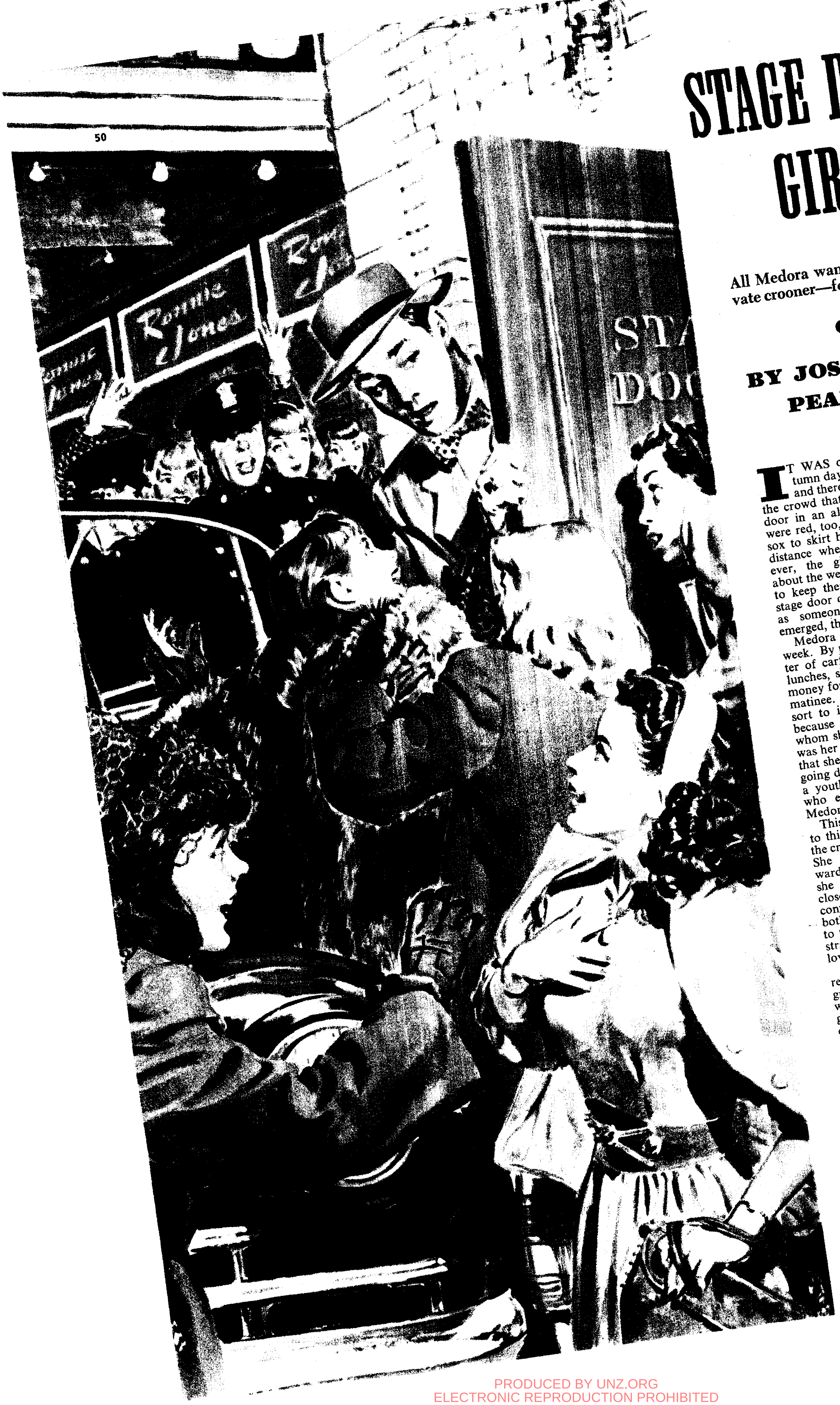

OCTOBER
have car serviced with NOR'WAY* radiator products this week

NOVEMBER
tickets for game — time for NOR'WAY* or PEAK Anti-freeze

APRIL 1948
get cigar for NOR'WAY dealer for the way car performed all winter

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

CSC NOR'WAY
RADIATOR SERVICE
BEFORE INSTALLING ANTI-FREEZE
COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION
17 East 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.



STAGE DOOR GIRL

All Medora wanted was a private crooner—for her very own

●

BY JOSEPHINE PEARSON

IT WAS one of those bleak autumn days that are cold as winter and there were many red noses in the crowd that pressed around a stage door in an alley off Broadway. Legs were red, too, all the way from bobby sox to skirt hems—which was quite a distance when the wind blew. However, the girls weren't complaining about the weather. They had their love to keep them warm. Every time the stage door opened, they squealed; and as someone other than their idol emerged, they groaned.

Medora Miles saw the show once a week. By painful privation in the matter of carfare and movies and school lunches, she was able to save enough money for standing room at Saturday's matinee. She found it necessary to resort to intrigue as well as privation, because there were two people from whom she kept her love a secret. One was her mother who had stated bluntly that she did not approve of young girls going downtown alone. The other was a youth with sandy hair and freckles who erroneously believed he owned Medora's heart.

This afternoon, Medora was pleased to think that she stood out a bit from the crowd that worshiped Ronnie Jones. She was wearing the best her own wardrobe had to offer, plus a hat that she hoped to return to her mother's closet before it was missed. She was convinced that Ronnie had noticed both it and her. Whenever he turned to the audience he had seemed to look straight into her eyes. The look was lovingly returned.

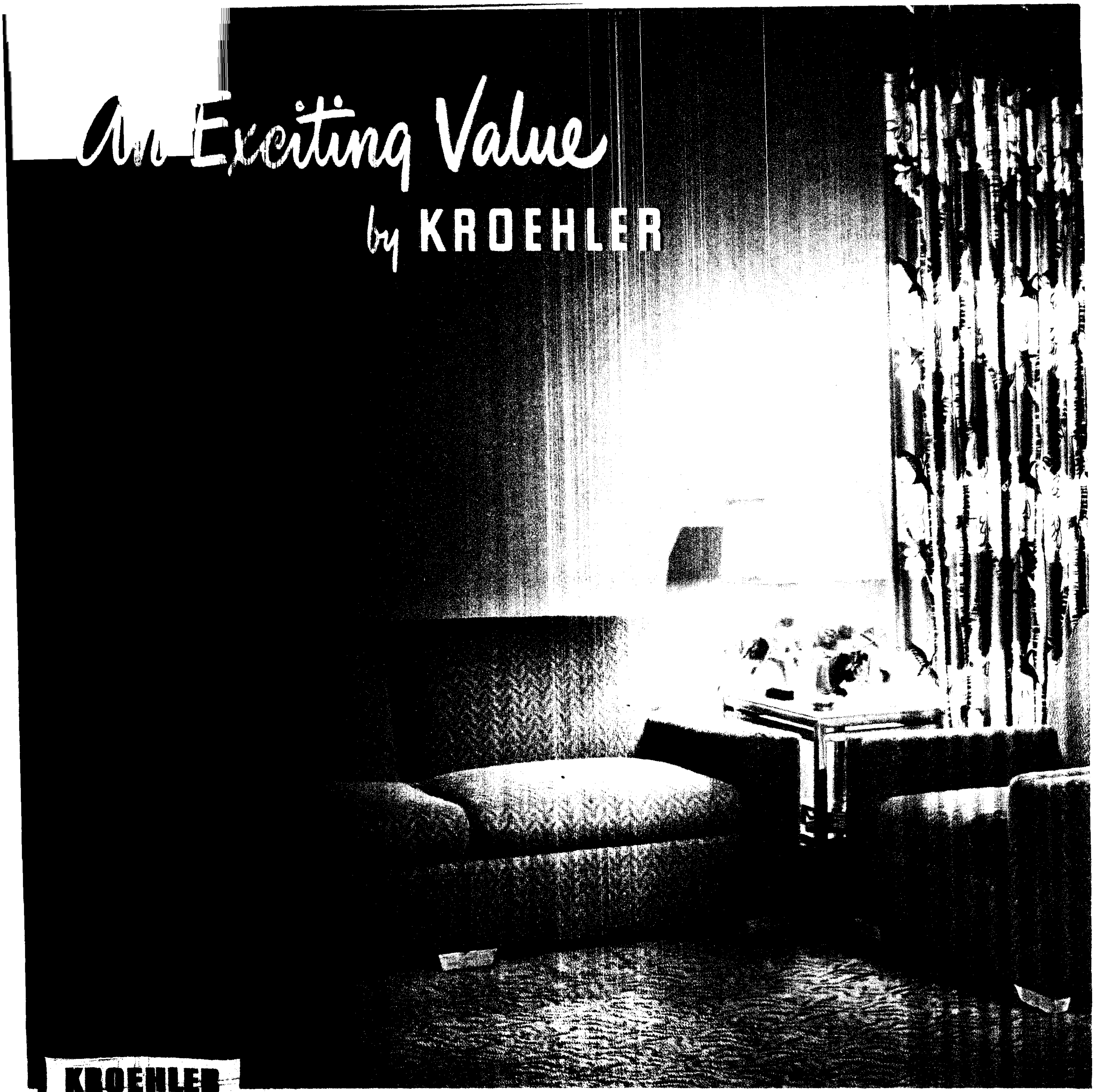
The stage door opened and shrieks rent the skies. They were followed by groans which shook the earth. Medora was growing uneasy, she really ought to go home, but she made no move in that direction, nor did anyone else whose love was true.

While the girls waited, they compared trophies. All of them had Ronnie's autograph and most of them corresponded with him. He wrote very nice notes thanking them for their devotion; these were read aloud with ecstatic sighs.

(Continued on page 88)

The stage door opened. There was a wild scream and a stampede as Ronnie made the distance to his waiting car

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



An Exciting Value
by KROEHLER

Design: No. 115 — Fabric: "Pine Tree" Bouclé — Colors: Choice of 12

KROEHLER
Master Craftsmanship
SINCE 1893
WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

For Genuine Cushionized Construction
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

***Both seat and back are doubly comfortable because dual-decked springs, the right kind in the right places, rest and relax you as no other furniture can—just one of exclusive Kroehler Cushionized Features!**

"Cushionized" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

New! CUSHIONIZED* CONSTRUCTION

A Sensational Development by KROEHLER Research

This stunning living room furniture is now being featured by Authorized Kroehler Dealers from coast-to-coast. You will be delighted with its low cost. Better still, it is *Cushionized* . . . the newest comfort development in furniture. Ask your Kroehler Dealer for a demonstration. See it today! Try it for comfort! Buy it for value!

World's Largest Furniture Manufacturer **KROEHLER** Furniture

(Say KRAY-LER)

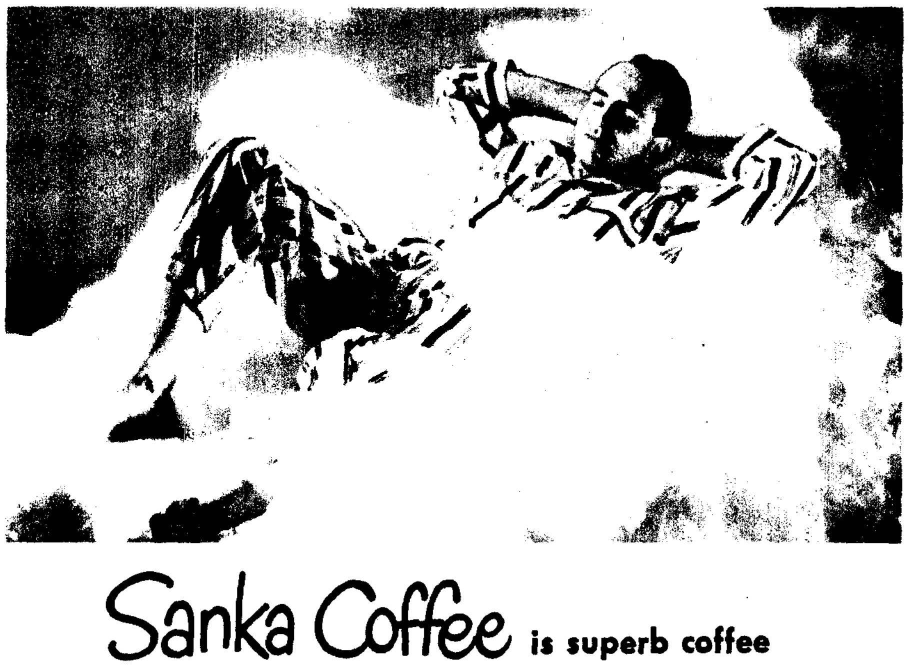
If you're dragging yourself around

because the caffein in coffee interferes with your sleep . . .

switch to rich, delicious, caffein-free

Sanka Coffee

and sleep like this!


Sanka Coffee is superb coffee

All coffee—real coffee—finest coffee—97% caffein-free!

Drink it and sleep!

For your convenience, Sanka Coffee now comes in two delicious forms—New Instant Sanka, as well as your favorite grind for percolator or drip method!

A Product of General Foods

SANKA COFFEE
INSTANT SANKA COFFEE

SWEET WATER

Continued from page 19

plain, other mountain ranges sprang up, the Jicarillas to the northeast, the Capitans almost dead east, and then the first spurs of mighty Sierra Blanca peak, highest point in all this country. And on the south of it their eyes picked up another range almost as high, a hazy blue line that faded away into the white smoke filling the southern sky. These were the Sacramentos.

Those ranges were the east wall of the Tularosa Valley. The west wall ran almost straight south from this peak on which they stood, but they could see only the summits of near mountains rising successively higher to the granite point of Salinas Peak, perhaps thirty miles south of them.

Of the vast desert basin lying between these mountain chains they could see, at the moment, far less than half. But that which brooded below in their vision was, from this mountaintop, an immensity of desolation, forbidding and yet impelling, stirring, as always, an old, old challenge in Lineer. No line of green, no gleam of water marked a south-flowing river anywhere below. Small streams ran down these mountain walls and raced onto the basin floor. But the dead earth sucked them down and they vanished before they could form a river.

No, it was a barren, mountain-locked fastness, seemingly waterless, seemingly lifeless. Yet men lived there below and even prospered, salting their lives with quarrels as huge and unforgiving as the land they struggled against.

BARBARA was watching the great white cloud stirring up from the valley floor, lifting in fluffy spirals until it mushroomed higher than the mountains.

"The white sands," said Lineer. "Purest white gypsum. Miles of the stuff. Even the mice in it are white."

He pointed his right arm straight south down the backbone of mountain ranges. "El Paso lies down there, perhaps a hundred and fifty miles." Standing thus, he raised his left arm and pointed it almost due east. "There's Baxter Mountain. White Oaks and its coal are there, in a high gulch. That's the whole railroad, one hundred and eighty miles of it, El Paso to White Oaks."

"Where did you live?" asked Barbara.

He shifted an arm southeast to the point where the white cloud touched the mountains. "The town of Tularosa lies there," he said. "I was born in the Sacramento foothills beyond it."

"On a ranch?"

He nodded.

"Why did you leave it?"

"My father used to say that what this country needed was schoolteachers and engineers. Then he would always add, 'I aim to furnish one of the engineers.' He did. He sent me East to school when I was sixteen."

"Does your father still live over there?"

"He died last year."

"Oh."

She took his arm and they scrambled closer to the eastern edge of the peak, where the mountainside dropped abruptly away below them. She kept her arm in his as they stood there, looking up at him with her rising interest, showing it in her unabashed way.

"When my father died," he said, "I came back to settle his affairs and sell the ranch. It was just before we started the road down in Sonora, and I was in a hurry to get away. But the place where a man is born has a hold on him. I stayed around, wandering up and down the valley and not knowing why."

"The railroad?" she asked.

He looked at her in mild surprise, and nodded. "This valley is a natural route. A small coal road will be self-sustaining now. But someday this will be part of a transcontinental line, and the coal won't matter much. Railroad men know this. The road would have been built ten years ago if anybody could have figured out how to get enough good water. That's what I was looking for."

"And you found it?"

He nodded.

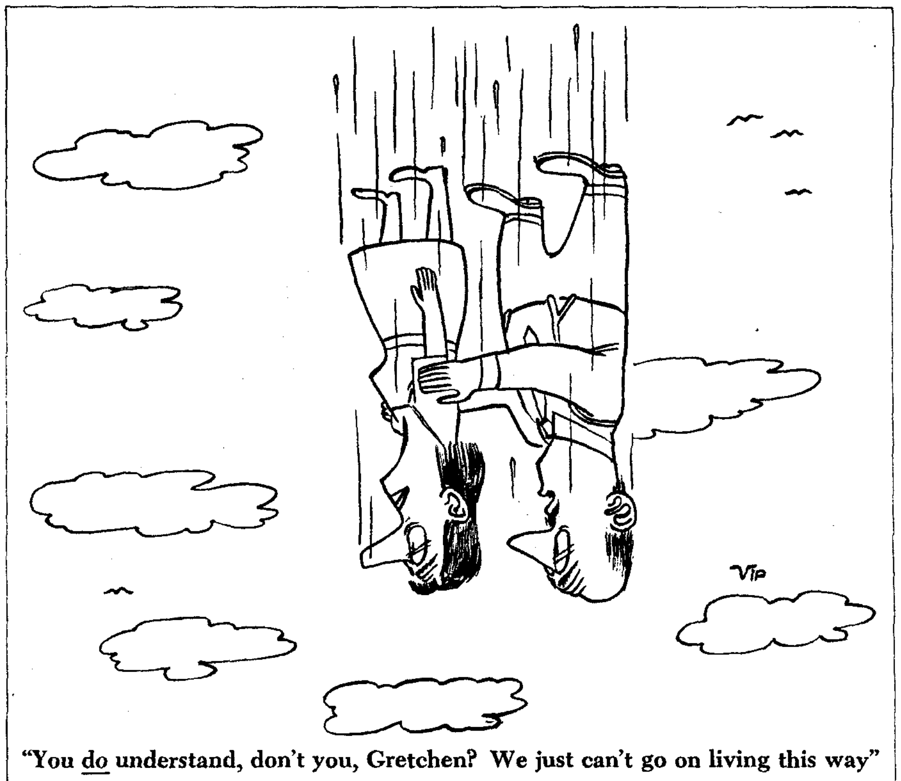
She said in a tone of discovery, "This railroad means a great deal to you, doesn't it?"

He slanted his head downward with a sober scrutiny, thinking that this girl had an intuitive quality and a knack for sharp observation. This too was unexpected. It was puzzling. Her still face and her quiet eyes of this moment made her seem so different from the troublemaker of two hours ago.

"It does," he said.

"It means much to me, too, Jim."

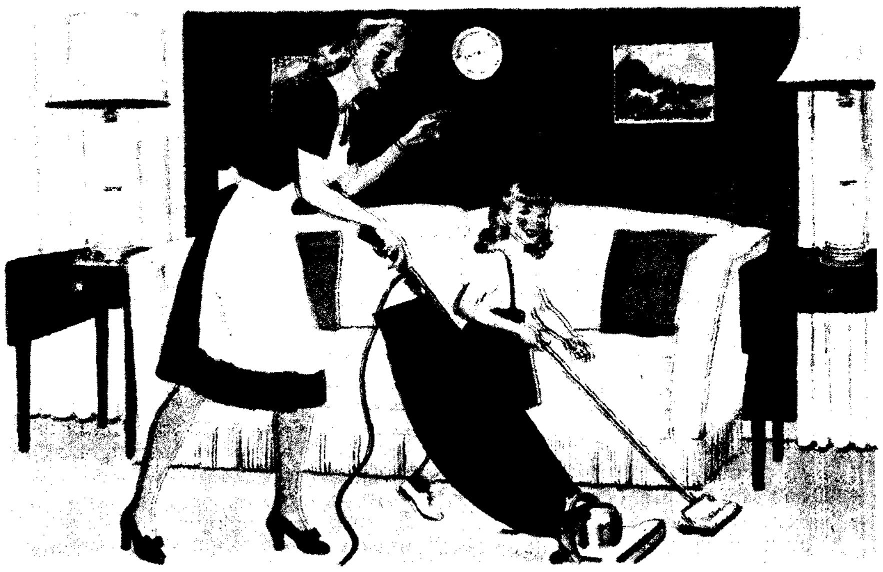
That was as it should be. A woman wants her man to succeed. Tracy



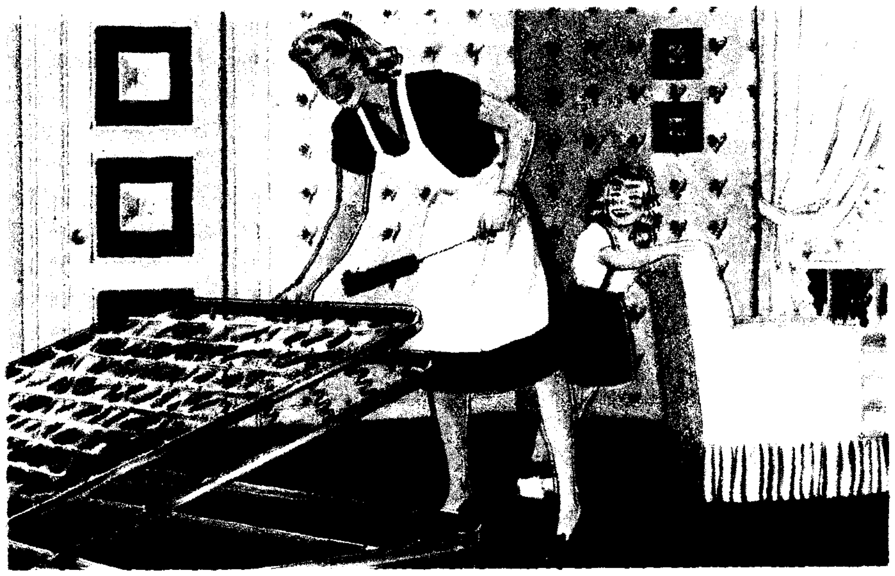
"You do understand, don't you, Gretchen? We just can't go on living this way"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

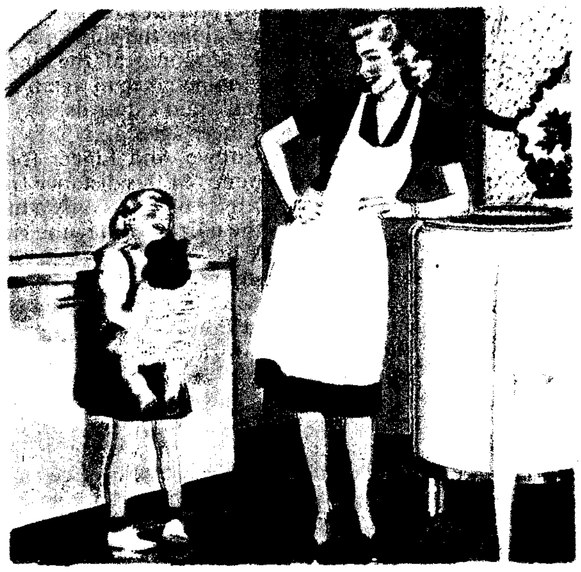
How to make housework light...



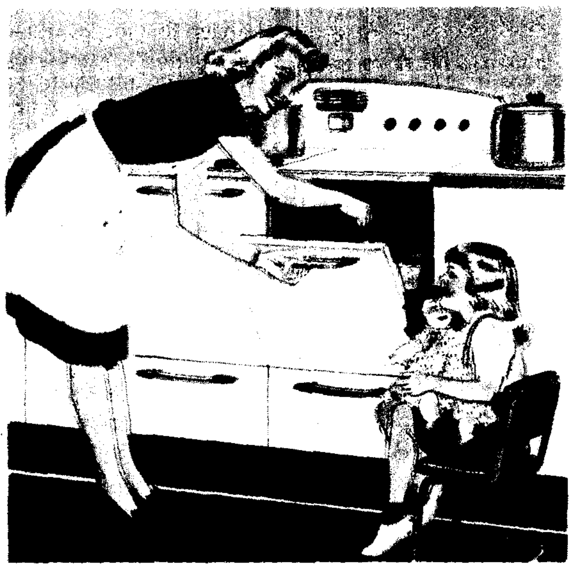
sail over rugs with an aluminum vacuum cleaner . . .



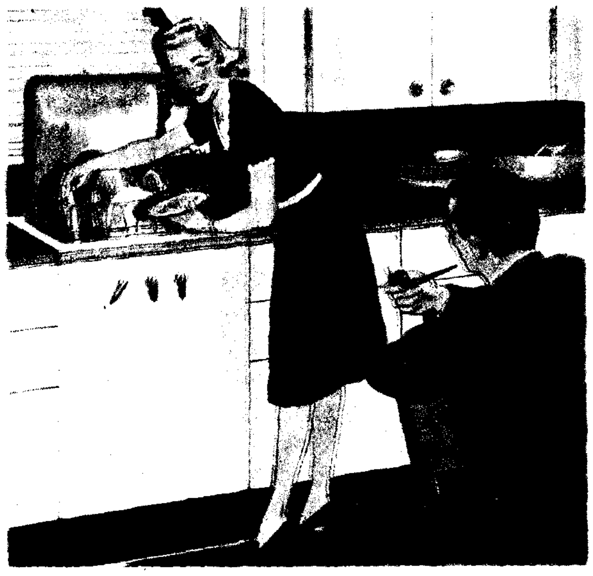
and move around furniture, so aluminum light . . .



breeze through wash day, thanks to an aluminum washer . . .



then cook a wonderful dinner with aluminum utensils . . .



and whisk through the dishes with an aluminum dish washer

More and better aluminum products—*today*...with

Kaiser Aluminum

a Permanente Metals product

IMAGINE THE *convenience,* the downright *pleasure* you get from products like these . . .

Aluminum vacuum cleaners, bed springs — even furniture—so wonderfully *light* that you can move them around with a touch of your hand. Aluminum washing machines, cooking utensils, dish washers that do away with kill-joy hours of drudgery, and actually add new *beauty* to your home.

Add to this the *strength* of aluminum . . . the fact that it can't rust or corrode . . . that it lasts a lifetime . . . and it's clear why more and more people are demanding aluminum-made products.

And today you have a *right* to demand these products. Because Permanente Metals, led by Henry J. Kaiser, is speeding to manufacturers the wonder metal that makes them possible.

In but a single year of operation, Permanente Metals' huge processing plants produced 175 million pounds of plate, sheet, and strip aluminum. Almost as much as the entire industry produced in the most productive year before the war!

That's why there are more and better aluminum products . . . *today* . . . with Kaiser Aluminum!

Get the Manufacturers' names

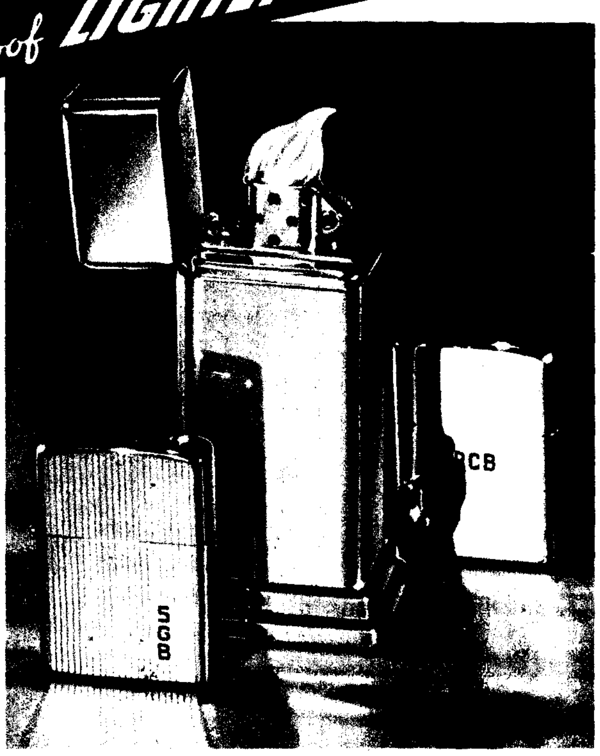
For the names of manufacturers nearest you who make the aluminum products pictured above, write:

Permanente Products Company

Consumer Service Division, Kaiser Bldg., Oakland 12, California

GIVE A PERSONALIZED LIGHTER—three initials or facsimile of any signature engraved in color $1.00 extra. (No. 350, initials only)

ZIPPO
Windproof LIGHTER



Styled LIKE A 'MILLION' *but* priced for the millions—

Such value in beauty, finish and workmanship has never before been offered at a price that all can afford. Be remembered longer — give an always dependable ZIPPO, the lighter that lights every time.

Two new stunning pocket models, and a table lighter handsome on the formal table and efficient on a windy picnic, are guaranteed unconditionally.

At your favorite dealer

NEW NO. 350 ZIPPO ENGINED TURNED. High Polish Chrome Case. Rich appearance and low price makes it the outstanding lighter gift. $4.00

NEW NO. 10 ZIPPO TABLE LIGHTER. DeLuxe High Polish Chrome Case. Real all-purpose lighter, useful outdoors, handsome indoors. $10.00

NEW NO. 250 ZIPPO HIGH POLISH Chrome Case. Finished as bright as a mirror (and will be often used as one). High feminine appeal. $3.50

No. 200 ZIPPO Brush-finish Case accepted the world over for its life-time performance, $2.50. Sports Designs, Fraternal Insignias $3.25. 14K Gold and Sterling Silver from $15.00 to $175.00.

ZIPPO MANUFACTURING CO. DEPT. C. BRADFORD, PENNA.

Better Edges on Better Steel give you Better Shaves
STAR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Famous Sinc
MADE IN U
STAR

STAR 4 for 10¢
also 25¢ packs

STAR DIVISION, AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP., BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

Thomason was no builder of railroads. But apparently he was going to try to become one. If he could build this railroad, with or without Lineer, it would add to his stature.

"Why?" he asked.

She looked away. "I can't tell you. But I think you will guess soon."

"I have made several guesses already," he said wryly. "And I find no pleasure in them. It is something in the relationship between you and Tracy and your father. But I can't get any farther than that. You see, I don't really know any of the three of you."

"No," she agreed, "you don't."

He moved restlessly, and she dropped her arm. She said, "What happened between you and Tracy in Sonora?"

"Tracy told you that something happened?"

She nodded.

"Then he must have also told you what happened."

"Yes."

"Why are you asking me, then?"

"I want your side of it."

"Don't you believe Tracy?"

"Of course," she said quickly.

"You think there are two sides?"

"Well, aren't there?"

"No."

She showed her puzzlement at the curt tone. "What do you mean?"

"If you love a man there is only one side in his quarrels. His side."

Her cheeks flamed with the sudden anger that he expected. He watched it detachedly, wondering what perversity had made him slash at her so deliberately. Yet he thought that he knew what he was doing, and he did not regret it.

But when she spoke it was with cool control: "I think I know my responsibility to Tracy without your teachings, Mr. Lineer."

"One of your responsibilties is to avoid making trouble for Tracy in whatever work he has to do. What happened in Sonora is behind us. We've shaken hands and forgotten it. Now you're trying to pry into an old wound."

"That's not true," she said hotly. "At least that's not why—"

He interrupted her, "Two hours ago you made trouble between us. An hour ago you promised you would not do it again. What am I to believe?"

For a moment more she met his gaze with her eyes blazing. Then, surprisingly, she dropped her head. When she raised it again her face was composed.

"I'm sorry," she said.

He knew with all the sureness of his reason that he had not been too brutal. If he and Thomason were to build this railroad, no one thing was more important than the establishment of a relationship based on trust and understanding. This girl must learn now not to meddle. Yet he wanted to apologize, and he had to fight down the impulse.

THEY climbed slowly back to the horses. He gave her a hand to mount, seeing the graceful swing of her hips and shoulders. She found her seat and looked down at him, her face abstracted.

"Jim," she said, "have you ever been in love?"

He laughed up at her. "You just must pry, mustn't you?" His eyes grew serious. "No," he said. "No, I don't think I have."

"If you did love a woman," she persisted, "would there really be only her side to her quarrels?"

"Only her side," he said gravely.

He mounted and they stood their horses a moment more, watching the slanting rays of the late sun pick out details of red stone and jagged crest on the wall across the valley. Barbara's eyes were drawn to a dark swatch twisting down the basin near this wall. It seemed to be part of the valley floor, an irregular, sinuous flow of darker earth lying on the valley like a cloud's shadow.

"Lava," said Lineer. "We call it the malpais. Malpie. Malapize. Take your pick. Spanish for bad country."

"Just the lava is malpais?"

"Yes."

"The whole valley looks like bad country to me."

"It's not bad," said Lineer. "It *is* hard. Weak men don't like it. Or weak women."

She turned in the saddle, looking up at Lineer so that the sun was in her face. It picked up little flecks of blue in the green iris of her eyes, and he saw with his growing interest that in this light they were not green but turquoise.

"I shall like it," she said slowly.

Dusk was thick about them when they pulled up to the roaring fire of the camp. Barbara climbed unaided from her horse and went straight to Thomason, clasping his hands in hers and smiling up at him. "It was wonderful, Tracy," she said. "I wished all the time you were with us."

JUBAL NYE had gone to his blankets, lines of exhaustion showing in his face but his long back birch-straight. One of the Easterners had followed. Now Wilson Ware was trading memories with Colonel Edwards, and making a contest of it as he must with everything. Across the fire, Barbara sat with her hand in Thomason's. Molly Riordan, Barbara's companion, gazed into the flames, her eyes large and still and faintly sad.

Presently Lineer caught Edwards' nod, rose and followed the older man into the soft blackness beyond the firelight. They walked in silence along the slope, passing the water tank, stopping at the darker line where the junipers began again.

"A good night," said Edwards.

"It is that," Lineer agreed.

Edwards sat down, and Lineer found a place beside him. At this distance from the fire even Ware's voice was only a murmur. Across the narrow valley the ridge reared its black bulk against the stars.

"A good many years ago I crossed this country," said Edwards. "A young cock just out of West Point. We ran a survey through to California. Passed a couple of hundred miles north of here." He stirred slightly, the shifting of his body causing a small rustling in the darkness. When he continued his voice held a vagrant note of regret. "At my age a man likes to punish himself by looking back and debating the turns he made in the road. I sometimes think I would have been happier in the Army."

"In or out of the Army," said Lineer, "a man goes where he has to."

Edwards found a cigar and swiped a match across his boot sole. The small flame flared and grew small and flared again as he drew at his cigar. Each flare disclosed the clean decisiveness of his face, the hooked nose and the deep-set, hooded eyes. A suggestion of weariness was there, but it was hard to place. Lineer thought that it must come from the voice. It was not physical weariness.

"Yes," said Edwards. "A man who knows that won't look back so often. But he'll still look back."

Edwards worked leisurely at his cigar, giving its fragrance to the night. From along the slope came the long, slobbering exhalation of a late-feeding horse. Lineer lay back on his elbows, loose and patient, yet strongly curious because this direct man was so slow at coming to the business that had brought them out here.

Presently Edwards asked, "What's this Ware and Nye trouble about?"

Lineer shrugged. "Pick any dozen men in the valley and they'll give you a dozen different versions. And there will be some truth in all of them. In twenty years those two have found time and a way to fight over everything."

He stopped, thinking over his words and realizing they were no sort of answer. Yet it was no simple question. Probably not even Wilse Ware and Jubal Nye could agree on the origin and nature of their monumental hate.

He went on, "Wilse and old Jube

$1000 in Prizes

Win a new Kitchen or $5,000 cash!

- completely installed and equipped
- designed especially for your home!

Swift's
household
cleanser
Made by Swift & Company
DISSOLVES GREASE
Cleans, Brightens, Polishes
SAFER, QUICKER, BETTER
for All Household Cleanser Uses

OR you can have any of these wonderful General Electric units from the Grand Prize kitchen, plus the difference in cash up to $5,000.

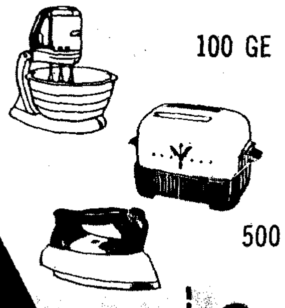
- Refrigerator
- Range
- Automatic Washer
- Electric Sink with Dishwasher and Disposall
- Cabinets
- Ventilating Fan
- Automatic Roaster
- Waffle Iron
- Electric Mixer
- Automatic Toaster
- Automatic Coffee Maker
- Sandwich Grill
- Double-Duty Iron (steam and dry)
- Kitchen Clock
- Radio

Plus a year's supply of Swift's Cleanser

Now you can have the kitchen you've always wanted! Complete in every detail from floor to ceiling—including redecorating and special lighting—everything you need! All designed exclusively for your home and completely installed as soon as possible after close of contest. If you don't need *complete* new equipment, you can take any part thereof and cash difference up to $5,000. Gas appliances furnished if requested.

BUT that's not all! There will be *many* winners in this sensational contest!

Just Look! 1151 Prizes in all!



100 GE ELECTRIC MIXERS—2nd PRIZES

500 GE AUTOMATIC TOASTERS—3rd PRIZES

500 GE ELECTRIC STEAM IRONS—4th PRIZES

Big Weekly Bonus Prizes!

10 ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

(8 cubic feet maximum capacity)

EVERY WEEK FOR 5 WEEKS!

Listen to Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, weekday mornings on ABC for special announcements.

1st Weekly Contest starts September 21, ends midnight, September 27
2nd Weekly Contest starts September 28, ends midnight, October 4
3rd Weekly Contest starts October 5, ends midnight, October 11
4th Weekly Contest starts October 12, ends midnight, October 18
5th Weekly Contest starts October 19, ends midnight, October 25

Tear this out NOW!

use this entry blank or just write on the back of a Swift's Cleanser wrapper)

Just add a line to this jingle

Swift's Cleanser's America's finest
It's scratchless and speedier, too
It cuts all the grease in an instant

(Fill in the last line to rhyme with "too."
XAMPLE: "This cleanser's for me and for you!")

ame__________

O. Address__________

ty__________Zone_____State_____

Read these easy rules

1. Print or write plainly your jingle line; the last word to rhyme with the word "too" in the jingle, on the entry blank or on the reverse side of a Swift's Cleanser wrapper.

2. Your entry must contain *2* Swift's Cleanser wrappers or reasonable facsimiles thereof. If you use the back of the wrapper to write your entry, accompany it with a second Swift's Cleanser wrapper. If you use the entry blank, attach *two* Swift's Cleanser wrappers. Print plainly your name and address. Mail your entry to Swift & Company, P.O. Box 1155, Chicago 90, Illinois. Send as many entries as you wish, but be sure to enclose *two* Swift's Cleanser wrappers with each entry; send no money.

3. Entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness and aptness of thought. The judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become the property of Swift & Company.

4. Any person living in the United States, Canada and Hawaii may enter this contest—except employees of Swift & Company, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Contest subject to Federal and State regulations.

5. Contest opens September 21; closes October 25, 1947. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of the closing date, and received by October 31, 1947. Entries received before midnight September 27 will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. No entries will be returned and no correspondence entered into. You accept the conditions of these rules when you enter.

6. Winners of weekly prizes and the Grand Prize will be announced over Don McNeill's Breakfast Club radio program (consult your newspaper for time and station) shortly after each contest closes. Weekly prize winners are eligible for other prizes, including the Grand Prize. All winners will be notified by mail. Complete lists of winners sent on request to anyone sending in a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Contest Clues

Here are facts about Swift's Cleanser that may help you to compose a prize-winning jingle. When you use Swift's Cleanser you will find many more reasons why it is *America's finest*. Swift's Cleanser is speedy and scratchless! It's the *only* cleanser that gives you both instant grease cutting and scratchless cleaning. Swift's Cleanser is clean-white in color. It is odorless. It leaves no sediment. Swift's Cleanser comes in a pretty polka dot package in your choice of three colors (red, green or blue) to match your home color scheme. Swift's Cleanser is so fine and smooth it actually polishes as it cleans. Swift's Cleanser was developed in the research laboratories of Swift & Company to be the modern cleanser for modern women to use in the home of today and tomorrow.

Joan Madou,
woman of the shadows
Ravic,
the ghost doctor

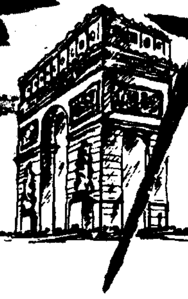
They met strangely in the plum-blue dusk of Paris. They melted into each other's arms... into each other's lives. Waiting...was the man he was sworn to kill

INGRID CHARLES
BERGMAN · BOYER
IN ERICH MARIA REMARQUE'S
Impassioned Drama of Our Times

Arch of Triumph

co-starring
CHARLES LAUGHTON
with
LOUIS CALHERN · RUTH WARRICK
ROMAN BOHNEN · RUTH NELSON and MICHAEL ROMANOFF
A LEWIS MILESTONE PRODUCTION
From the Novel by Erich Maria Remarque · Released Thru United Artists

Proudly presented by The Enterprise Studios · PRODUCED BY DAVID LEWIS · DIRECTED BY LEWIS MILESTONE



dominate everything in the valley except each other. And both have to dominate. They can't beat each other down and they can't stop trying."

"Yes," said Edwards. "I can understand that." A dryness came into his voice. "Maybe I can understand it better than most men. The question arises: Will they stop trying long enough for us to build a railroad?"

"Tracy mentioned some sort of agreement with them."

"A clear-cut agreement to keep the peace," said Edwards. "Made by them together in his presence. But sometimes men find they've turned loose forces they can't control."

"They are men of their word," observed Lineer.

"So am I," said Edwards. "But men under me have broken my word and believed they were right in doing it."

Lineer stirred, feeling the first growth of restlessness. This was not the direction he had expected the conversation to take.

"If it happens," said Edwards slowly, "you are to let Tracy handle it. The peace agreement is his. Even in another situation like that saloon fight the other night you must stand aside."

"You're way ahead of me," murmured Lineer. "Everyone but you has told me this railroad is going to be built. But I don't know it until you say it."

"That was settled before I left New York," said Edwards brusquely. He stopped short. When he continued, his voice held an odd urgency. "Be patient, Jim. I'm aware that I'm backing into this. Maybe it's a hell of a way to start a railroad. But I know exactly what I'm doing, and why. No one but me is making these decisions."

Lineer said, puzzled but relieved, "Fair enough."

"Now then. The deal Ware is offering on his coal is so good it's suspicious. Yet the engineers say the coal is there. What's in his mind?"

"At a guess," said Lineer, "it's the town. He raised White Oaks from a gulch camp. It belongs to him. He loves it the way a man loves his son. Maybe he figures the railroad will make the town."

"Not good," said Edwards. "Railroads and town pride seldom mix well. What does Jubal Nye want?"

"What has he asked for?"

"Nothing. That's the trouble."

"He'll profit from land, of course," said Lineer thoughtfully. "Land is his passion, you know. They say he used the first legal fee he ever earned in the Territory to buy a quarter section, and he's been buying ever since. Most of the south end of the valley belongs to him."

"But he has given options to Tracy on all of it we want. At a fair price, too. The value won't go up until the railroad is built. If we buy it now he doesn't profit."

"Ah," said Lineer. "Then I don't know."

"Two strong men," said Edwards, almost absently. "I confess I like both of them. They're tough in a way I appreciate. Each of them, for reasons of his own, wants this railroad so badly he is willing to give away a great deal to get it. You and I would like to find out why. But we are not going to try. We are going to leave that to Tracy."

Lineer sat up. "Go on," he said.

"I'm setting up a separate company," said Edwards. "Tracy has named it the El Paso and New Mexico. He will be president. His authority will be complete. So will his responsibility. I have made only one request of him: that he hire you as engineer in charge. And he wants you."

Lineer's fingers tightened around a rock. "How about water?" he asked.

Edwards repeated, "Tracy's authority will be complete." He continued in a different voice, "There is some argument on his side, you know. He is convinced he can get good water from really deep wells. He tells me that is backed up by Blake and Summers, the engineers he had with him. They are sound men. They point out that there are deep wells at El Paso and on the Jornada."

Lineer's fingers loosened on the rock. He held it in his open palm, rolling it there aimlessly, feeling that hot throb of anger in his blood stream, surrendering suddenly to it and hearing it crash and roar in his head. He flung his right arm back and then forward, and the rock hurtled into the darkness. He sat quite still then, hearing the tunk of the rock below.

He asked mildly, "When you committed me to the flume in the presence of Ware and Nye this afternoon, you knew you were going to do this, didn't you?"

"Yes. I deliberately used you," Edwards admitted.

"Why?"

"I want them to know that Tracy has my complete support. I could tell them so, but it would not be the same. Now they will know that you two disagreed on the most fundamental issue here, and that I took Tracy's side."

"And why was that necessary?"

The older man's cigar glowed brightly for a moment. Then he took it from his mouth and rested his hands on his knees. He sat thus so long that the ash faded to a faint spark. At last he said softly, "Jim, I'm trying to be completely fair with three people—Tracy, my daughter and myself. And it's damned hard. Maybe I'm going too far. Maybe even I'm being unfair to myself as well as you. But this is the way it has to be."

"You don't tell a man much."

"No," agreed Edwards heavily. "You're a fair-minded man. But if you knew what I'm trying to do, your attitude would be colored one way or the other, whether you wished it or not. Take it as it is, Jim. Take it as just another job to do, forgetting the personalities. I say to you that you will never regret it."

"And if I cannot?"

"Then I will find another spot for you as good or better than this. I have no intention of losing you if I can help it. But I tell you frankly there is no other man in my organization fit for this job. And that is not because you know this valley, either."

Lineer said, "I don't understand."

"You are a man at peace with himself, Jim. And this job needs such a man."

"Perhaps I was," said Lineer dryly, "until tonight."

"You still are. I saw it in Sonora. I've watched you here. Men like you don't change much, thank God."

Lineer said suddenly, "Who is Tracy Thomason?"

"Who is he?"

"Yes. What's his background? Where did he come from? Your daughter said today she has known him all her life. If I'm going to work with him I want to know him too."

COLONEL EDWARDS delayed his answer a long moment. When finally he spoke an odd weariness again was in his voice: "Tracy's father was in the class ahead of me at West Point. We served together on the frontier. Tracy was a boy when his father was killed in the last Comanche uprising. His mother died a year later. I took him into my home and raised him."

"Why, then," said Lineer in surprise, "he's like a son."

"Yes," said the older man with a strange diffidence, "Tracy is like a son."

The silence fell again. Lineer found he was wishing that he could see the face of the man beside him. Too much was suggested here, and nothing explained. No man for forebodings, Lineer nevertheless felt the onrush of an old and cold and sealed-off passion working its way up through new fissures. He must live and work with this mystery. It would be best, then, that he make his own attitude as sharply clear as possible.

He said, "I learned to take orders before I learned to give them. But Tracy makes it hard for any man to take orders from him."

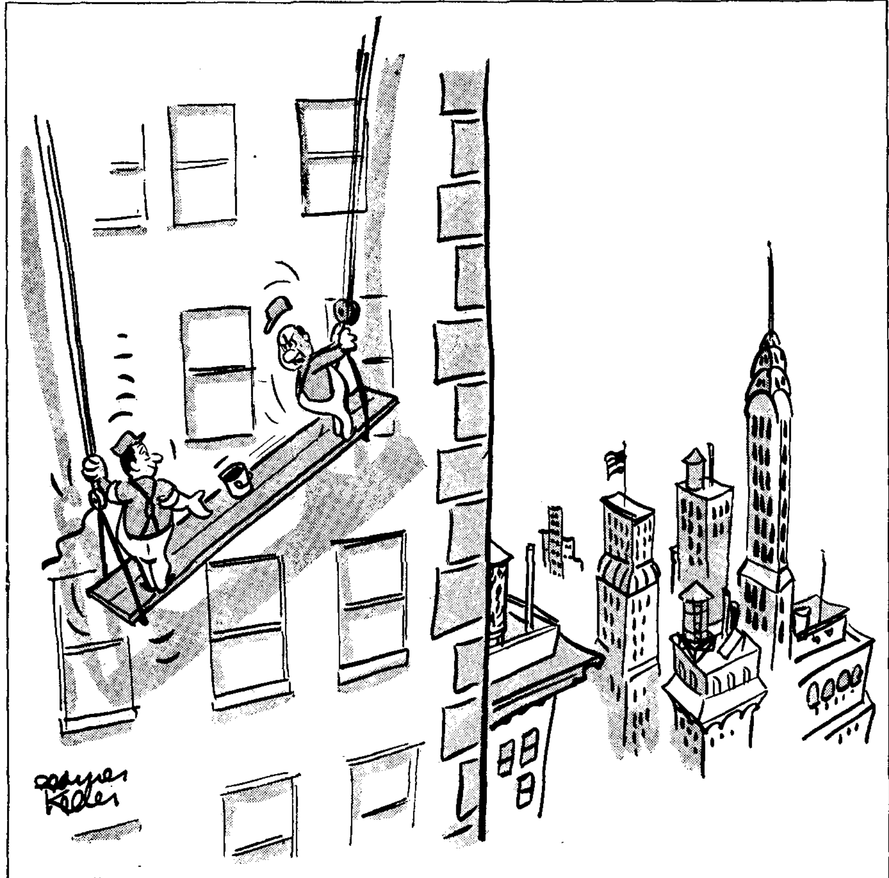
"Ahhh," cried Edwards. "You must not say that." He jumped to his feet.

Lineer rose too. "I'm sorry," he said. "There is no pleasure in saying it. But it is a fact I must reckon with."

"All right," said Edwards. "All right. Anything else?"

"Do I need to know anything about Molly Riordan?"

"Molly? Good Lord, no." Edwards' normally decisive voice returned. "Molly's father is my coachman. Her mother is our cook. Molly and Barbara



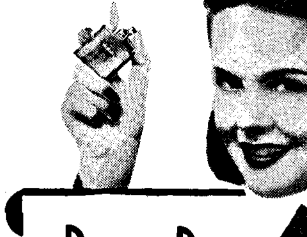
"For heaven's sake, Merwin, when you want the paint, ask for it!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

foul line pals

Footwork's half the battle with a tenpin. That's why seasoned bowlers go for the built-in arch supports that give them hours longer "tension-free" pin busting on sure-footed soles (for right or left-handed bowlers). Hyde-Crafted Goodyear welt bowling shoes give you more accurate delivery on any foul line. (Smoke, brown, black, or white.) Ask your bowling proprietor or sporting goods dealer about Hyde-Crafted shoes for every sport or write direct for your catalog today.

HYDE
ATHLETIC SHOE CO.
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS



BEST FOR ALL LIGHTERS

RONSON REDSKIN FLINTS
RONSONOL FUEL

Yes! there is a difference

RONSON SERVICER

Items sold separately or in this handy Ronson Servicer holding everything for fine service in any lighter, as follows:

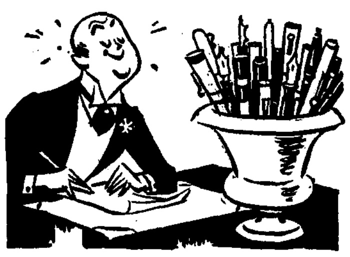
RONSONOL FUEL that lasts long, burns clean, lights instantly.

RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS' that are extra-long for extra-long service. Also a Ronson wick, inserter, cleaning brush and instruction booklet.

FREE Booklet "How To Get The Most Out Of Your Lighter." Write Ronson, 7 Aronson Sq., Newark 2, N. J.

By the makers of RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

FUN ON THE AIR. Tune in on Ronson's "20 Questions" Sat. P. M. (Sun. P. M. Pacific Coast), Mutual Network.

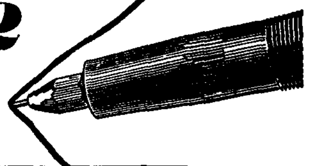


Collecting?

Wrong! He's all through—no more trick pens. And tickled pink with an Inkograph... dependable since 1914!

Inkograph writes right all the time, in any kind of hand, on any kind of paper, for every writing requirement —shorthand notes, carbon copies, ruling... Uses ordinary ink—you fill it yourself... Its exclusive drop valve supplies a steady flow of ink as needed ... The famous Inkograph one-piece, rounded, cylindrical point, precision made of extra-hard 14kt. gold, can't bend or spread... writes smoothly as a pencil... stands pressure and abuse, outwears ordinary pens by years!... Make your next pen an Inkograph! Five smart colors, and black. At good stores everywhere. And still...

only $2



INKOGRAPH

Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 *Hudson St.,*
New York City 13, *N. Y.*

Family Portrait in

ALL WOOL
Valcuna
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF
NEW YORK KNITTING MILLS, Inc

YOU *Can't* PHOTOGRAPH THE FEEL OF *Valcuna*

The same dependable quality you've always associated with *Valcuna* Products.

At your favorite store or write
NEW YORK KNITTING MILLS, INC.
1410 Broadway, New York 18

grew up together right from the cradle. She is a wonderfully sweet girl. And she understands Barbara better than I do."

"One thing more. Will this railroad be finished come hell or high water?"

"The prospect of high water seems grossly improbable," said Edwards with a chuckle. "But this railroad is an important part of Great Western's plans for the future, all personal considerations aside. It will be finished."

"Then," said Lineer, "I'll leave you at the malpais tomorrow and head for El Paso. There are a good many things I can get started."

"Very well," Edwards agreed. "Talk it over with Tracy."

"As soon as Sonora is cleaned up I'll want two of your men there. Georgie Price for my second engineer. And a foreman named Tim McCarthy."

"They're yours," said Edwards. He added thoughtfully, "Tim McCarthy. Is that the man who whipped Tracy?"

"Yes. There's no feeling there now."

"Good." Edwards was quiet for a moment. Then he asked, "Any other reason why you want to leave the party so soon?"

"You saw what happened this afternoon."

"Yes. I guess you're right. Well, let's get to bed."

"I think I'll stay a while," said Lineer. "Good night, Jim."

BACK in the black night shadow of a juniper, Lineer lay watching the dim outline of Edwards' shoulders as he walked toward the fire.

Thoughts and questions crowded into Lineer's mind, and with them came doubts. He set himself against them stubbornly. He knew that on some lonely night when work had spent too much of his strength and a blackness of mood was upon him, he would look back to remember that a man had been promoted past him, and to curse himself for a weakling. But those were dark hours that came to all men, and perhaps less often to him than to those around him. Yes, he did live at peace with himself, although he had never thought of it that way. He had learned to accept the dictates of his judgment, and to avoid that barren pain that comes of roweling the soul with the reproaches of hindsight. The issue had been decided. The railroad would be built, and his hand would guide the construction. Gradually the doubts gave way against the coolness and the deep peace of the night.

The night's sounds penetrated to him one by one. The squeak overhead that was gone in an instant was a bat, racing its unerring way through the juniper crowns. The soft murmurs in the earth could be many things as he knew, for it was only the stranger to this inhospitable land who thought the little creatures of the earth could not exist here. Somewhere near the wagons below, a footstep came.

Then he heard Barbara Edwards' laugh and Tracy Thomason's strong voice. They were pacing toward him. He sat up and would have revealed himself, but at that moment he heard Thomason speak his name.

"That isn't so and I'm truly surprised at you, Tracy," he heard Barbara say. "You didn't act this way in New York."

"This isn't New York," said Thomason. There was exasperation in his tone, and something close to temper.

"Do you remember, Tracy, that you agreed with Dad we needed something like this together? It would give us a chance really to know each other."

They paused below Lineer. He lay still, resenting their presence, angry at them for this position they had put him in and yet admitting his curiosity.

"I'm learning about you all right," said Thomason. "I've learned that you will flirt with a man right before my eyes."

"If you're talking about Ed Ware," she said, "that was a game that helped pass a long day. He and I knew it. You were the one who misunderstood. You were plain rude."

"All right, all right, I'm sorry," he said impatiently. "I'll apologize to Ware tomorrow. But that still doesn't excuse your running off with Lineer."

"Oh, Tracy," she said, "don't you see? I didn't really care about going. And he would have refused me if you hadn't interfered."

The uneven thrusting of a quick pride was in his reply. "Is that what you call it? We're going to be married. Is it interfering when I ask you not to do something?"

"No, Tracy," she said slowly. "But you must make it easier for me and for other people to do what you want."

"Easier?" he said bitterly. "I'm not unreasonable. Must I beg?"

"This isn't right," she said. "We mustn't stand here talking to each other like this. If we're going to—"

Her words were cut off suddenly as Thomason reached out and brought her to him roughly.

"Barbara! Barbara!" he said.

After a little while she pulled away. "I needed that, Tracy," she said softly. "Won't you remember to do it more often?"

"Every hour of every day."

There was a little silence before she spoke with a sober longing. "I wish we could marry now. I wish it very much."

"No," he said. His quick confidence, so strangely close to exaltation, was back in his voice. "We have made a bargain with your father. I'm more than ever convinced it is a good bargain."

When they were gone Lineer sought out his bedroll. He was tired. His mind was tranquil. He was asleep in a moment, a timeless moment in which green eyes that held a hot sweet passion turned to a cool turquoise and then faded slowly away to the darkness of oblivion.

WITH a last loud clang as of iron on iron, the caravan dropped through a cut and put the malpais behind it. Colonel Edwards looked back, searching north and south and not finding an end to this curse upon the land. It lay like some terrible river of dried and blackened blood, viscous, twisting, full of dark pits and fantastic, razor-edged little peaks.

He whistled. "Whew! I'd hate to build a railroad across that."

Lineer smiled. He felt the pleasant excitement of a home-coming. It was good to be back in the valley, to feel its remoteness from the world and its own secret kinship with sun and wind and wheeling night sky.

He pointed to rising ground a mile ahead. Beyond it Carrizo Peak, bare and brown, was quite near. "I leave you there," he said.

"Don't work too hard, Jim," said Tracy Thomason. "Leave some of it for me."

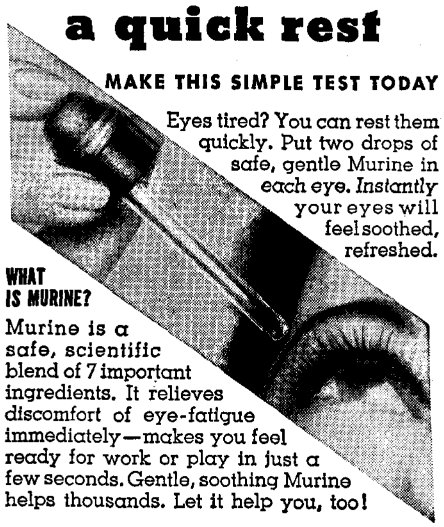
These three were riding in the last coach of the caravan so they could talk over the work Lineer would get under way. In the second coach young Ed Ware rode with Edwards' three financial associates. The two girls were in the lead coach with Wilse Ware and Jubal Nye.

Colonel Edwards raised a finger north toward the broken plains. "Can you get out of the valley to the north without topping a mountain range?"

"It's rough, dry country," Lineer said. "But no hard grades. And a natural route up to connect with one of those lines coming down across Kansas, if that's what is in your mind."

"So?" Edwards sat back, his eyes swinging up and down the valley, saying no more until the caravan stopped. They stepped out into the hard, bright sunshine. Up ahead the passengers were out of the coaches and stretching their legs. A Nye man was bringing up two horses for Lineer.

How to give TIRED EYES a quick rest



MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Eyes tired? You can rest them quickly. Put two drops of safe, gentle Murine in each eye. *Instantly* your eyes will feel soothed, refreshed.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a safe, scientific blend of 7 important ingredients. It relieves discomfort of eye-fatigue immediately—makes you feel ready for work or play in just a few seconds. Gentle, soothing Murine helps thousands. Let it help you, too!

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

BEST ALL-AROUND!

Keene Quality Belts... available at better men's stores.

KEENE PRODUCTS, INC.
Empire State Building
New York 1, N. Y.

At Better Stores Everywhere

For PERFECT POPPING!
Tender • Nutritious • Tasty
Sun-Cured • Fun to Pop

T-N-T
POPCORN

BETTER HEARING!

YOU can have it with "Eveready" "Mini-Max" hearing-aid batteries—better hearing l-o-n-g-e-r *plus* more full-volume operation. That's because they're *full* of energy-producing material—there's no *dead* space filled with inert tar or paper packing!

WAR SECRET! This rugged, *efficient* construction made possible the *proximity fuse*—No. 2 in wartime importance.

The most compact... the most economical, "Eveready" batteries are sold by hearing-aid dealers everywhere. Get them for *better hearing!*

FREE TO YOU

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARKS
MINI-MAX
HEARING-AID BATTERIES

"Progress Toward Better Hearing." Write Dept. C-33

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

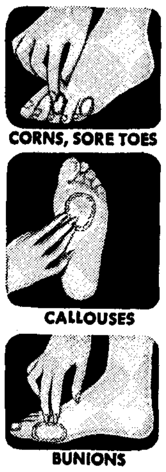
Stop CORNS!

HERE TODAY
SORE TOES
GONE TOMORROW
CORNS STOPPED

Instant Relief

NEVER wait! ACT at first sign of sore toes from tight shoes. Protect them with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll have instant relief and stop corns *before* they can develop! But if you have corns, callouses or bunions — these thin, soft, soothing, cushioning pads will relieve pain almost like magic.

Remove Corns, Callouses
You'll marvel, too, how the separate *Medications* included speedily remove corns, callouses. No other method does all these things. Cost but a trifle. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

New Advertising Machine

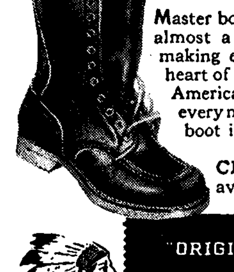
Prints & Illustrates 1c Post Cards

FREE! Learn how thousands of merchants and business men are boosting sales in spite of product shortages *with 1c messages*—printed in a few minutes on gov't postcards—with amazing new, patented CARDMASTER. Your "todays" ideas for specials, read by prospects next morning. Not a toy, but a sturdy, advertising machine, built to last many years. Low price, sold direct. Guaranteed, five years.

SEND NAME We'll send free illustrated book of money-making ideas for your business and complete, unique advertising plans. Rush your name today.

CARDMASTER COMPANY
4546 Ravenswood, Dept. 39-D, Chicago 40, Ill.

WITH MEN WHO WANT
the feel of the finest
Original
CHIPPEWA
BOOTS



Master boot craftsmen guided by almost a half-century of boot-making experience, right in the heart of nature's sportsland give America's sportsmen a boot for every need—such as the Utility boot illustrated.
See your ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA dealer for available styles.

"ORIGINAL"
CHIPPEWA SHOES
CHIPPEWA SHOE CO
CHIPPEWA FALLS WIS

Look for this label on every pair.

"I take it," said Edwards, "that we've entered the Ware domain."

"You're on a Ware ranch right now," said Lineer. "You'll stay on Ware land all the way to White Oaks. You'll sleep in a Ware hotel, eat food from a Ware general store, go to a Ware theater. Also you'll see a school and a church that Ware money built. He's proud of his town, and I guess he has a right to be."

"He's our man," said Thomason. "He'll be more useful to us than Jubal Nye."

Edwards squinted up toward the mountains to the northeast where White Oaks lay cradled in its high gulch. He turned back to the two younger men. And though he spoke to them both, his eyes were on Thomason. "If I had to go against either one," he said, "I'd hit the first blow and put every resource, every man and every dollar I had into it."

"Now, Colonel," laughed Thomason. "Don't go borrowing trouble for us."

Lineer mounted his horse, giving the small salute that was the custom of the country. "See you in El Paso," he said. He rode up the line of coaches, saying his farewells. He raised his hat to Barbara Edwards and she gave him a warm and friendly smile.

"I wish you weren't leaving us."

He smiled down at her, then raised his hand to Wilse Ware and Jubal Nye as he turned his horse away.

"Just a minute, Jim," said Ware.

He strode over, putting a hand on the cantle of Lineer's saddle, and walked beside the horse until they were a dozen yards from the group around the coach. Ware looked up then, his face affable.

"Jess Folsom has had his tongue-lashing," he said. "I'm sorry about the fight."

"Forget it, Wilse."

"Sure," said Ware. "You forget this one too, Jim. But you know this valley. You know me. I don't let my men take a licking from outsiders. I back 'em up, right or wrong."

He said it conversationally, with none of the friendliness gone from his tone. Yet the warning was there. And Lineer, looking down into his black eyes, thought that there was no reason for surprise. This was the nature of the man, and he hid his ways from no one. His world was all black and white, conquer or war endlessly, hunger or satiety. This was Wilson Ware the leader, ruthless and unforgiving with his enemies but loyal always to all who acknowledged his leadership in the valley.

Lineer let the silence run on, thinking of this and of the meaning of the warning. Ware could not take offense for the fight, for he was bound by the rules of hospitality and he observed them rigidly. Lineer had gone to the saloon as the guest of Ed Ware. No, the warning was meant for the future. Wilse Ware was telling him that none of the ways and rights of the Ware domain would be surrendered to this new force coming into the valley, however much Ware might want the railroad.

"All right, Wilse," Lineer said finally. "Let it cut both ways."

LINEER shrugged two months of office work from his shoulders and rode north beneath the July sun with Timothy McCarthy at his side. North by east out of El Paso, skirting the Organs. Then northward up the Tularosa Basin's burning emptiness. Northward toward the railroad survey to Tularosa and White Oaks. North toward the blinding white sands and north toward the black knives of the malpais.

Restlessness, and an odd eagerness, too, pushed Lineer. The restlessness he understood. It grew from two months chained to a desk back there in El Paso. Two months of paper work. Two months of labors to overcome the inertia of point zero, to force movement into the construction of the railroad.

The eagerness puzzled him. There was no welcome for him or any man in this desert. It stretched away to its mountain barriers, lifeless, brooding, silent with its memories of old violence and its threat of violence to come. Yet the pull of it was upon him as always, and he shook it off now to bring his gaze to the man beside him. A lilt of humor lightened the remoteness of his gray eyes.

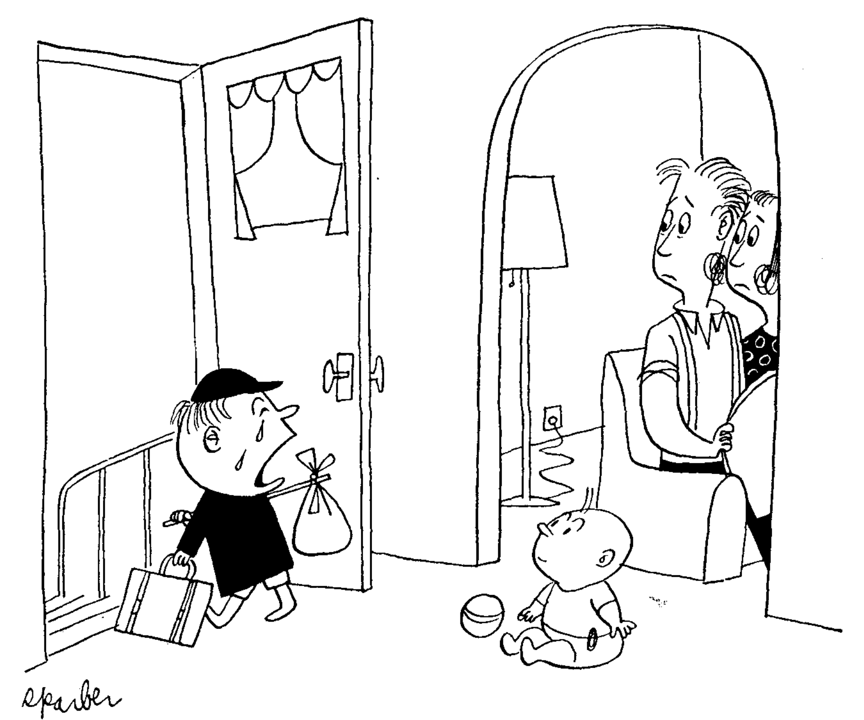
"Tim," he said, "you've been watching the ground for a mile. What the devil are you up to?"

Tim said elaborately, without looking up, "I'm lookin' for a horny toad and not findin' one. And if they can't live in this desert, how the hell do ye expect me to build ye a railroad across it?"

Lineer chuckled, then growled at him, "You'll build no railroads, toads or no toads. Georgie Price will build the railroad, and you'll sweat only from your strutting, you black Mick."

Big Tim's great laugh boomed out. Big Tim, whose right arm once smashed Tracy Thomason into unconsciousness with a single blow. A laughing giant of a man with blue eyes made deeper blue

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**



"And I'm never coming back till tomorrow!"

Holes in Walls

FOR REPAIRS IN PLASTERED WALLS

RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER

It's easy to mend cracked walls with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix with water and apply with knife. Makes smooth, firm patch. Doesn't crack or fall out. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vt.

You can get this beautiful color **FOOTBALL MAP**
AND GRID REVUE

FREE! Big wall-size—two feet wide! Full colors! Thousands of facts on college and pro football!

ALBERT RICHARD GRID REVUE

• A beauty for framing! Millions used by sports writers, announcers, coaches, "fans." A gold mine of football information; 1947 collegiate and pro schedules; colors, nicknames of 239 colleges; conference and pro league winners; famous players; All-America team and All-Pro League teams; origin of famous plays; etc. Hurry! Edition limited! Created by makers of famous Albert Richard Coats, Jackets, Gloves and Mittens for men and boys with Spun Sun* interlinings made of Fiberglas*—amazingly warm but light! Featured at leading stores everywhere.
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Albert Richard, Dept. 4
Milwaukee 4, Wis.
☐ Send name of store where I can get map FREE
☐ Send map direct to me. I enclose 25c for mailing and handling (no stamps, please)
Name______
Address______
City______State______

Yes . . . she's used to the best!

She pays $10,000 for her diamond necklace...
...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS
Club Soda
EVERVESS
SPARKLING WATER

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!
Makes drinks taste better—costs less!

BONDED FOR QUALITY

YES . . . it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.
YES . . . it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company

LITTLE LULU

NIAGARA FALLS
KLEE
marge'

"Just like Kleenex—there's only one!"

Little Lulu says...Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

© International Cellucotton Products Co. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

by the bronze of his face, and a shock of ringleted hair black as midnight. This was Big Tim, up from Sonora with Georgie Price at Lineer's command. And little Georgie Price, the second engineer, had sworn mightily there in El Paso two days ago when Lineer threw the paper work at him.

Tim's laugh subsided. They let talk die again, riding with the slackness of deep weariness. The wheeling sun had drained its bounty of strength from men and horses. The need of water and night's coolness was a growing, insistent pulse through their bodies.

Presently Lineer raised his eyes to scan the distant mountain barriers.

"We'll sink our second well about here," he said.

Big Tim pursed chapped lips. He gazed about him at the harsh red hummocks, billowing and shimmering away endlessly in all directions. He looked at the low Jarillas, barren lumps erupting like great blisters of misshapen, molten earth from the desert floor.

"And if ye don't find water?" he asked.

"Then," said Lineer slowly, "there'll be hell to pay."

HIS eyes moved to the cool blue escarpment of the Sacramentos, towering above the heat distortion to the northeast. Sweet water gushed there from myriad springs. Water that could be flumed to the desert here. As he gazed he felt again a baffling sense of unreality surrounding the decision that denied him the flume, and he fought it down as he had so many times these last two months.

He shrugged then and turned his horse off the road, moving west into the mesquite.

"Tinker Well lies over here a mile," he explained. "A shallow well and short supply. Brackish but drinkable."

They came presently to a rise in the ground where they could see the gleam of the westering sun on an earthen tank of water. Beyond was a flat-roofed *choza* and, beyond that, the shapeless crisscross of holding corrals. A few lean cattle stood motionless in the mud of the tank overflow. This was Jubal Nye's water. The only water for twenty-five miles north or south, east or west.

They were two hundred yards from the tank, and tired horses were stretching and throwing their heads with thirst's sharp demands, when the rifle cracked.

They heard the passage of the bullet through the scrub at their close left. They saw in the next moment the bloom of black powder smoke from the hut's one paneless window. Beside Tim's horse a wand of ocotillo, gray and shriveled and cleanly severed by the bullet, slowly toppled. Tim's horse side-stepped nervously against Lineer's mount.

"Why, the blasted—" began Tim, and stopped. They sat their horses with suddenly tightened reins, not moving forward and not running, knowing that had been a warning shot. In this country a man would seldom miss at two hundred yards unless he intended to.

Lineer raised high in his stirrups then, sweeping his hat from his head so that the hidden rifleman could see his face. This was Jubal Nye's water. No enemy could be there.

The answer came instantly in the dark puff of a second shot, and before Lineer heard the report he felt a slight tug against his body and then the burn of pain along his left side.

"Down!" he shouted to Tim, throwing himself sideways from the saddle. He hit on his right shoulder and arm, feeling the sharp bite of mesquite on the back of his neck and grabbing quickly to recover lost reins. Through the legs of the horses he saw Tim tumble to the ground and roll to the safe slope of the nearest hummock. Tim's voice rose quickly, soothing the horse. The animal saw Lineer's horse standing quiet, and subsided.

"Lie still, Tim!" called Lineer. They waited in the sudden, hot silence. The horses were exposed. If the rifleman wanted to kill the animals, nothing could be done to stop him. No shot came.

"We've got to lead our horses out of here," called Lineer now.

Tim rolled back, calling softly to his mount as he came. His hand found the reins.

Lineer rose slowly to his knees, keeping his head below the level of the mesquite, and threaded back through the hummocks. He kept going until he found a depression between hummocks deep enough to shield both horses and men.

Big Tim, coming up behind him, was laughing. "Jim, lad," he said, "ye didn't promise us fun with the work, but I'll not hold it against ye."

He saw the crimson on Lineer's shirt. His laugh died. "Now that skulkin' son of Satan—" He strode swiftly forward.

Lineer lifted the shirt. It was an ugly crimson streak along his side a hand's width below the armpit. A surface wound, not serious. But the bullet had passed just three inches from his heart.

Lineer knew then that the hidden marksman had tried to kill. He knew that shot had been fired in sudden anger when he lifted his hat and showed his face to the man there in the *choza*.

He stood with the raised shirt in his hand and his eyes on the bloody gash, slowly accepting the knowledge that someone in the Tularosa Valley hated or feared him enough to kill him. Not until then did he ask himself who had fired the shots.

He had been in the valley but once since Colonel Edwards had returned to New York. That once was a month ago, a quick trip to Tularosa. There had been no hint of trouble then. And Tracy Thomason had been in the valley most of the time, handling the cash grants from the towns and buying land for the railroad. Thomason had spoken no word of any conflict.

Yet here it was. Trouble at Jubal Nye's water. That meant that Wilse Ware was involved in some way. Had the truce been broken? If so, the railroad was beaten now before a rail was laid. No persuasion could induce workers to come into this basin if Wilse Ware and Jube Nye were at war again.

And in some mysterious and intensely personal way, the point of this violence was aimed directly at Jim Lineer.

WHEN the slow swelling of anger came then, it was directed not at the man in the *choza* but inward at himself. He had come back to the valley of his birth to build this railroad of his dreams. He had accepted conditions that tied his hands. Now he was going to pay the price for another man's ambition. A hard bleakness came into his face. Tim saw it. And Tim, with his memories of Sonora, was pleased.

Lineer dropped his shirt. He closed his eyes, bringing to his mind an image of the ground there before him at the moment the first shot was fired.

When he opened his eyes he said, "Those hummocks continue in close to the tank on the southeast. We can get within fifty yards of him."

Tim nodded.

"We've got to water the horses," Lineer continued. "We'll wait till dark."

He found his .45 in his saddle roll. Tim was rummaging for his own gun. Presently Tim raised his canteen and drained it.

"Now," he said with satisfaction, "with a dry ride ahead, there'll be no changing of the McCarthy mind."

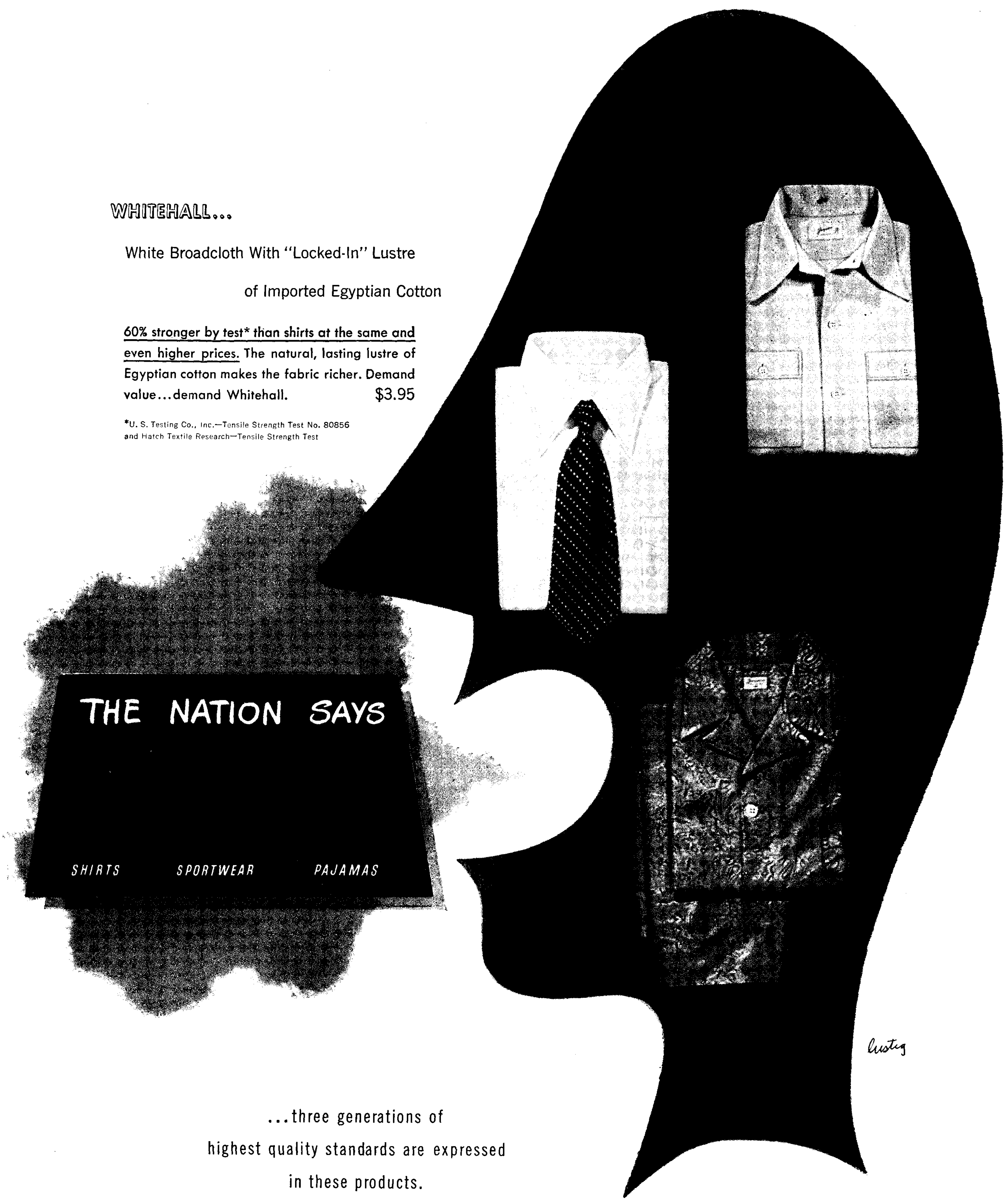
They made their plan, talking back and forth with Tim posted at the crest of the hummock as lookout, then waited through the hot and breathless twilight. Lineer sat quietly debating as long shadows changed the shape of the desert without bringing coolness. They must have water tonight. He was confident

WHITEHALL...

White Broadcloth With "Locked-In" Lustre
of Imported Egyptian Cotton

60% stronger by test* than shirts at the same and even higher prices. The natural, lasting lustre of Egyptian cotton makes the fabric richer. Demand value...demand Whitehall. $3.95

*U. S. Testing Co., Inc.—Tensile Strength Test No. 80856 and Hatch Textile Research—Tensile Strength Test



...three generations of
highest quality standards are expressed
in these products.

Jayson Shirts from $3.25 • Jayson Pajamas from $3.50
Jayson Sportwear from $3.75

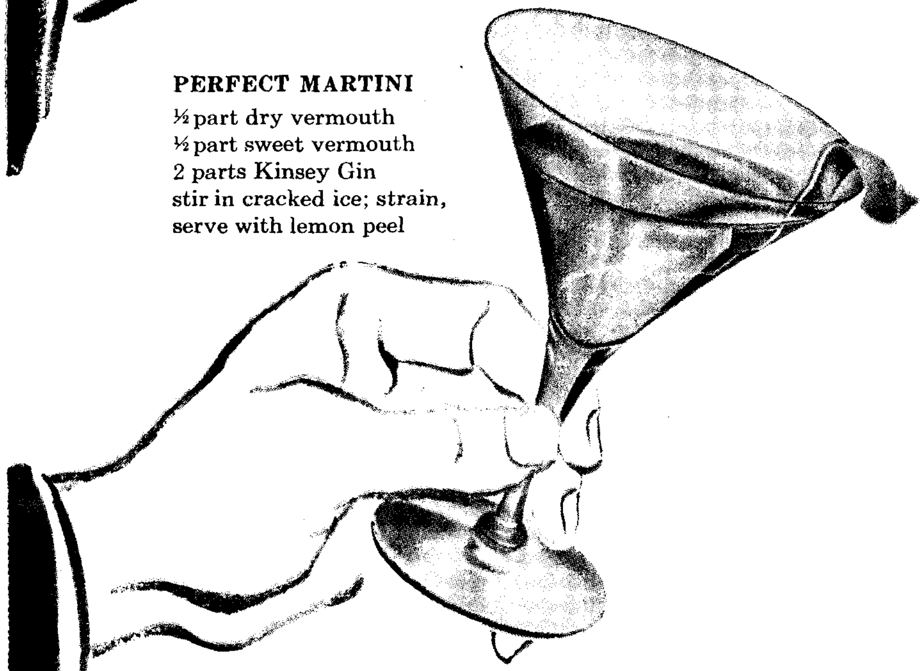
F. JACOBSON & SONS, INC • 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10 • SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • SPORTWEAR • Makers of Excello Shirts

The question before the bar is . . .

which martini?

DRY MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with stuffed olive

PERFECT MARTINI
½ part dry vermouth
½ part sweet vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with lemon peel



3 TO 1 MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
3 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with pearl onion

Let's face it: every martini-mixer thinks he has the best recipe in the world.

Confidentially, a good martini is a matter of taste. But whether you like 'em dry or sweet . . . with olive or without . . . with onion or lemon peel . . . you'll like 'em *better* with Kinsey Gin.

Kinsey, the *genial* gin . . . superbly smooth.
The *dry* gin . . . yes, dry as fine champagne.
And *94.4 proof* . . . brimming with flavor.

Maybe you're missing something by not trying a *new* martini recipe for a change. You're *certainly* missing something if you don't make your martinis with Kinsey Gin.

Try a smooth Kinsey martini . . . tonight!

KINSEY GIN

KINSEY
94.4
KINSEY
Distilled Dry
Gin

It's 94.4 PROOF
It's GENIAL
It's DRY

Distilled Dry Gin • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

their plan would get them to the tank. Should they, afterward, go against the man in the *choza?* Assuming they could catch or kill him without wounds to themselves—and that was by no means certain—would such a course be wise?

Whatever new or old quarrel gripped this valley, there was a chance that it could be stopped. Killing the man would only aggravate it. Lineer turned troubled thoughts then to Colonel Edwards' strangely insistent demand: If war flamed between Ware and Nye, Lineer must stand aside. Thomason arranged the truce. Thomason must enforce it.

The sky overhead was black when Lineer called softly, "Let's go."

Tim slid down from the hummock, took the reins of both horses, and followed Lineer. They came out presently at a point southeast of the tank. Beyond here the hummocks leveled away to flat red ground right up to the mud flats of the tank. The black outline of the *choza* was faintly visible thirty yards beyond.

LEAVING Tim there, Lineer slipped away without a word. He was not counting on surprise. The rifleman knew they had not gone; he must at this moment be searching the night for them.

Lineer strode slowly and softly westward, hidden in the night's blackness. Presently the gray top log of a corral loomed directly before him. He slipped beneath it, turning toward the *choza.*

Now he lay at full length upon the ground and raised his pistol. Putting himself in the rifleman's place, he thought of what he would be doing at this moment. Staying close to the water. That was certain. But not in the hut. A man indoors could be trapped too easily, would be too limited in his horizon.

Lineer lifted his pistol higher then to the faint outline of the *choza's* roof. He fired, then rolled to his left. He came up on his elbows again, waiting. No bullet, no slightest stir, answered him.

He let what he judged to be a minute pass. He fired again at the roof, rolling hard to the right even as he fired.

Instantly flame spurted from the eastward corner of the roof. The bullet thudded into the ground somewhere to Lineer's left as he rolled hard once more, wincing at the sudden pain when his wound scraped the hard earth.

He let a longer interval pass this time, working his body back slowly with elbows and knees and moving leftward again. The dust stirred by his body in the oppressive stillness choked his lungs, and he fought down a cough. Two minutes. Three minutes. He fired and rolled, and again the rifle sought him out.

He came forward again, moving to his left front, so intent on the pattern of his movement that he was only dimly aware of fresh pain in scraped knees and elbows. He fired, rolling right.

This time the quick bark of three revolver shots answered him from the roof, flicking into the ground on both sides of him. So the man there had laid aside the rifle. If this enemy had fired all six shots of his pistol as well spaced as the three had been, one of them might have struck home.

Lineer moved steadily toward the corral fence to his right. How many minutes had passed? Eight? Ten? Tim should have had plenty of time.

Lineer slipped beneath the fence. He debated one more shot and decided against it, feeling now the deep bite of weariness and the pain of scraped skin and bruises that seemed to cover his whole body. He circled south of the tank. He paused to listen when suddenly Tim appeared at his side. For a big man, Tim could move very quietly.

"Both watered," whispered Tim. "Canteens full. Now we go after him."

"No," said Lineer. "Now we ride."

They were back on the road, and swinging north, when Tim said, "And now, Jim lad, I'll ask ye why."

"Perhaps we could have killed him," said Lineer. "And perhaps one of us would have been killed in the doing of it. But that is not all the reason. We do no fighting we can prevent. Tracy Thomason keeps the peace in this valley."

"Ahhh, does he now? And would he be keeping the peace the way he did in Sonora? I'll be no friend to a man that makes ye turn away from a rascal that tried to kill ye. And by yere own word ye don't even know who the rascal might be."

"If there is fighting," repeated Lineer, "it's Thomason's business, not ours."

"Jim, lad," asked Tim in a troubled voice, "are ye still the man I worked for in Sonora?"

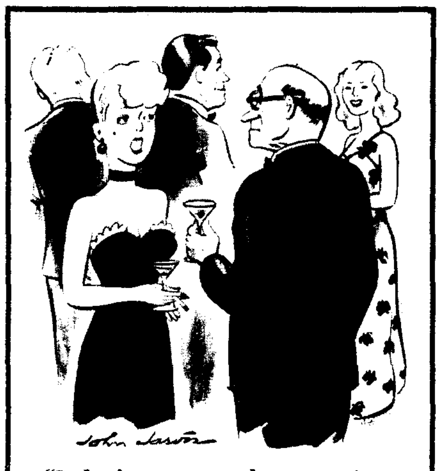
"I am, Tim."

"Then this much more I'll politely ask ye: If Thomason can't protect us, do we keep runnin'?"

"Thomason gets his chance. If he can't keep the peace, I will." . . .

The sun was again on their left cheeks when the tall cottonwoods of Tularosa rose out of the desert at the foot of the Sacramentos. They stopped at the end of the *acequia,* where its water marked the dramatic change from desert to green.

Their thirst satisfied, they moved into the red dust of Tularosa's streets. The dust was powder fine, yielding as a soft carpet. Yet right beside it flowed the cold, clear waters of the *'cequia,* the sparkling life artery of this town. The yellow cottonwoods, close-planted along the canal, shaded the waters and gave to Tularosa a pleasant charm. Even the adobes, set back from the flowing stream, festooned with their strings of chili colorado, lost their harsh angularity in the soft splatter of light and tree shadow.



"I don't want to show my ignorance, Professor, but just how are atomic bombs made?"

COLLIER'S JOHN JARVIS

They stabled at Tyson's, just off the plaza. Lineer felt the need of a bath to cleanse the soreness and the aches from his body, but the mystery of last night pushed at his mind and would not let him wait. He left Tim to send their gear around to the hotel and stepped out on the street.

Molly Riordan was walking toward him. A basket swung under her arm. A blue sunbonnet covered her head against the desert sun and was drawn closely about her face. She walked hurriedly, watching her feet and casting little glances to both sides of her.

Lineer removed his hat and stepped in front of her. She saw his feet and legs first. When she raised her face he observed that her eyes were startled.

"Molly," he said, "you're looking uncommonly fine."

"The same to you, sir," she replied, showing her pleasure.

"Going anywhere in particular?"

"Just a bit of buying for Miss Barbara."

"Buy an extra bit and get me invited there for supper, will you?"

She laughed up at him, her blue eyes full of the merriment he remembered from the first time he ever saw her. "I will that. We're expecting Mr. Thomason too."

"How is Barbara?" he asked.

"Ah, you should see her," exclaimed Molly. "She and the help so busy the livelong day getting the house in order. Buying and planning and sewing—"

"Barbara sewing?"

She slanted a glance up at him, smiling yet reproachful. "Now don't you be getting ideas, Mr. Lineer. Miss Barbara can do anything she sets her mind to. She learned in a twinkling."

There was no mistaking the gentle reprimand in Molly's voice. It brought him again up against a confusing fact that he had wondered about idly during the days in El Paso: the close comradeship between this servant and the willful, capricious girl who was her mistress.

He spoke to her gently, "Molly, you were acting a moment ago as though you were afraid somebody was going to speak to you, perhaps hurt you. Why?"

She stared with quiet face down the street, past the last tree beside the *'cequia,* far out to where the white sands of the desert lay, hot and breathless and harshly agleam.

"I am not afraid," she said. "Truly I'm not. But there is—something—out there. It's—I do not understand it, but there is sorrow in it."

"Sorrow?" He frowned down, puzzled. Then he chuckled. "Molly, you *are* Irish. You see it and feel it before you know it's there. And you're right. It's Pavlo Blanco."

"Pavlo Blanco?"

"The White Lady of the Sands. A Spanish legend of tragedy. Someday when the sands are blowing I'll tell it to you."

As he moved away a thought came to him and he turned back to ask, his eyes gay, "How is Harry Keck?"

The question caused Molly no embarrassment. "I have not seen him for many days," she said.

AT THAT moment Big Tim emerged from the stable. Lineer saw his eyes travel to Molly, and saw Molly's face lift and her gaze go forth to meet Tim. Tim was beside her in a quick stride, smiling down at her as Lineer spoke their names, and then Tim was saying, "Molly Riordan, is it? Jim, lad, ye spoke too little of this."

Lineer stayed but a minute more, and in that minute no word was spoken. Bold blue eyes looked into deep blue eyes, and all of the many things that were said were wordless. Lineer moved up the street. He looked back once, his face thoughtful with its wonderment, and saw Tim take the basket from Molly's arm.

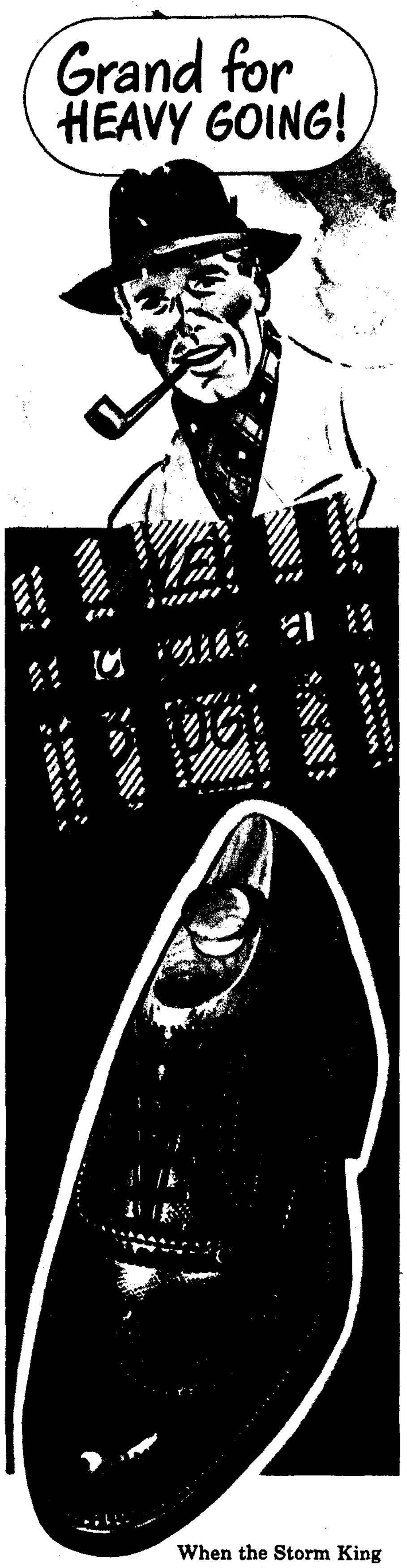
Lineer entered the plaza and turned right. He tried the first door of a wide, one-story frame building, and found it locked. So Thomason was not here. This was the railroad's land office, used by both Thomason and Lineer when they were in Tularosa.

The shades were drawn next door, too, at the little private bank Ed Ware managed for his uncle.

He moved off the plaza and up the street, feeling as always the drowsing comfort of life beneath its big cottonwoods after the harshness of the desert. At the east edge of town he came to two large homes beside the *'cequia madre.* They were the only houses in all Tularosa built of stone and wood. They were the only houses that proclaimed their substance with a second story.

Old Jube Nye lived in the first. The second had been the home of Ed Ware until Wilse Ware offered it to Barbara Edwards. Now young Ware lived in the hotel on the plaza.

Lineer turned in at the first house, knocked, then opened the door when he heard Jube Nye's high, precise voice in-


Grand for HEAVY GOING!

When the Storm King rages, you'll be ready in your new FOOT PALS brogues. These sturdy, handsome shoes feature ruddy-brown scotch-grain leather from famed W. & J. Martin of Scotland, molded over our comfortable "Buck" last. Other highlights are their full-brogue construction, their heavy double soles and flange heels . . . PLUS quality a grade above their price.

Wall-Streeter Shoe Company, No. Adams, Mass.

WALL STREETER
FOOT-PALS
SHOES FOR MEN

Shop!
compare value for value!
Look!
it's tops in style!
Listen!
it has the famous "Golden Throat"
The Golden Throat

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Here's "Nipper," RCA Victor's world-famous dog . . . Today, as for 48 years, symbol of the finest in recorded music.

It's Victrola 65U, compact table radio-phonograph with automatic record changer, the fastest-selling set of its kind on the market. Plays 12 ten-inch or 10 twelve-inch records—almost an hour's concert or dance music.

RCA Victor's *exclusive* pick-up, the Silent Sapphire, eliminates needle chatter and *needle changing.* It's so light, so safe—records not only sound better but actually last years longer!

All radio controls are on the cabinet front—no need to lift the lid to enjoy your radio. Straight-line dial and colorful numbers make tuning easy. There's a super-sensitive electro-dynamic speaker. 2-point tone control for radio and records—and for both the rich, true tone of the "Golden Throat."

The Golden Throat . . . Finest tone system in RCA Victor history, the "Golden Throat's" precise, 3-way acoustical balance is explained in a booklet attached to RCA Victor instruments.

When you're in New York, see the radio and electronic wonders at the RCA Exhibition Hall. Open free to all. 36 W. 49th Street, across from Radio City.

"VICTROLA" T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

[illegible] in performance [illegible] Model 66X1[illegible] with touches of [illegible] gold-hued metal. Has extra-[illegible] Loop [illegible] At your [illegible] dealer's [illegible]

RCA VICTOR
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

vite him in. The old lawyer sat in his shirt sleeves in the living room that he used as an office. He rose slowly and painfully to his feet in his courteous way, his lined face showing his pleasure.

"Jim, boy. How's the empire builder?"

"Sun-scorched and dry as a visiting preacher," said Lineer. It felt good to drop on the worn leather sofa, stretch his legs and take the cool glass of lemonade from the hand of this man who had been his father's old friend. He hesitated, feeling the need of idle and uncomplicated talk, then said abruptly, "Somebody tried to kill me at Tinker Well yesterday."

Jubal Nye's face, trained by a half century of courtroom battles, shaped into an expression of courteous attention, not friendly, not hostile. "So?"

Lineer said, "Who was it?"

NYE let a minute pass. No slightest change showed in his face. But the very fact of his hesitation showed that a struggle was going on in his precise mind, and that it was no ordinary struggle. He said finally, "No."

"If there is trouble between you and Wilse Ware," Lineer persisted gently, "is it not the railroad's business?" He added dryly, "Perhaps not mine until the man at the well shoots straighter. But—Thomason's, say?"

The old lawyer nodded, faintly smiling. "I'll concede that, though Wilse Ware would not. *If* there is trouble."

"I'm moving a drilling rig up to the Jarillas soon," Lineer continued. "I'll have to borrow water from Tinker Well for the drilling crew."

Jubal Nye rose and paced the room. He opened the door and squinted out at the harsh sunlight, his spare and feeble body held stiffly straight by the iron spirit that guided his life. When he came back to Lineer he had made his decision.

"I've got Harry Keck staked out at that well," he said. "Wilse Ware is hunting him."

Lineer was silent, remembering the slim and handsome foreman whose quick pride had flared so dangerously that night at Steve's in San Antonio. So it was Harry Keck at the well. And Keck, holed up, would not let anybody of whom he was not sure approach the well.

"But Keck would not try to kill you," said Nye.

Lineer lifted his left arm, pointing to the bullet hole through his shirt. "Keck fired one safe warning shot," he said. "This was the second. It was fired after I raised my hat."

"At what distance?"

"Two hundred yards."

"Keck is one of the best shots in the country. He wouldn't miss at two hundred yards."

Lineer stirred irritably. He had sat a restless horse when that shot was fired. The best of riflemen could have been thrown off three inches. But that was not what disturbed him now. It was some memory of the man. Something that night at Steve's. Some unnatural light in the eyes of Keck when he braced Lineer after the fight. The man had a wild, hot pride. A pride that would brood and feed on itself, and flash out in time as an insane hate.

"Why," said Lineer with surprise and deep conviction, "the man is a killer."

Nye said sharply, "Do you think I could fight Wilse Ware with stable-boys?"

"Why is Ware hunting him?"

"The man was a fool," said Nye dryly. "Got in trouble at White Oaks over a poker game and a horse. Rode by night to get here. I sent him down to the *choza* to hole up until he hears from me."

"Is there a warrant out for him?"

"So I understand. Accuses him of stealing his own horse, as he tells it."

Lineer's voice was troubled, "What's being done to settle it?"

"It's settled," said Nye. "He's my man. He's minding his own business on my land. That's the end of it. Do you think he could ever get a fair trial up there before a Ware judge and jury?"

"I'm thinking of what it could lead to. Is there going to be bloodshed in this valley before we ever get a rail laid?"

"There is not. I'll go to any lengths to prevent it." A strange intensity came into Nye's voice. "Any lengths, do you understand?" After a moment he continued quietly, "But Wilse Ware boasts that he stands behind his men right or wrong. I'll do no less."

Lineer said, "Will you let Thomason mediate this?"

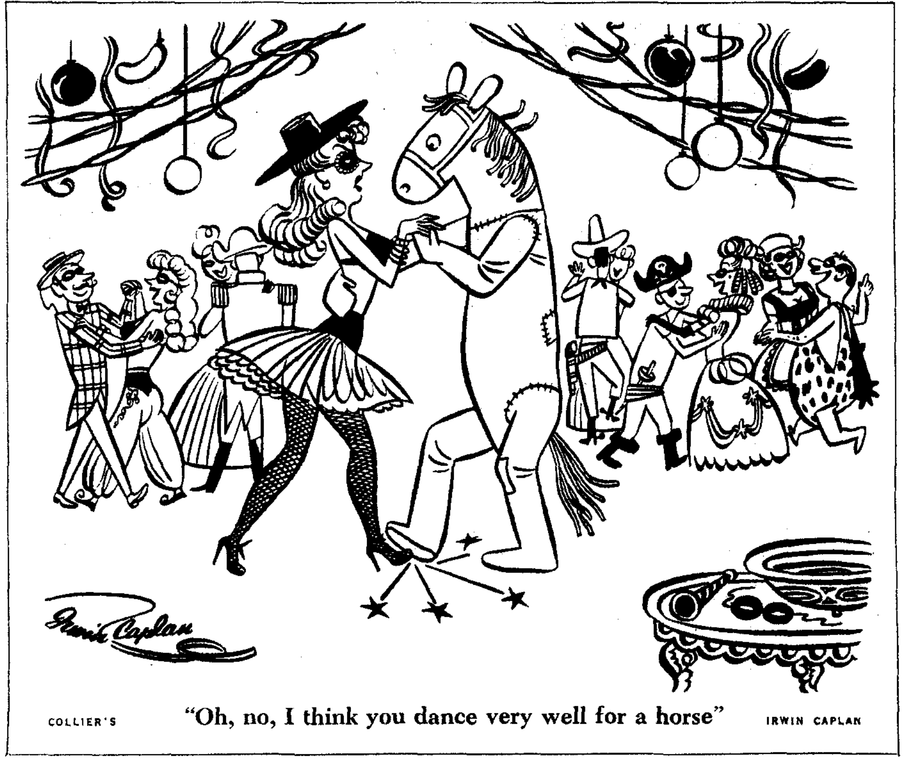
"Of course. I'll surrender Keck if Ware will agree to a trial in a neutral county."

Lineer rose, relieved. This could be stopped now without violence. He thought wryly that perhaps he was disobeying Colonel Edwards' strict injunction to stay at arm's length from this old quarrel.

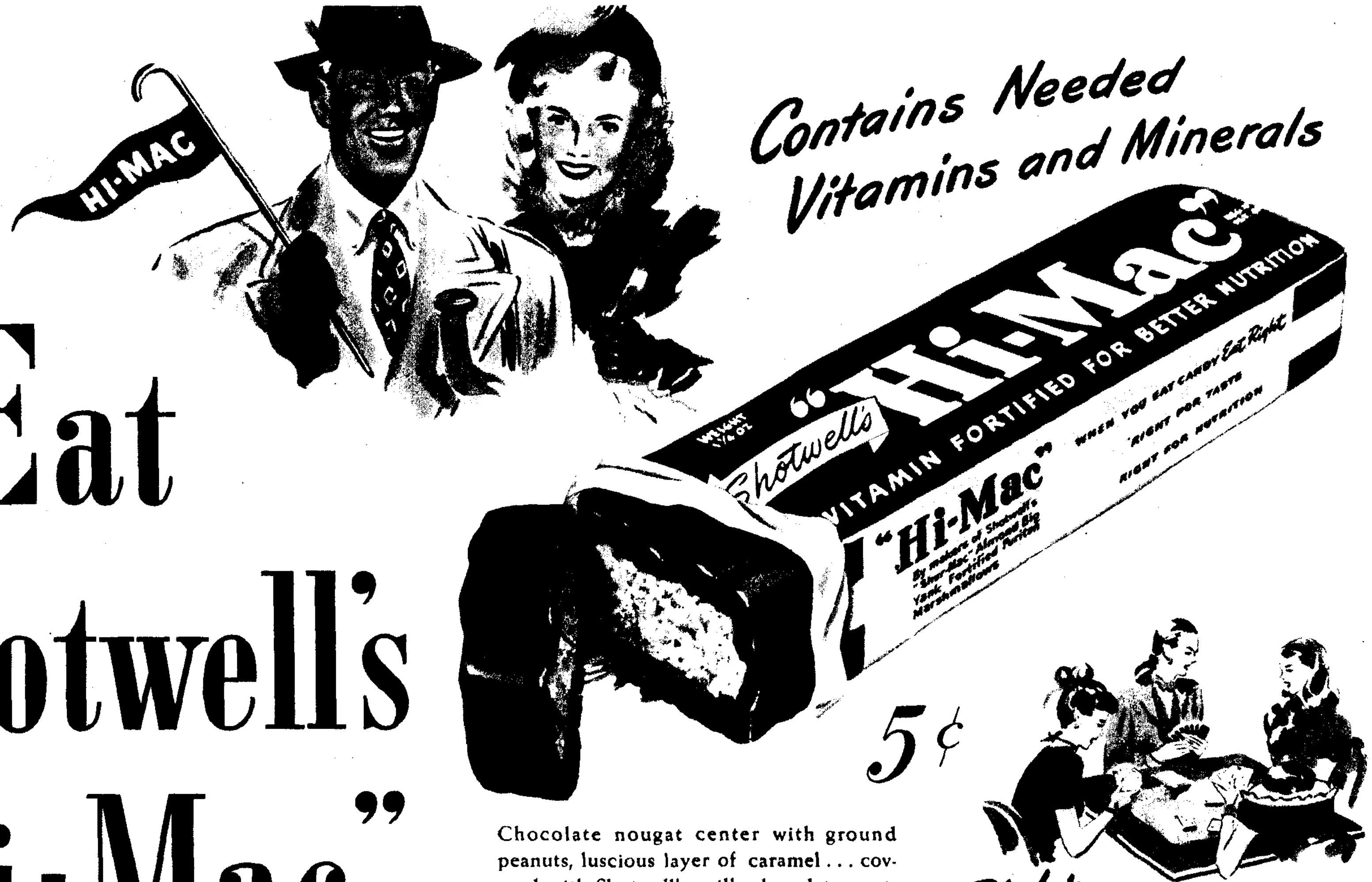
"How are the deep wells coming?" asked Nye.

"The first one looks good," said Lineer. "The Jarilla well—" he shrugged. "Time will tell."

Nye asked in an absent voice, "Do you know that I own that watershed up in the Sacramentos?"



COLLIER'S "Oh, no, I think you dance very well for a horse" IRWIN CAPLAN


HI-MAC
Contains Needed Vitamins and Minerals
Shotwell's
"Hi-Mac"
VITAMIN FORTIFIED FOR BETTER NUTRITION
WHEN YOU EAT CANDY Eat Right
RIGHT FOR TASTE
RIGHT FOR NUTRITION
"Hi-Mac"
By makers of Shotwell's "Shur-Mac" Almond Bar, Yank, Fortified Puritan Marshmallows

Eat Shotwell's "Hi-Mac" and eat right!

5¢

Chocolate nougat center with ground peanuts, luscious layer of caramel . . . covered with Shotwell's milk chocolate coating . . . plus Vitamins B1, B2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin and iron . . . nutrients you need to eat candy and still eat right.

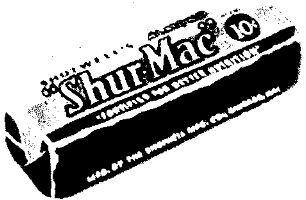
Right for food Balance!

Right for a Lift

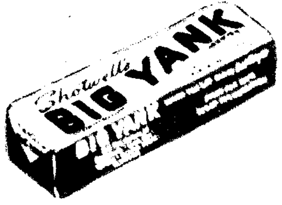
Right for Taste! Right for Nutrition!

Crave candy? Enjoy yourself! "Hi-Mac" is right. Lusciously right. Has Vitamins B_1 and B_2—essential for candy-energy pickup. Plus other vitamins and minerals. Indeed, qualitatively, it has better nutritional-balance than an average meal! That's right. That's "Hi-Mac"! Only a nickel. Buy, try, "Hi-Mac" . . . today.

Other Shotwell Products



"SHUR-MAC"—Whole roasted almonds, nougat, caramel, chocolate coating...plus Vitamins B_1, B_2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin and iron.


Shotwell's
BIG YANK

BIG YANK—Marshmallow center, topped with roasted peanuts, fudge, chocolate coating . . . plus Vitamins B_1, B_2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin and iron.

FORTIFIED PURITAN MARSHMALLOWS—Fluffy, tender marshmallows, with Vitamins B_1, B_2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin and iron.

PURITAN
Marshmallows

We stand corrected

ONLY BUICK HAS *ALL* THESE *Star Features*

AIRFOIL FENDERS — a sleek, car-length, tapering contour of distinctive beauty.

FIREBALL POWER — from valve-in-head straight-eight engines in two sizes.

ACCURITE CYLINDER BORING — smoothness from the start and an engine that "stays young."

SILENT ZONE BODY MOUNTINGS — scientifically placed for a firm and quiet ride.

FLITEWEIGHT PISTONS — for flashing action, swift response, reduced load on bearings.

BUICOIL SPRINGING — Buick-developed all-coil springing for perpetual smoothness and "panthergait" ride.

FULL-LENGTH TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE — protects moving parts, gives steadiness in traveling.

PERMI-FIRM STEERING — light but positive control with reduced need for adjustments.

BROADRIM WHEELS — for peak tire mileage, better car control, freedom from heel-over on curves.

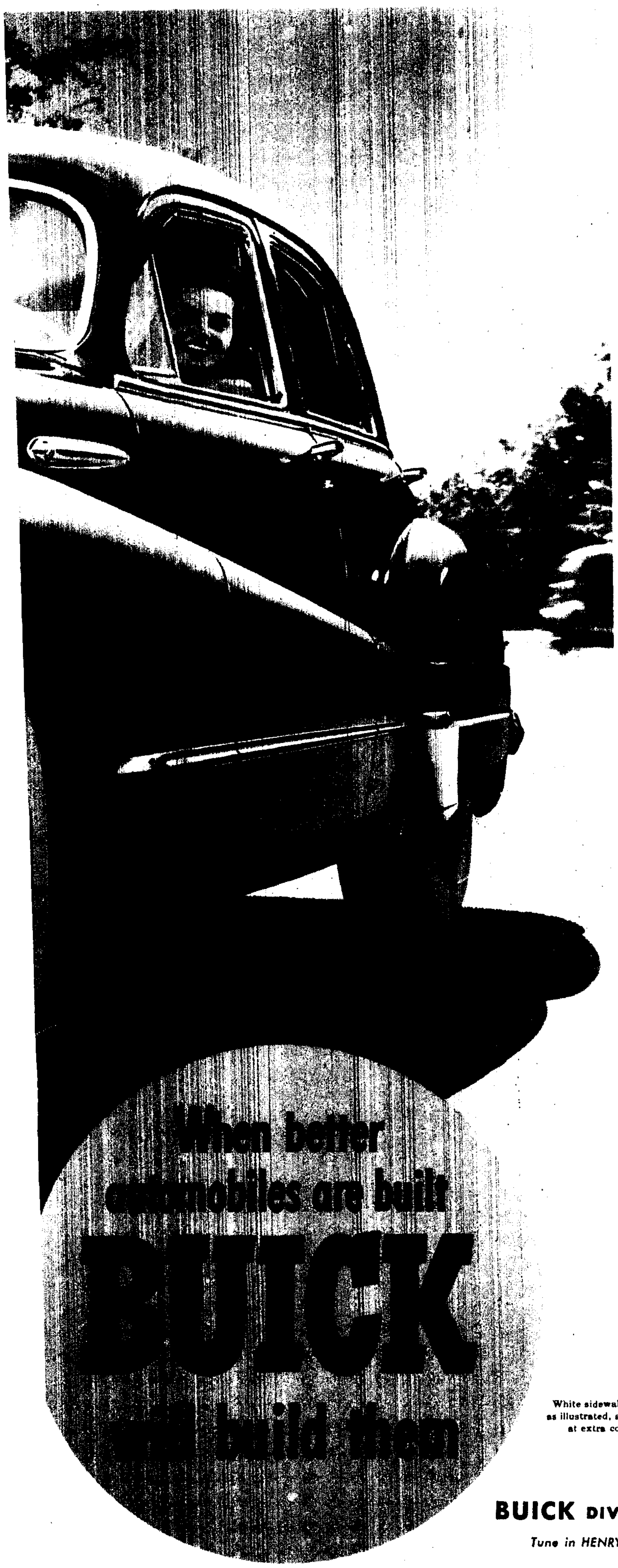
STEPON PARKING BRAKE — sets with a t touch, eliminates awkward hand setti

DEEPFLEX SEAT CUSHIONS — giving lux comfort in all models, three-person ro on all seats.

CURL-AROUND BUMPERS — front and re originated by Buick to protect sheet me Built for bumper jack.

TEN SMART MODELS — in three series, turing Body by Fisher.

— by a Lady


When better automobiles are built
BUICK
will build them

White sidewall tires, as illustrated, available at extra cost.

"LOOK," she said to us, politely but very firmly, "you are making me just a bit tired!"

"Tired?" we said, lifting a surprised brow. "You mean you don't find this Buick comfortable? That these big soft seats and gentle coil springing . . . "

"The seats are dreams of comfort," she interrupted, "and your all-coil springing, or whatever you call it, is everything you say it is and more.

"I mean you've just got the wrong slant on how *we women* look on this Buick!"

"Wrong slant?" We *were* astonished. "Why, its style—its smartness . . . "

"'Fresh as a new bonnet,'" she quoted back at us. "And it surely does look like what cars will be in the future—I certainly hope.

"But do you think that's *all* we women are interested in? Don't you think *we* like power and steadiness and easy handling too?

"You talk as though only a *man* likes to go zooming up a steep hill without having to shift all the time!

"You sound like you think a woman wants to be bounced around like a baby on his grandpa's knee because her car's too light to hold the road!

"To hear you talk, one might think we girls never park a car. Why, one of the things I like best about ours is the way I can slip it into a parking spot at the grocer's without wearing myself out tugging at the wheel.

"My point is a woman doesn't think about a car just as she does a new hat! *Of course* we want style—good style that will stay smart—like Buick's.

"But we like Buick because it *does* things for us.

"Because it's big and powerful and roomy and steady without being truck-heavy to handle. Because it holds the road and answers the wheel and stops quick and makes us feel safe and sure of ourselves when we drive!

"That's what *I* like about our Buick—and I'll bet lots of other women do too!"

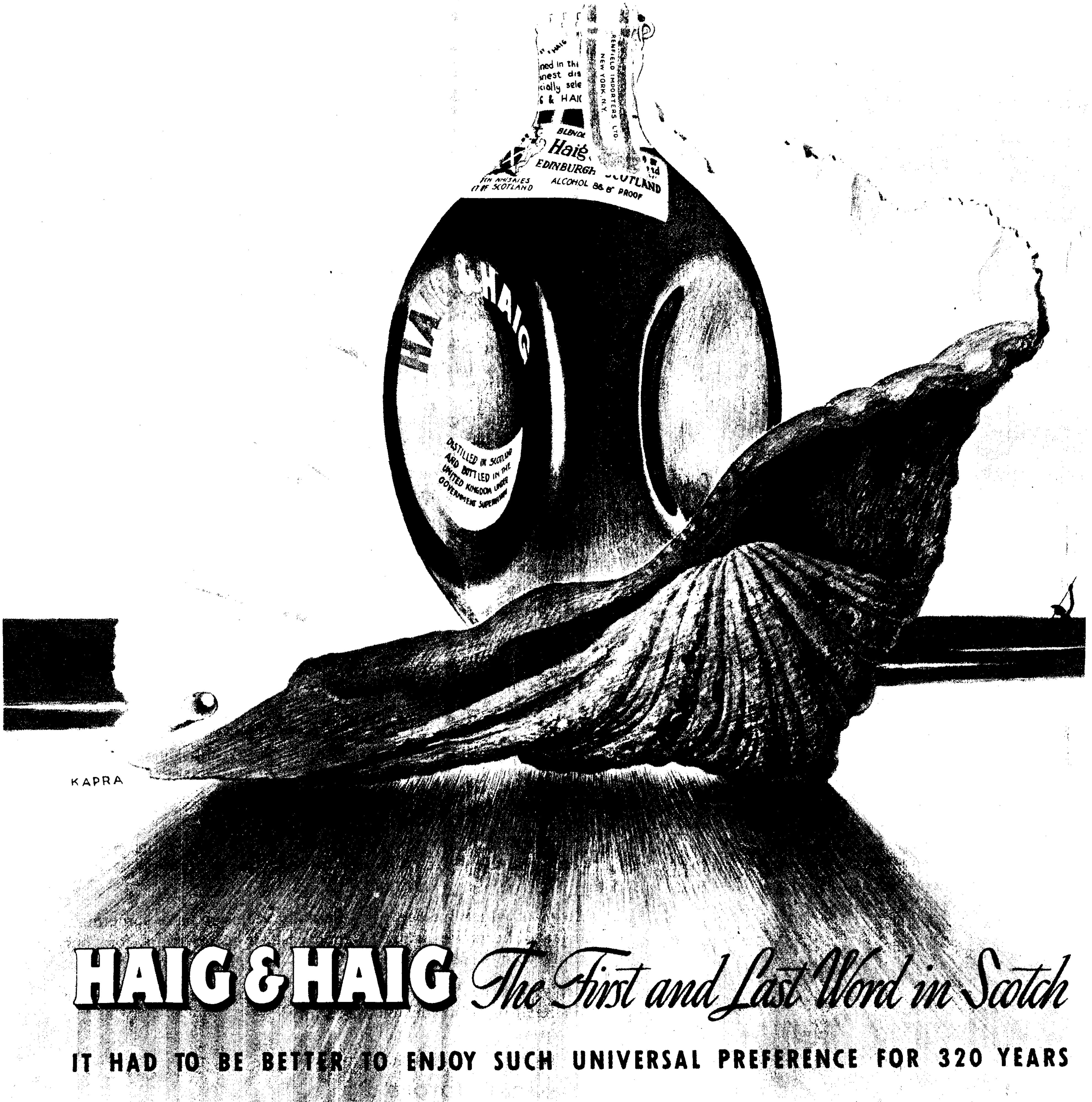
To all of which we can say—the lady seems to have something. In fact—she makes a pretty good case, it seems to us, for your seeing your Buick dealer right now—and getting your order in.

Surely, you can't go wrong settling on a car that so completely sells itself to both sides of the family!

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, Mutual Network, Mondays and Fridays

THE MOST FAMOUS BOTTLE IN THE WORLD


RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
BLENDED
Haig
EDINBURGH SCOTLAND
ALCOHOL 86.8° PROOF
HAIG HAIG
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
KAPRA

HAIG & HAIG *The First and Last Word in Scotch*

IT HAD TO BE BETTER TO ENJOY SUCH UNIVERSAL PREFERENCE FOR 320 YEARS

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

"No," said Lineer in surprise. "You didn't own it when I was up there last year running a flume line."

The old lawyer chuckled. "There isn't much goes on in this end of the valley that doesn't reach me. I knew you were up there and I knew what you were doing. After you left for Sonora I bought up the whole watershed."

Lineer asked curiously, "Why?"

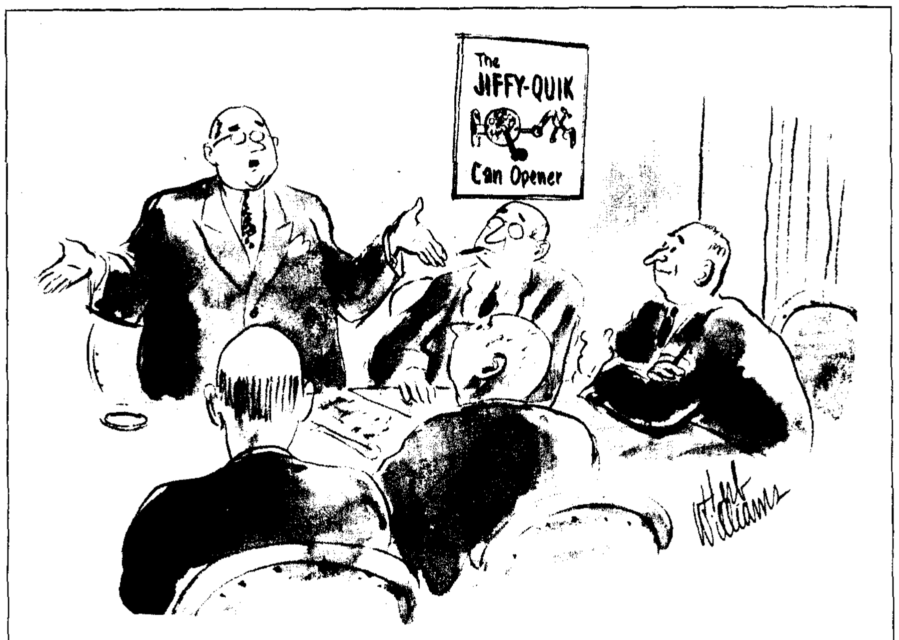
"So that nobody could hold you up on price if you came back to build us a railroad. It's yours at what I paid for it—if your deep wells don't come in."

Lineer's curiosity was strong and direct now. He said, "I don't understand you."

Jubal Nye's faded eyes searched Lineer's face slowly as though he were asking himself how much this younger man could understand.

Presently he said in his quiet, precise voice, "I know what I am. I'm a stubborn old man ruling half of a country that I have no right to rule. A country that should be ruling itself, but can't because Wilse Ware and I have never given it a chance. If Wilse Ware should die tomorrow, I would deed everything I own back to the Territory, then lie down and die too."

He paused. When he resumed there was a rising ring in his tone: "I've done more than one man's share for this country. I've fought Apaches and I've fought evil men. I've fought the sun and I've fought the desert. But I've also done more than one man's share of harm to this country. I've kept God-fearing, gentle people out of this valley because they know Wilse Ware and I have ruled it with violence and may again." His voice dropped away to its old level precision. "A railroad will change everything. A railroad means stability. A railroad means new people. New farms in the foothills, new towns with churches in them. That's why I want this railroad more than anything I ever wanted in my life. That's why I'm going to stay alive until it is built."



"Let's just urge the people to buy it because we need the money"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

THIS was the way of it with Molly Riordan and Timothy McCarthy, standing there on the plaza *publica* of Tularosa, standing beside the singing flow of the *'cequia,* standing beneath the dappled shade of the old cottonwoods as Lineer walked up the street, pausing once to look back in wonderment.

Molly stared wordlessly up at Tim, unsmiling because all power had left her. She saw the black ringlets that curled about his ears. She saw the strong white teeth of him, and the laughter and the temper of him that lay upon his lips. She saw the deep burn of sun at the outthrust of his cheekbones. She saw the scar slanting across his forehead, slashing a white line through his left eyebrow.

She saw the boldness go out of his eyes and wonder come into them. She looked down at the basket under her arm and she looked at an aged Mescalero Apache asleep against a cottonwood bole and she looked at Lineer striding up the street, and she knew that nothing really had changed.

Then she looked up again and his blue eyes still were on her, and she knew the whole world had changed.

Yet it was she, and not Tim, who set the world in motion again. She spoke to him, lapsing for the first time since childhood into the soft speech way of her father and never knowing it, "If ye'll take the basket, Mr. McCarthy, we'll be going now."

Tim's great hand at her elbow guided her up the street, and ever afterward Molly remembered the sensation of floating beneath the cottonwoods. Floating up and up in the bold blue and the merry blue of their own unbelieving eyes, floating on and on beneath the bright blue of the desert sky.

And when they reached the door of the big house beside the *'cequia madre* a terrible thought came to Tim and he said fiercely, "Molly, there is no other man to answer to?"

"No, Tim," she said. "There is no other man."

That was the way of it with Timothy McCarthy and Molly Riordan, then and forever. Barbara Edwards was the first to know it. She saw it in Molly's radiant smile, and it made her look wonderingly at Big Tim. Without saying a word she slipped to Molly's side and embraced her.

And Lineer, arriving later from Jubal Nye's next door, saw it too. With the deep insight that was part of his nature he understood that these two, Molly and Tim, were this day chosen to dwell on that distant peak where the happiness of a man and a woman is sublime and their sorrow, if sorrow comes, is a dark and intolerable grief. And then he thought of little Georgie Price, who had been Tim's inseparable companion over half a continent, and he murmured, "Poor Georgie."

Tim and Molly had wandered to the big garden behind the house. Now Lineer was smiling down at Barbara, observing the complete graciousness of this girl in her role of mistress of the house. It was a side of her that he should have expected, considering her background, yet it seemed somehow inconsistent with the turbulent girl of two months ago.

Her face was pleased and friendly and filled with a faint excitement. She had tanned evenly, defying the dryness that ruined most women's complexions in this driest of climates. It was a small thing, but it pointed up the surprising adaptability that this girl seemed to possess. Yet he thought that her green eyes held back something, and it set him to wondering.

She was inspecting him too, seeing the red dust that caked his clothes and the deeper stain of blood on his shirt. She said critically, "You could make yourself more presentable."

SHE led him to the back porch, filling a basin for him. He waited a moment, and when she showed no intention of leaving he stripped off his shirt. The cool water felt good on his face and his head and his forearms. He splashed noisily and contentedly with a man's fine disregard for the mess he was making. Yet he was conscious of her eyes making an unabashed examination of him.

Not until she handed him a towel did she point to the angry streak along his side with inquiring eyes.

He delayed his answer, thinking of Jubal Nye's disbelief. Nye was keeping Keck at the well, sending him word to let the drillers use the water. To insist now that Keck had tried to kill him could only cause more trouble.

"A warning shot that came too close," he said. He sketched part of the events at Tinker Well. As he did so it occurred suddenly to him that he had no doubts whatever of this girl's discreetness.

"Keck came here often to see Molly," she said thoughtfully. "I don't think Molly encouraged him, but he was very insistent." She added then, "Keep your shirt off a minute."

Barbara poured fresh water and wet a clean cloth. She stepped to him, and began washing the dried blood below the wound.

She smiled innocently up at him. The touch of her cool fingers and the nearness of her stirred a sharp awareness in his blood. He thought with sudden shock that here was the cause of the eagerness that held him on the road yesterday. Then he told himself that the intimate nearness of any pretty woman would have stirred this response in him. A wry conviction that this was deliberate came to him. This was her talent for dangerous mischief at play. Two months in the desert had not subdued it.

He said quizzically, "How is Tracy?"

She stepped back, glancing obliquely at his face. "Fine. He should be here soon. He went to White Oaks to see Wilse Ware—about a sawmill."

He was putting on his shirt when she seemed to complete some thought, for she said, "You know, Tracy is a strong and clever fighter. My father used to bring professionals up to our place on the river in the summer when he was having stag parties, and Tracy would fight them and beat them. I was only twelve the first time, and Tracy was just out of college. I peeked through a hedge to see the fight. Tracy was wonderful."

Lineer regarded her curiously. "What made you think of that?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just that you are about of a size."

"Were you two together much as children?" he asked.

She shook her head. "He was always away at school when I was small. Then later Dad sent him out on railroad jobs. I worshiped him from afar until he discovered me last winter."

She was smiling again as she continued, "Dad writes that he may come out again in the autumn. I think Tracy and I will marry then."

"That's good," he said.

She asked abruptly, "You and Tracy

BE SURE YOUR NEXT SHIRT BEARS THIS LABEL

FRUIT OF THE LOOM

IT COMES WITH THIS GUARANTEE! "If this Fruit of the Loom product does not give you satisfaction in use, return it to us and you will receive a new one or a refund of the purchase price. FRUIT OF THE LOOM, INC., PROVIDENCE, R. I."

Plus these FRUIT OF THE LOOM features: Sanforized, Wilt-Proof Collar, Fast Colors, Exclusive Patterns, Precision Tailoring, All-Over Fit. From $2.95.

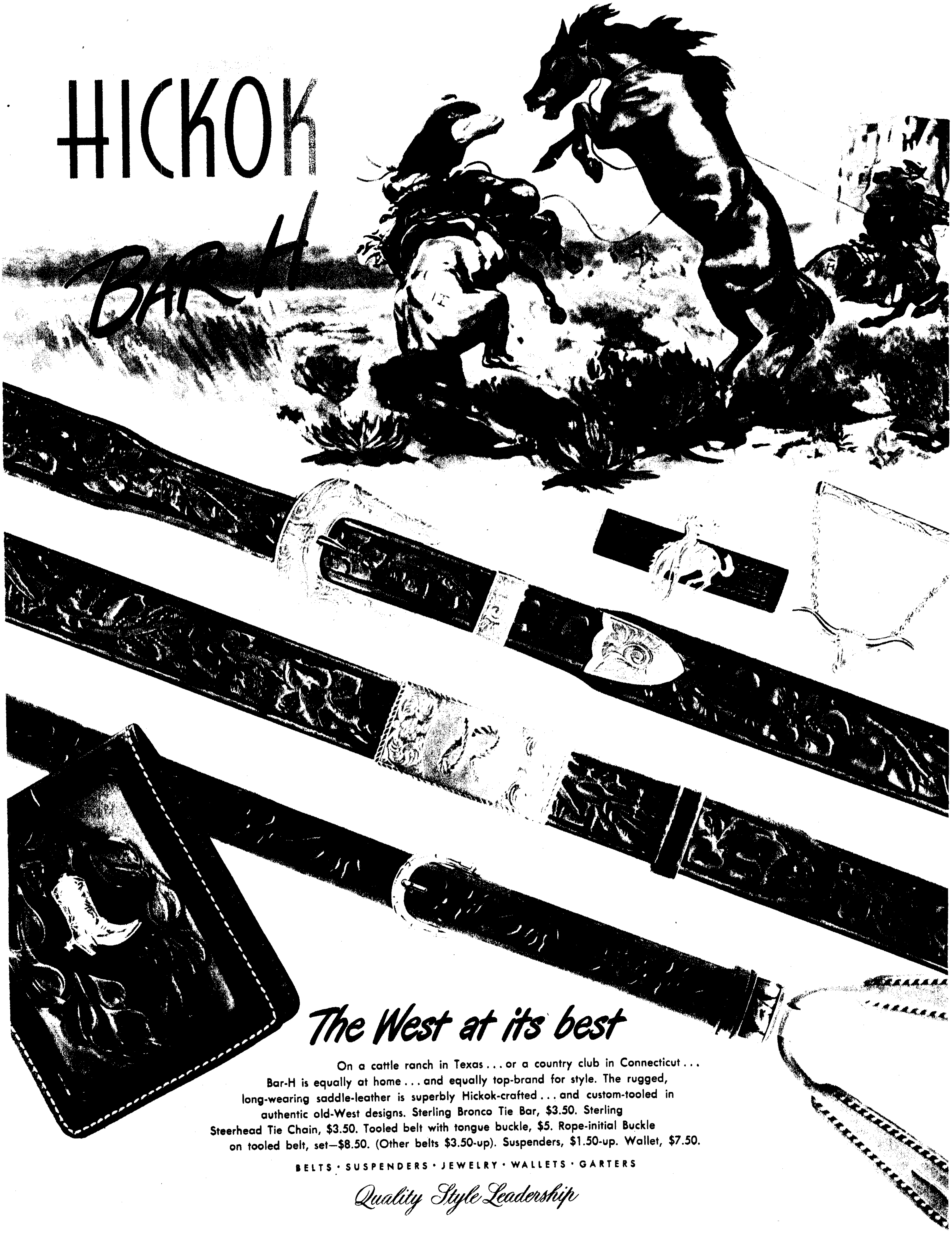
GUARANTEED

FRUIT OF THE LOOM

SANFORIZED

MEN'S SHIRTS · SPORT SHIRTS

At value-giving stores everywhere.
For nearest Dealer, write:
ABELES SHIRT CO., INC.
230 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1



The West at its best

On a cattle ranch in Texas . . . or a country club in Connecticut . . . Bar-H is equally at home . . . and equally top-brand for style. The rugged, long-wearing saddle-leather is superbly Hickok-crafted . . . and custom-tooled in authentic old-West designs. Sterling Bronco Tie Bar, $3.50. Sterling Steerhead Tie Chain, $3.50. Tooled belt with tongue buckle, $5. Rope-initial Buckle on tooled belt, set—$8.50. (Other belts $3.50-up). Suspenders, $1.50-up. Wallet, $7.50.

BELTS · SUSPENDERS · JEWELRY · WALLETS · GARTERS

Quality Style Leadership

are working well together, aren't you?"

"We haven't seen much of each other," said Lineer. "He's been here in the valley dealing with people. I've been in El Paso handling materials and engineering details."

She regarded him soberly, meeting his eyes. "That is not an answer," she said. "But then, I know now that you and Tracy could never be close friends."

"We have made a good start," said Lineer. "I have no complaints."

THEY were back in the living room when Tracy Thomason burst through the front door with a gay shout.

"Barbara!" he cried, seizing her in his arms. He lifted her, laughing, and whirled her. "Jim! The first well is in! Seventy-eight thousand gallons in the first test run. And moderately soft water!"

He set Barbara down, continuing exuberantly, "A messenger caught me down the street with the news. The driller is all ready to move the rig up for the Jarilla well."

Barbara kissed him warmly, then pulled away with a little laugh. Lineer said, "Congratulations, Tracy."

Thomason dropped his arms, not trying to pull Barbara back to him though she stood expectantly. He gave Lineer a brief, almost quizzical stare, searching for some overtone in Lineer's congratulations and not finding it. The glint of triumph made sharp bright points in the paleness of his gray eyes. The faint freckles on his forehead sank beneath the flush of his face. He strode once the length of the room, the deep drive and vitality of him reaching out to conquer.

"We're away, Jim!" he exclaimed. "Get your gangs organized. Get that first shipment of steel out here. We're going to start laying rails!" He paused in his striding to slap a fist into his palm, then continued with his strong laugh, "I had a hunch it would be this good. I just bought another sawmill from Wilse Ware. I'll have so many timbers and crossties coming down to you they'll be running out your ears, Jim!"

Lineer said, "What about the Jarilla well?"

Thomason swung about challengingly. "What about it?"

Lineer said carefully, "I don't want to lay any rails until that well comes in. If we start construction we can't stop without losing a lot of money."

"And waiting will lose us another month," snapped Thomason. "Maybe two."

Lineer shrugged. "If we've reached that desert and the Jarilla well fails, we'll all suffer. Maybe lose some men."

"It won't fail!" Thomason said. "The water's there."

Lineer started to speak and changed his mind. He saw Barbara was watching Thomason, her face intent. Thomason strode to Lineer, his long jaw set, the sharp flare of anger in his eyes. He overreached Lineer with his greater height and he used it, seeming with the taut readiness of his body to thrust against Lineer, as though he could drive and push and beat Lineer down without touching him.

"The water's there," he repeated. "And if it isn't, we'll drive on through without it!"

Again Lineer was silent, and Thomason took the silence for opposition. The very wordlessness of it seemed to infuriate him.

"We'll force our way across," he barked. "If you're not man enough to do it, say so now."

"Tracy!" exclaimed Barbara.

He swung to her. "Keep out of this, Barbara. Lineer has been fighting against me on these wells since the first day. He wants them to fail so he can build his damned flume. Now he'll take orders or get out!"

"I'll take no orders from ye, and could be I'll give ye one if ye keep crowdin' a better man than ye'll ever be."

None of them had heard Big Tim come to the living-room door from the back of the house. He stood there now, poised and grinning but with a dark flame of wrath dancing in his eyes. Behind his shoulder stood Molly, startled and afraid.

Thomason stared for a moment in astonishment, then leaped toward Tim. "Get out of here, you black devil!"

Tim strode forward to meet him, then stopped suddenly. For Barbara Edwards stood in front of Thomason, her arms stiff at her sides but her eyes flashing.

"You'll order no one from my house, Tracy Thomason," she said coldly.

Thomason teetered then on the edge of blind fury, an entirely senseless rage that filmed his pale eyes. And Lineer, moving in swift strides to Big Tim's side, saw in those eyes the struggle between a temper that could tolerate no opposition and an ambition that drove this man relentlessly.

A long minute passed before Thomason's shoulders came down. He breathed like a spent runner. "I'm sorry," he said. He spoke only to Barbara. "I'm sorry," he said again. He met her eyes until she smiled, and then he smiled. He raised his head, looking over her.

"Hello, Tim," he said pleasantly.

Tim grinned. "And wan hello to ye, sor," he said.

Thomason reached out his hand to Lineer. "Forgive me, Jim. I know you weren't trying to rowel me. It's just that"—he smiled boyishly, and all of the charm of the man was back on his face—"it's just that this railroad means so damned much to me. And sometimes I forget how much it means to you too."

"All right, Tracy," said Lineer. "Let us understand each other clearly. It's my job to point out to you the risks we'll run. It's yours to make the decisions. You have gone against my judgment. I'm still with you. If that well fails we've got fifty miles of desert to cross. At the halfway point we'll be twenty-five miles from water. I'll cross it. But when I get across, we'll still need sweet water for engine boilers."

"The water is there," Thomason said once more. That unpredictable bubbling of exuberance was shaping his face again. He had triumphed. The march of rails would begin now. The deep, deep pleasure of command, of obedience exacted, made him altogether charming, altogether handsome. And if he had lost anything in victory, he did not know it. "By the time you reach the Jarillas, I'll have so much water I'll be floating crossties down to you."

HE SWUNG his long right arm around Barbara's waist. She hesitated, stiffening for one brief moment, then relaxed against him.

Smiling up, she said, "I'm proud of you, Tracy."

He said gaily, "Thank you, darling."

"I know it was no easy thing for you to apologize," she said.

Lineer observed the shadow of scornful half anger cross Thomason's face and he knew that Thomason had misunderstood, that Thomason had thought she was proud of his triumph over Lineer and the flume. The thought came to Lineer then that the struggle of wills which would shape the marriage of these two was not yet ended.

He said, "Tracy, there is trouble between Ware and Nye. Not serious yet. But it could be."

"Now what?"

"Jube Nye has a man in hiding. Ware is supposed to be looking for him. I've talked to Nye. He's willing for you to mediate."

"I'll see Nye in the morning," Thomason promised.

"Good. And Ware?"

"I've got to be back in White Oaks the latter part of next week," said Thomason carelessly. "I'll see Wilse then."

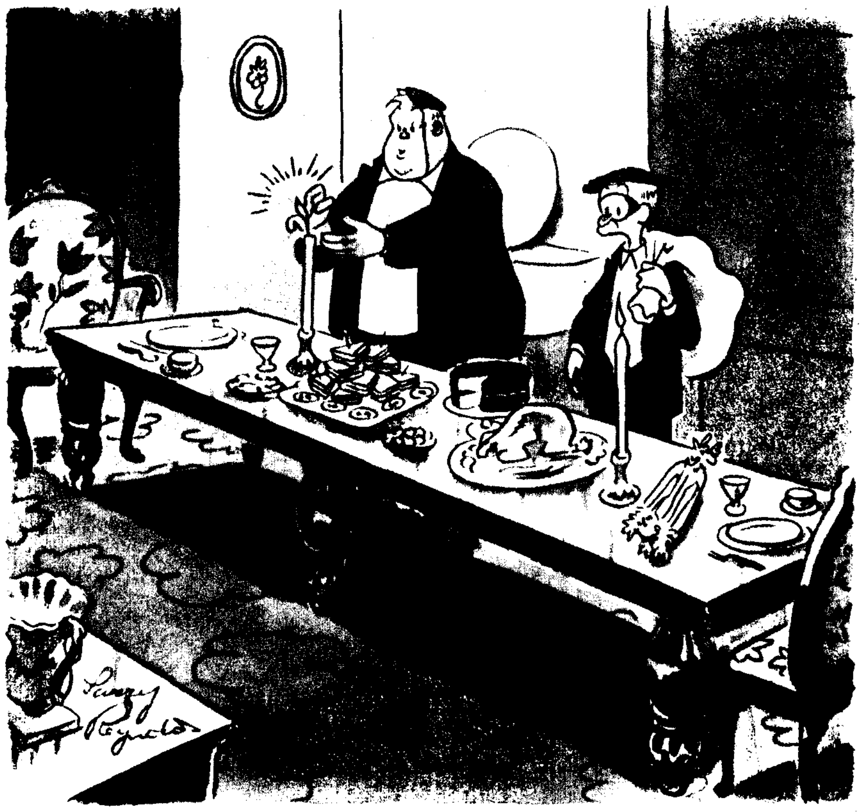
Lineer frowned. Thomason said briskly, "Stop worrying, Jim. They gave me their word."

Lineer and Tim were leaving for the hotel when Barbara told them, "Our new furnishings should be here in two or three weeks. We're planning a housewarming. Molly and I expect you two. And we'll accept no excuses."

She stood in the yellow light of the door, watching them go. They had reached the street before she turned back in, her eyes filled with a restless doubt.

(To be continued next week)

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Oh, it wasn't any bother—just a few leftovers I scraped together"

COLLIER'S

WORK
PLAY
RELAX
in perfect comfort

FAMOUS

FRUIT OF THE LOOM

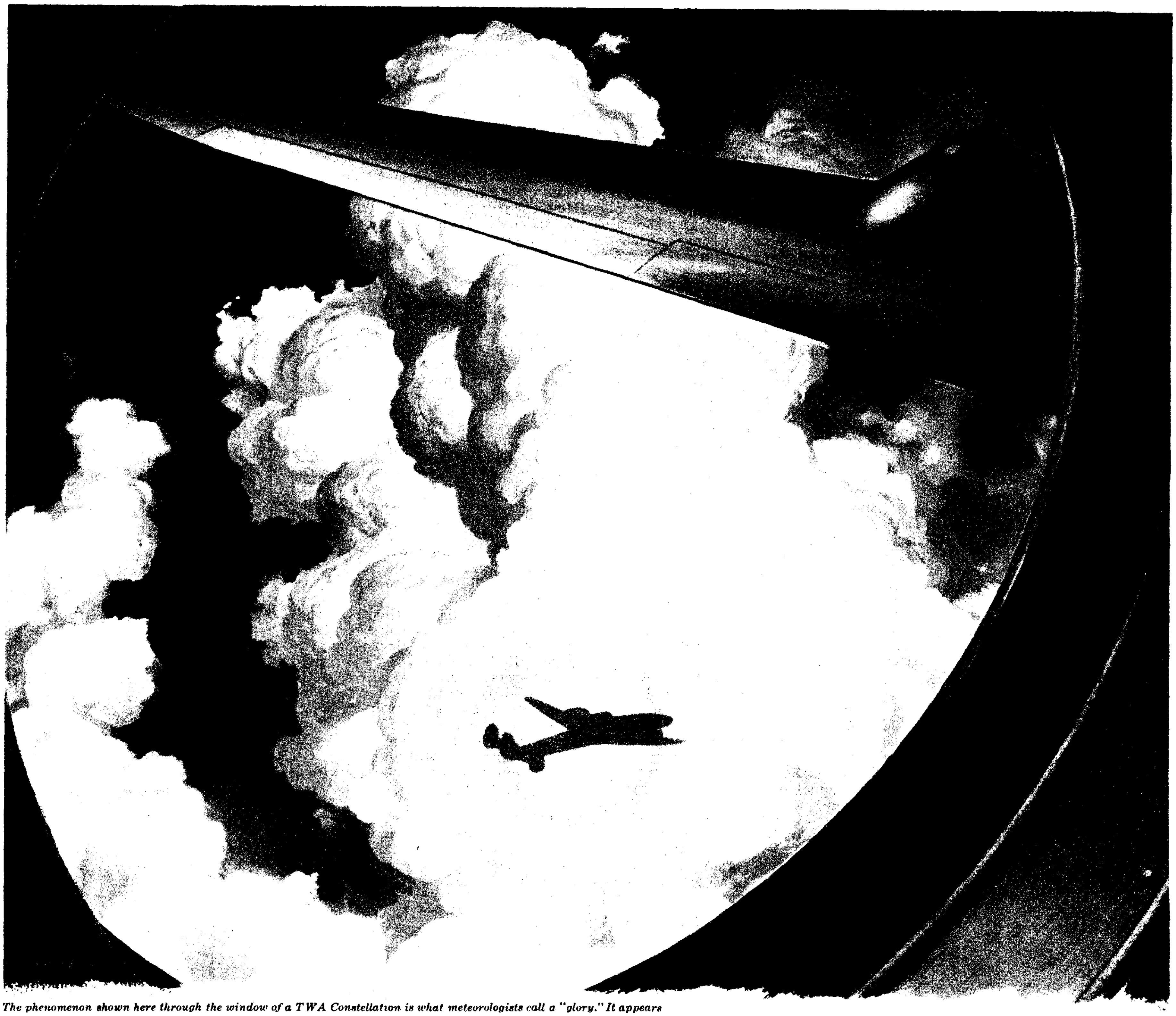
UNDERWEAR

for MEN *and* BOYS

Real, pleasant comfort... and long wear! You know you can depend on famous Fruit of the Loom for the kind of underwear you like! And the price is comfortably low.

FRUIT OF THE LOOM

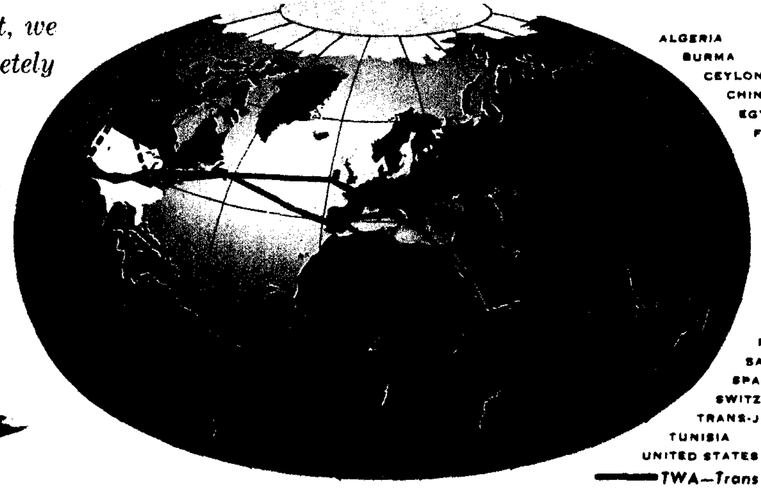
LICENSED MANUFACTURER
UNION UNDERWEAR CO.
Empire State Building, New York



The phenomenon shown here through the window of a TWA Constellation is what meteorologists call a "glory." It appears when the shadow of a high-flying plane is projected against a cloud of minute liquid droplets fairly uniform in size.

Glory of the High Way

Over the TWA high way, you wing past sights unknown on earth—at speeds many times as swift as the fastest surface transportation—between this nation's principal cities or those overseas. Yet however much you marvel at such miracles of flight, we aim to please you, too, with everything we do to make each trip a completely joyous journey. With trans world seasoned airmanship. With hostesses to whom your comfort is a career. And with the courteous cooperation of those of us you deal with on the ground. For such things are what make flying the way to travel and TWA the way to fly—on the only airline that operates top-speed Constellations coast to coast.



ALGERIA
BURMA
CEYLON
CHINA
EGYPT
FRANCE
GREECE
INDIA
INDO-CHINA
IRAQ
IRELAND
ITALY
LIBYA
NEWFOUNDLAND
OMAN
PALESTINE
PORTUGAL
SAUDI ARABIA
SPAIN
SWITZERLAND
TRANS-JORDAN
TUNISIA
UNITED STATES

━━ *TWA—Trans World Airline*
– – – *connecting airlines*
• • • • *TWA—route applied for*

TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINE

ALL TWA passenger flights also carry mail and cargo

INDONESIA—PROBLEM CHILD OF U.N.

Continued from page 21

control room Indonesian technicians sat, and from it, with great casualness, a young woman strolled from time to time to announce the next number.

"Ought to be a news program after this, usually," said Johnny, grinning. "But today's Sunday. Of course you think that, because there's a crisis on, the government news agency would be hot on the story—but they never work on Sunday. The girls will probably sing some extra songs to fill in, unless someone's warmed over yesterday's news or got some from the air.

"Informal, aren't we?" he asked, chuckling. "But it works. Like the republic."

The Dutch, however, were not so optimistic. Shortly before hostilities began, I visited "the front." I talked with several of the Dutch G.I.s at one outpost and they all had the same line as their red-haired, freckle-faced lieutenant, twenty-three-year-old Johan van Hoogstraten of Utrecht. The lieutenant didn't like being in Java. But he was resigned to it; in fact, like many of his men, he was a volunteer.

"Many of you Americans had three or four years overseas," he said. "Now we must do our part. It is necessary because without the Indies Holland could not exist. Nor the Indies without us—they don't have enough doctors, lawyers, economists, financiers, enough educated men, to run the country alone.

"Keeping an army 9,900 miles away from home is costing Holland over a million gold dollars a day, and meantime nobody is getting anything out of the Indies. The quicker we settle things the better for all—otherwise I'll have to spend another two or three years out here."

Lieutenant van Hoogstraten, and all the others I talked with, were anxious even then to shoot it out with the Republicans and have it over with. Most of the natives, they argued, wanted the Dutch back. There were only a few troublemakers and extremists on the other side of the line, and the Dutch army, if only it were ordered to, could quickly clean them up and restore law and order. The natives would get self-rule under the Netherlands Union, Holland's interests (two thirds of foreign investments totaling a billion and a half dollars, and a whopping share of the trade) would be protected, and everybody would be happy. Better to do it by peaceful agreement, of course, but . . .

No one, therefore, was very much surprised when the "war" broke out. It was the natural culmination of a two-year stalemate which began August 17, 1945, two days after the Japanese capitulation, when the Republic of Indonesia was proclaimed. The proclaimer was Sukarno, now president of the republic.

Six weeks ensued before any Allied troops reached Java. By the time the British landed at Batavia, the republic was a tumultuous, revolutionary force.

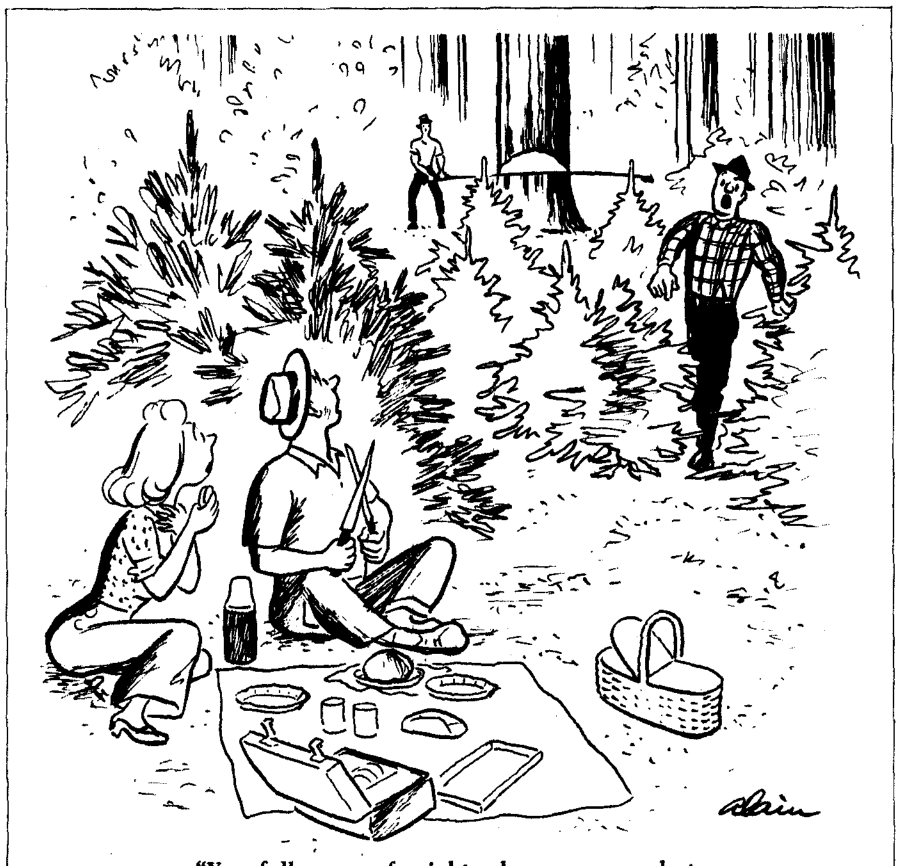
Makes Plans to Negotiate

The Allied commander, Lieutenant General Sir Philip Christison, incurred the eternal wrath of colonial die-hards by announcing that his forces were not coming to restore the *status quo ante* but only to disarm and remove the Japanese and to rescue Allied prisoners of war. He promptly proceeded to negotiate with the Republicans, including one fanatical antiwhite group which was already busy looting, raping, and murdering the defenseless men, women and children in the remoter prisoner-of-war camps.

That, say some of the embittered colonial Dutch, was the first recognition of the Republic. And the one that counted.

But the British did help to negotiate a truce between the Dutch and the Indonesians.

It was initialed by both sides last October. And in March the Dutch and Republican negotiators signed the Linggadjati Pact: The Republic was given *de facto* recognition by the Netherlands, and they were going to work together to establish an interim government that would, by January 1, 1949, convert all the islands of the East Indies into a brave new United States of Indonesia. Sovereign, run by the Indonesians—but as an



"You folks are safe right where you are, but you better pull that hamper in a few inches"

COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

You can see your tomorrow *today* with the new *Analagraph*

Now there's a scientific way to plan educational funds for your children

- Is this young football star the college student of tomorrow? The *Analagraph* shows you—scientifically, understandably—how you can realize this typically American ambition.
- Aided by an expert Analagrapher, you plan your objectives. Whether yours is a family of moderate means or one of high income with estate problems, you see with the *Analagraph* how you can provide educational funds *and even more* . . . home ownership, security for your family, your own retirement.
- You can purchase for future delivery your own home, a promising start for your children, protection for your loved ones, a happy old age for yourself—truly, a blueprint to guide you.
- Without obligation, write today for free booklet, "The Analagraph—What It Can Do For You."

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ORGANIZED IN 1845 NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

REMEMBER – I'M NOT FIREPROOF!

TWO THOUSAND CHILDREN—UNDER 5—WERE BURNED TO DEATH LAST YEAR! Many more will carry the disfiguring scars of fire through life.

Shock has followed shock over the nation—as one horrible fire disaster has followed another. And the rate of death and destruction continues to rise.

Can anything be done to stop it? The President of the United States thinks so. He has marshalled the nation's leading fire safety experts in an all-out war against this serious menace to our national well-being and economy.

Responsibility for improved laws and building codes, fire prevention education, modernized fire-fighting services, building regulations, must be accepted by highest state and municipal officials.

The action and support must come from every citizen in local communities—from *you,* whose lives and welfare are in danger.

Remember—fire strikes with the force of war. It must be feared and dealt with as an enemy with the power to kill and destroy.

★ ★ ★

TAKE THIS ACTION NOW! To help you protect yourself and your community, write today for a free copy of "The Action Program." Address: The President's Conference on Fire Prevention, Washington, D. C.

"SAFETY from fire should not be a topic for discussion one or two weeks of the year. It is definitely a year-round public responsibility. We in the Federal Government can give aid within the framework of existing agencies. The impetus must come from the states and from every community and every individual in the land."

Harry Truman

I'm Not Fireproof!
STOP FIRES
FIRE PREVENTION WEEK
OCTOBER 5th-11th

This statement is one of a series published by the member companies of The National Board of Fire Underwriters in support of The President's Conference on Fire Prevention.

equal partner, a member of the Netherlands Union of Holland, Indonesia, Surinam and Curaçao, all under the crown of good Queen Wilhelmina.

But there were a lot of jokers in this fancy package and the formal signing included an agreement to disagree. Both sides said, in effect, "Okay, you have your interpretation, and I have mine, but let's sign anyway, and then we can negotiate."

The negotiations began almost immediately, but they produced little more tangible than recurrent crises.

Late in May the Dutch negotiators, the Commission General, sent the Republic a virtual ultimatum, detailing the "final" Netherlands demands for prompt implementation of the Linggadjati Pact. The Indonesian reply was far from satisfactory to the Dutch.

A Willingness to Compromise

At this crucial point Sutan Sjahrir, then the Republican premier and now Indonesian envoy to the U.N., took to the radio to backtrack on an important Republican point: They would accept the sovereignty of the Netherlands crown over the interim government. And they were prepared to modify some Republican counterdemands, notably the demand for an immediate foreign service for the Republic even before the interim government was established.

Sjahrir's willingness to compromise cost him the premiership. In July, after six days of Republican wrangling, he was succeeded by a fellow socialist, Dr. Amir Sjarifudin, a Holland-educated Christian.

Dr. Sjarifudin agreed that it might have been possible to compromise on most of the Dutch demands. But there was one, he said, on which no compromise was possible: the idea of a joint gendarmery or police force, half Dutch, half Indonesian.

"Not one of us could sell that idea to our people," he said. "To them it would look too much like the return of the Dutch on the old terms of colonial masters, and they would not stand for it. For nearly two years they have had their own police force, their own army, and for some five years millions of them have not seen a Dutchman. It would not work." It was on this issue that negotiations finally broke down and the war began.

I had left Java and was in India when hostilities began. I was standing beside Pandit Nehru, when, in a voice surcharged with anger, he extemporaneously denounced the Dutch and made his famous declaration that any European army on Asian soil was an insult to all of Asia.

A wave of anger flared across India. Newspapers campaigned for immediate armed aid for the Indonesians—a step which Nehru of course decried, since he was seeking settlement by the United Nations.

No such warlike sentiments were reflected by the Chinese, however. Indonesian bands were again massacring Chinese merchants and moneylenders in Java, as they did last year.

While the "war" was still official, I flew from India back to Java. As our old C-47 soared lazily westward across the Indonesian island, smoke billowed from dozens of points below us. Hardly 15 miles from Dutch-held Surabaya, the Republicans were putting the torch to villages and fields near the old demarcation lines set by the truce last October. "But only a few," pointed out tall, blond young naval Lieutenant Carel van Hoogstraten. "Farther inland, as you see, all is quiet. There are no fires until you reach the next lines near Dutch positions.

"Now as I was saying," he continued, "the way we took Probolinggo was like this. Sunday at 9 A.M. two destroyers shelled the beaches eighty miles east of Probolinggo for ten minutes. Then two battalions of U.S.-trained Marines landed on the beaches. There was no opposition except a few sniper shots from inland. The Marines fanned out, and advance elements raced toward the city in armored cars and Bren gun carriers. There are seventeen bridges on the highway, but the Marines moved so rapidly and so surprised the Republicans that not a single bridge was blown up despite the fact that all were planted with aerial bombs. Late in the day the Marines paused near Probolinggo. They waited overnight, then entered the city, from which the Republican troops had withdrawn. There were a few snipers, a few houses destroyed by the Republicans, a few casualties—that's all there was to it."

Our unarmed plane hugged the coast line frequently as it covered hundreds of miles of Java, which was already split into four sections by Dutch thrusts. The lieutenant was right about the fires, and his Probolinggo story was fairly typical of the fortnight's war.

The common people have been the biggest losers during the two years since the Republic was proclaimed. One of the villages I visited was Kampong, where only six of 72 Indonesians were left alive after a mysterious plague had struck months earlier. The sole male survivor was the headman's chubby, fezzed son, Adom, who had lost his wife and his mother as well. He said the plague lasted five weeks, killing most of its victims in two to five days. He added that the Republican authorities had been unable to send doctors and medicine (the partial result possibly of the Dutch naval blockade, though the Dutch claim the Republicans ignored proffered medical supplies).

Other Javanese villages were a checkerboard pattern of plenty and poverty, with thousands of Indonesians visibly suffering from malnutrition, scabies, scurvy. Nearly all were clad in rags.

In rice-rich Sukabumi itself I visited a government orphanage in an old Japanese open-air barracks, where 185 forlorn, gaping tots with swollen stomachs, stick-thin arms and legs and old-man faces showed the effects of semistarvation, even though the Red Cross was then feeding them adequately. Indonesian caretakers, who had continued under the Dutch, said the Republic was unable to allow more than two cents a day per child, whereas sufficient food would cost six. But most other Sukabumians looked well-fed indeed.

Ways of Winning Friends

In Sukabumi, the Republicans recently kidnaped the Indonesian burgomaster who had remained on under the Dutch. Similar kidnapings doubtless awaited other "collaborators," and the Dutch would certainly retaliate. Meantime their propaganda tactics of rushing in food, medicine and UNRRA clothing (they distributed 35,000 units here) were certainly winning friends.

The war officially ended August 4th, but actually continued for weeks much as it had since the truce signed last October, with numerous clashes, mining of roads and sniping—only it spread over far larger areas. Both sides angrily listed violations of the cease-fire order—and just as angrily denied the charges.

The Dutch action has hopelessly alienated Republican leaders, who denounced the Linggadjati Pact and demanded complete immediate sovereignty. The old story of negotiate and stalemate was repeated all over again. Meanwhile, men like Johnny Senduk were distrustful of the Dutch. "I have been free too long," he told me, "to want to go back to the way things were before the war."

THE END

BILL STERN picks the ALL-STAR sweater

16 SCHOOL COLORS
16 SCHOOL COLORS
16 SCHOOL COLORS

"Natch"

"NATCH" the Puritan sweater that's the all-year favorite all over America! Personally "campus-picked" by Bill Stern, the "voice of sports" authority . . . in 16 grand-and-glowing school colors. Available in coat style, crew and V-neck pullovers of 100% virgin wool. If your nearest dealer hasn't got it, write . . .

The PURITAN KNITTING MILLS, Inc., Empire State Building, N. Y. 1

Another Great P.S. in

PURITAN SPORTSWEAR

SWEATERS • SPORT SHIRTS • WEATHERPROOF JACKETS • BEACHWEAR

FAS
YOU ICE
BY CARSON

If she weren't in such a hurry, this girl could pose to show you that her skirt is long enough to be in the current fashion; yet it doesn't hide too much—as you can see. Her two-piece dress of rayon gabardine is practical and pretty for travel, costs about $13

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

NO MAN who has ever complained about his wife's dress bills will believe it, but 80 per cent of the dresses women buy cost under $20. Only rarely (a scant 5 per cent of the time) do we pay over $25. That's today. Before the war, our big top was a mere $15 for the mass-produced dress which has helped to make the American woman the best dressed in the world.

This low-cost number doesn't pretend to set the styles. Higher priced dresses, created by big-name designers, can do that. They can earn their price by being fashion leaders, and by providing such individual and costly detail as no budget dress could afford. But the budget numbers put over the show like a lively and well-trained chorus. They don't play second-fashion fiddle, either, on any major fashion points. Latest styles may start at $100, but they hit $10.95 so fast you hardly see them whiz by.

Mass production is the great fashion leveler. But though factories turn out dresses by the tens of thousands every day, their product is actually made to your order—in style, in fit, in price.

It takes its fashion cues from higher up the price line, and it employs some of the highest priced design talent in the world. (The famous Madame Lyolene of Paris is contributor to a Kansas City house-dress concern. The ex-Mrs. Leo Durocher designs fast-selling junior numbers for a St. Louis firm. The names of most designers aren't familiar to the public, trade names or firm names being played up instead.)

Chiefly, these designers pay attention to what you think. If that front-bow dress was a best seller last season, it will head the line this season. There will also be half a dozen variations of it—plain, print, short sleeves, long sleeves, button all the way down, button halfway down.

Such a dress can run for years, selling into the hundreds of thousands. It will vary from season to season, depending on the current fashion in hemlines and the like, and it may have new detail tricks, garnered from everywhere. Designers spare no travel expense, ranging through South America, tripping to Paris for ideas. But what they get in Paris—some lovely flower buttons and fabric print designs, perhaps—will be only a plus for the dresses you like. What you think comes first—that's where the sure sales lie.

To help along the personal appeal, many of these dresses bear trade names like Kay Dunhill, Martha Manning and such, creating the cozy feeling that What's-her-name has worked out this little garment especially for you. Each does, in fact, stand for a type—sports, dressy, cute, tailored and what-are-you? Women have developed their personal pets in trade-name dresses to the point that department stores find it increasingly profitable to have special departments featuring them.

Most of these trade-name characters are purely fictional, but a few have their counterparts in real life. One is Henry Rosenfeld, the current glamor boy of the department-store ad writers.

Starting his own business during the war, in 1942, he boosted it to a $13,000,000 gross last year, talks breezily of $100,000,000 within five years. Rumors of his falling flat on his face instead have called forth full-page statements of account in trade papers, directed at his competitors. He makes California sport clothes in an ex-aircraft plant in California, misses' and junior clothes in New York, cutting them in his own workrooms and farming them out for finishing to twenty-two factories, scattered from Rhode Island to New Jersey.

His new showrooms lay on the swank so thick you're astonished, in a place where economy is supposed to be the keynote. In a round, yellow-draped room, you may view cosmetic samples, just another Rosenfeld extra on which he did a million-dollar business the first year. Like his clothes, they are nifty for what you pay.

Another trade-name character who is real is Nelly Don, short for Nell Donnelly, who was probably the first to mass-produce women's dresses. It was wartime when Nell Donnelly, a bride with a young husband liable to calling up, looked around for a job to do herself. This was not the day of lady riveters. It was 1917. Woman's place was still in the home. Working around the house, she could wear either a homemade dress or a sacklike number bought at the dry-goods store; practical, maybe, but hardly pretty.

So Nell Donnelly had an idea which also became her fortune. She would make house dresses. They would be in the fashion of the day, and they would fit—two unheard-of ideas. Heretofore, ready-made dresses, the few available, came medium, large and extra large. No one ever made a small one. "Of course," conceded Nell, "when you make a poorly fitted dress it has to be big, to allow for adjustment."

Selling Her First Order

She ran up two chambray and gingham samples of what she proposed, in the current empire mode, pink and blue, and took them downtown to a department-store buyer who promptly ordered ten dozen of one, eight dozen of the other. In a month, with the help of two women sewers at home, Nell delivered the goods. They sold at once.

"I got to making two dozen a day," she says. "Now our factory turns out almost that many a minute."

Sizing, which was such a revolutionary idea when Nell Donnelly (now Mrs. James A. Reed) started out, has now gotten down to so many fine points it's confusing. Though dresses at any price are built to size, the lower the price, the finer the lines, apparently. There are women's, misses, juniors, teens, briefs, half sizes and probably some more we don't remember. Among them they do a miraculous job of fitting all the assorted shapes and sizes in which the American female comes. The obvious differences of girth and height aren't all. It matters also whether you're long- or short-waisted, long- or short-legged, and whether you do or don't have a roll around your middle.

Designers consider everything. "This isn't a matter of fashion," one of them told us, "it's science. What looks well on a junior figure doesn't look well on half sizes. If we designed cute, full-skirted numbers for fat women, we'd be out of business."

What are half sizes?

"They started as cute juniors," she says, "but then spread out instead of growing tall. Half sizes, however, are not stylish stouts. They're the average woman. She is five feet four inches or under."

The big appeal of these dresses is, of course, their low cost. Keeping the price down while production costs mount is a job of maneuvering. During the war shoddy materials were used, for lack of anything else. Now good materials are available, and you are getting choosier. So, what to do when forty-one-cent rayons, for example, have shot to $1.40 a yard, and cottons and woolens are also hitting the upward trail?

Some manufacturers, making dresses at three price levels, have cut out their lowest price line. Most are ready to shave profits before they raise prices, and not for reasons of altruism. "We'd be priced right out of the budget departments," one wholesaler pointed out to us. "We'd have to sell a whole new set of store buyers, meet competition from a whole new set of wholesalers."

The lower the price, the more important the assembly-line production. Electric cutting tools carve out the dress parts, up to 2,500 at a whack. Thirty women may work on one dress. "When you do nothing but put in sleeves," they point out, "you learn to do it well and in a hurry." The bigger factories turn out as many as 10,000 dresses a day each, do an 8- to 10-million-dollar business a year.

Extra quality touches for your money, like generous seams and hems, skimped during the war, are getting common again now that the customer is right once more. And it's a matter of pride and fact that often the fabric in an under-$20 dress is identical with that in a $100 job. But the high-price man keeps his customers just the same, for fabric is only incidental in his cost. He spends his money on subtle details of cut and style, and what if they do take a lot of extra cutting and sewing time and skill? They're worth it, or he couldn't stay in business.

You're pretty sure, in your low-cost dress, to get a good fabric anyway, for the sound reason that nothing else would pay. When you are buying fabric by the millions of yards and cutting dresses by the tens of thousands, you can't take a chance on anything backfiring. Fabrics have to be washable or dry-cleanable, and color-fast. Buttons must stand up to the heat of an iron. Today they're all striving to give you your dollar's worth, even if it is an inflated dollar.

In spite of its quick reflection of current fashion, your low-cost dress can't afford to play on any but the conservative side, concentrating on classic, simple clothes that never change too drastically from year to year. Any flights into extremes would be too big a gamble.

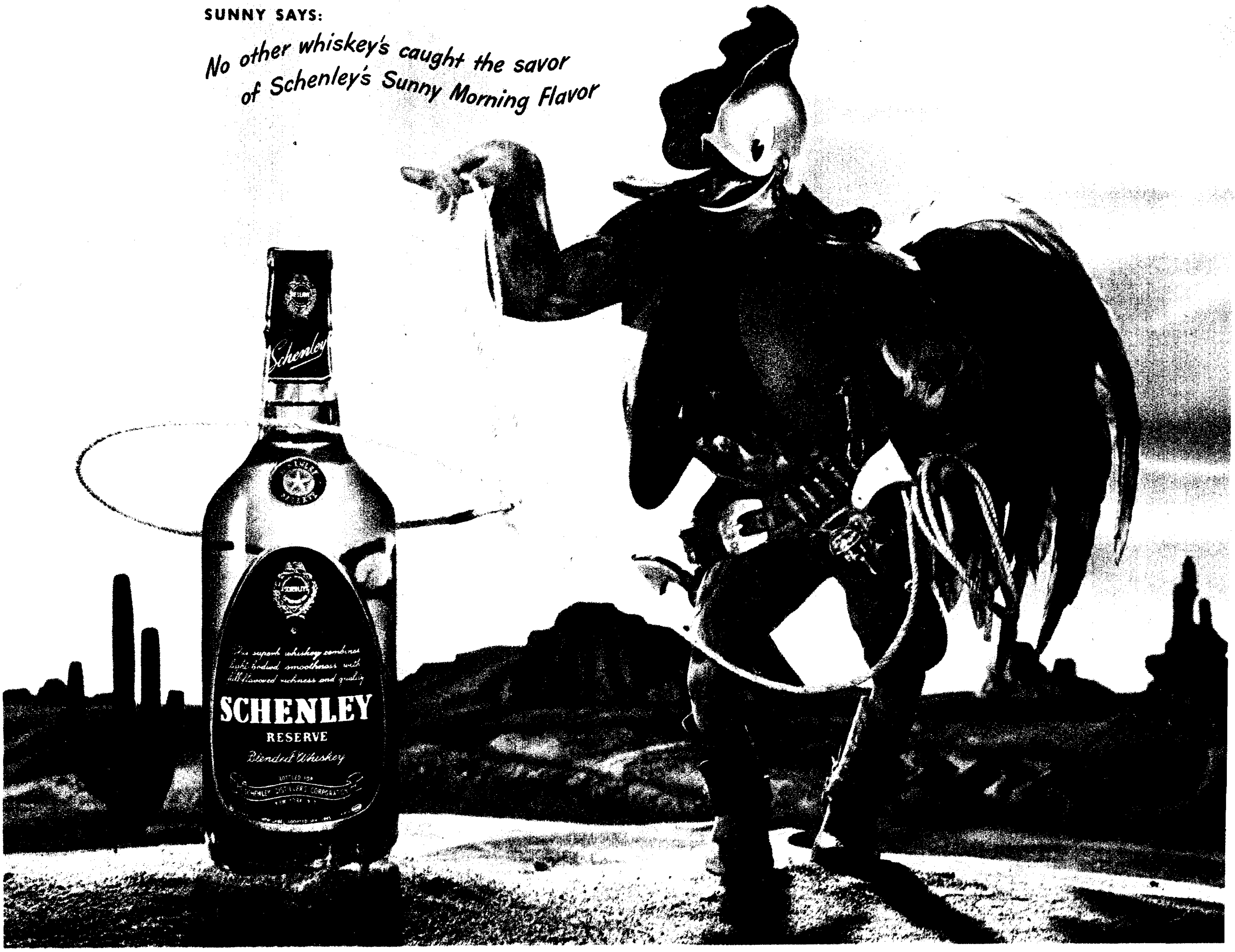
With such mass production, what about the worry women used to have of meeting themselves coming and going? When a New York specialty store sells 6,000 of one polka-dotted number, isn't that something to stew about even in a big city? Mary Lewis, New York merchant, says not. Formerly vice-president of Best and Company, now for years head of her own Fifth Avenue shop, she has always specialized in the low-cost, a-lot-for-your-money dress. She's also watched you shop, and noticed what you've done with your purchases.

"Fashion is so diverse," she says, "that nothing stands out. Also women have learned so much about fashion that they trust their own judgment. Women aren't so absorbed in clothes for clothes' sake any more, either. They're getting the man's point of view, of being well-dressed but not absorbed in the subject. These basic, classic clothes at low cost make that possible." ★★★

When dresses sell by the tens of thousands, you are bound to meet your double now and then. Most women don't care. These dresses are rayon crepe with jeweled stud buttons, cost around $12 each. The girls had a choice of eight colors

Two-piece dress in fine wale green corduroy comes in enough sizes to fit most women (sizes 10 to 18 and 9 to 15), allows plenty of freedom for action. It costs around $17

Both the outfits below are all wool and college girl favorites. Left, Tattersal check costs around $15 in any of five colors. Blouse with skirt about $18


SUNNY SAYS:
No other whiskey's caught the savor of Schenley's Sunny Morning Flavor
Schenley
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey

There's nothing else like SCHENLEY'S SUNNY MORNING FLAVOR!

Nowhere else in the entire realm of quality whiskies will you find an "extra"... a "plus" of enjoyment like Schenley's Sunny Morning Flavor! A whiskey outstanding as this is *bound* to be America's Most Popular . . . *and it is!*

SCHENLEY

RESERVE

P. S.

Schenley 94.8 Proof Gin is back! Sunny says: "You know my whiskey —now try my gin!" Distilled London Dry Gin, Distilled from grain.

Pre-war Quality Blended Whiskey 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. © 1947, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C.

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

World Strikes Oil that boom towns are springing up, gushers are dotting the sheep ranches, hundreds of thousands of prospectors are moving there, and even a tourist rush is on its way. There is no truth in this statement.

The subsurface of oil is owned by the government and the government does not permit anyone to secure a lease or to drill in Chile as all drilling is done by the government of Chile through its Corporation of Fomento. M. GAVE, Santiago, Chile

DEPT. OF CORRECTION

DEAR SIR: There may be yellow acacia blossoms, though the acacia trees I've been kissed under had white ones. The yellow flowers the artist, James Lewicki, has drawn to illustrate John Barrett's story, The Acacias (Aug. 9th), are very definitely mimosa blossoms.

I've carried them home by the armload over in Madrid, Spain. Let's have no more nonsense calling mimosa blossoms acacias or vice versa the same.

KATHLEEN BLACK, Des Moines, Iowa

Perhaps Reader Black's lovely eyes were closed by the spell of the yellow moon, when she sat under the white acacia. Acacia wanna know, the white acacia is rare. Most acacias are yellow and members of the mimosa family.

O GENTLE READER! O BRUTAL WE!

DEAR SIR: I have noticed in The Week's Mail you are subjected to criticism and correction. People will invariably glorify themselves as being correct, but that's just human nature.

I realize that these people are quite often a nuisance. However, I am often depressed by the way in which they are answered. It seems that a great deal of sarcasm is used, and I feel sure that the people are somewhat hurt.

EDWARD W. CADE, Memphis, Tenn.

BRAIN TROUBLE

DEAR SIR: The Nation's Brain by Stanley Frank (Aug. 16th) is a very fine article. Too bad it came *after* Congress decided on a budget, for it might have influenced their decision. Too bad, for the Library will never be the same again.

The cutting of the appropriation for this wondrous place has meant the loss of valuable personnel and the curtailment of important services.

The Legislative Reference Service was hit so badly that Congress itself will suffer much. The Library of Congress had contacts in every part of the world and brought the world's knowledge to America. Not to secrete that knowledge in hidden vaults but to analyze it, catalogue it and place it where America could use it.

No one, except a congressman, ever had to be told what the Library of Congress was. Whoever you were talking to anywhere was immediately interested. "How wonderful it must be to work in a place like that," was their first remark.

(They didn't know how small the salaries were.)

It will be as though some vital part of our nation has been imprisoned. The whole nation will feel this blind action. Let's hope Americans will understand this better than their representatives in Washington and let them know they don't like it.

WRITER'S NAME withheld on request

WHAT DO THEY KNOW OF ENGLAND WHO ONLY ENGLISH KNOW?

SIRS: It's been said to understand a nation, you must know the language. May I add "and the drinks"?

In the Edward P. Morgan article The A-Bomb's Invisible Offspring (Aug. 9th), the "stouthearted stoic Jenks is down at the pub having a pint of bitters." Is this "S" for slip, or do they fondly think in America that Jenks would waste his last night on "bitters" when he could have the English workman's favorite "bitter"?

ANN HANLEY, White Rock, Semiahmoo Bay, B. C., Canada

Morgan apologizes without bitterness.

. . . It was interesting to read that radioactivity from the atom bomb scrambled genes and brought about the birth of rats with claws on the ends of their noses. We may yet end up with a race of two-headed people.

Might be particularly effective if a two-headed Russian diplomat could be produced. That way, he'd have someone to argue with, and could leave the rest of the U.N. alone to work out world peace.

The information that the A-bomb may so devastate life that the penguins will rule the world is not a complete surprise. After two Byrd expeditions aimed at taking over the South Pole, it's only logical that the penguins should plan a Man expedition to take over the United States.

To many people, it was good news that lead is the most effective shield against radiation. Somehow, I'm not as sensitive as I used to be, when people yell, "Get the lead out of your pants!"

ED REYNOLDS, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

BALKAN FOLLIES

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoyed Mr. Courtney's The Balkan Follies (Aug. 9th) very much. He has made us realize that it is past time for us to do something about the Balkans and stop playing the generous "uncle" that hands out millions of dollars.

JOHN MARSHALL PURCELL, Cincinnati, Ohio

. . . How long is the government of the United States planning to put up with these insults and abuses? And why are they putting up with it?

E. S. LE MASTER, Bakersfield, Cal.

. . . Your article by W. B. Courtney on the Balkans was really a honey. Courtney finally let his hair down to blast the political, mental and economic nitwits who festered most of the wars in our history.

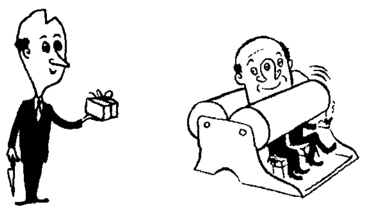
T. W. BALIN, Slayton, Minn.

ZZYDD CORP.

DEAR SIR: Your letter from Robert Q. Lewis (The Week's Mail, Aug. 16th) prompts me to seek a little publicity for my organization, Toos Company. Unlike Lewis and Bandel Linn, we aren't fussy about our phone listing for the factory is located in Weeks, Washington, and the phone service there is pretty sloppy.

Some of our best sellers are Gaily Decorated Boxes in various sizes for giving people a piece of your mind in; a Piggy Bank for depositing the 2 cents' worth your friends are forever butting in with; a Waterproof hat for the guy who insists, "This time the drinks are on me"; Heavy-duty Gloves (made of Doeskin), to be worn when passing the buck; Baskets with No Bottoms for rolling stones to gather no moss in; Set of instructions for putting two heads together; Stairs with no Bottom Step for people who always trip on it anyway; and Water Wings for people who go off the deep end. Our Research Dept. is at present working on a facecloth guaranteed to remove that dirty look.

EDWARD L. OGILVIE, JR., Chesterfield, N. H.



This Exciting New Candy is Making Candy History
Brach's Chocolate Party Mix
9 FAVORITE CENTERS HEAVILY COATED WITH RICH CHOCOLATE
9 DELICIOUS CENTERS— ROASTED ALMONDS TURKISH FILBERTS RICH CREAMY CARAMELS FLUFFY MALTED MILK BALLS JUMBO VIRGINIA PEANUTS PLUMP SELECTED RAISINS ORANGE MARMALADES CRUNCHY NUT GOODIES MICHIGAN MINT CREMES
Brach's Chocolate Party Mix
185 PIECES ONE POUND 95¢
Brach's Chocolate Party Mix
THE PERFECT CANDY FOR SMART ENTERTAINING

Great for entertaining— Grand for a family treat

HELP YOURSELF to the finest candy that ever satisfied a nation's sweet tooth – Brach's Chocolate Party Mix! Its new *bite* size and superior quality make it the perfect choice for parties!

● **All nine delicious centers** are coated with bittersweet or milk chocolate – made from Ecuadoran and Venezuelan cocoa beans blended in Brach's own chocolate mills.

● **Brach's Chocolate Party Mix** is truly the best money and skill can produce. Try it! Every one-pound box contains *185* wonderful pieces!

World's Most Wanted Car Heater

Heats Hot in 90 Seconds

For Quick Comfort

HOT HEAT IN 90 SECONDS!

"Man, what comfort! Before I'm out of the driveway on my way to work, my South Wind is pouring hot heat into the car."

HOT HEAT IN 90 SECONDS!

"It's grand for old people! Our South Wind heats the car *quick as scat*. I can go riding in healthful comfort even on coldest days!"

South Wind
charge
Labora-

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Continued from page 13

of economy. On the spending issue, many congressmen were like the Georgia politician who always voted dry but drank wet.

Robert Doughton, of North Carolina, as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, had to handle our tax programs. One day, when I was meeting with the committee, Bob got up and said he couldn't stay any longer. Then he shook an admonishing finger at me and said: "Young man, you're spending too *much money*."

"But, Mr. Chairman," I replied, "I wish you wouldn't go. We feel that this is a rather important bill."

"Sorry, but I must go," he said. "They're dedicating a WPA project in my district."

A more extreme example was the bonus bill which Congress passed in 1935. This bill would have socked the Treasury for nearly two and a quarter *billion* dollars. Vice-President Jack Garner, who feared the political strength of the bonus lobby, wanted the President to write a tongue-in-cheek veto which Congress would quickly override. But I wanted a really tough veto message that would stick.

I went over to the White House about 9:15 on the night of May 16, 1935. The President was in the Oval Room, dictating to Miss Lehand.

"I am in a very bad humor," Roosevelt said.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

He said, "Oh, my sinus hurts." But from the way he was looking at notes that had been prepared for him by Ray Moley and by General Hines of the Veterans Administration, the whole bonus problem was hurting more.

He made several stabs at dictation. Then I argued with him that he should make this a fight to the finish; that he should not acquiesce in having his veto overridden; that he ought to make a powerful speech to the country on the question. Finally his face lighted up in a great smile, he raised his two fists in the air and shook them, saying, "My God, if I win I would be on the crest of the wave."

Only when I saw that I had convinced him did I stop arguing. It was then five minutes after one in the morning. "Henry," he said, "you are without exception the most stubborn human being I know."

But the politicos descended on F.D.R. like a swarm of hornets the next day and tried to tell him that it would be an insult to Congress to make the speech to the country. Meanwhile, I told newspapermen and others that the President's bonus message would deserve the strongest possible support.

On May 20th I lunched with Roosevelt and told him about my public-relations activity. He listened with notable coolness and said, "You know we may have to compromise on this bonus."

I had a sinking feeling and found myself gradually crumpling up inside. I said, "If you want me to go on, please do not talk that way to me because I am building a bonfire of support for you in your veto message."

He said rather quickly, with a smile, "Let's agree that I will not talk to you about any compromise if you will not talk to me about any bonfire. . . . In other words, never let your left hand know what your right is doing."

"Which hand am I, Mr. President?" I asked.

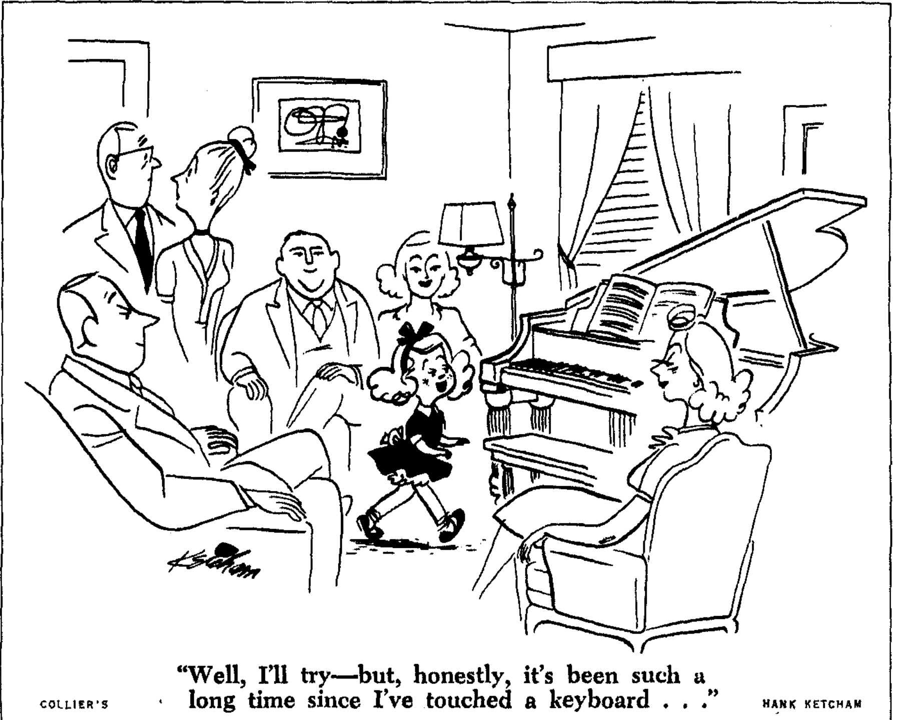
He laughed. "My right hand," he said, "but I keep my left hand under the table." This was a typical Rooseveltian quip. He was exaggerating; when he got into a fight he did not keep either hand under the table but waded in slugging with both hands.

Eventually the President vetoed the bill. The Senate sustained the veto, but in 1936 overrode another veto on the bonus bill.

Funds by "Squeeze Play"

The struggle to reduce expenditures continued in the Treasury but Harry Hopkins could always *get money*. If you argued that he had spent more than was necessary, as he sometimes had, his response always could be that you were arguing against the needy. At other times, he and his deputies would use what we called the "squeeze play" to get additional funds from the Treasury and Budget Bureau. They would wait until the last minute before letting Bell and me know they were overspending. Then they would appeal to our emotions by reminding us of the plight of the jobless.

A remarkable variation of this squeeze play occurred one time after Hopkins had assured me that no substantial increase in expenditure would be necessary in connection with a contemplated increase in relief rolls from 350,000 to 500,000 men, because he could make savings in the cost per man. Then Harry went

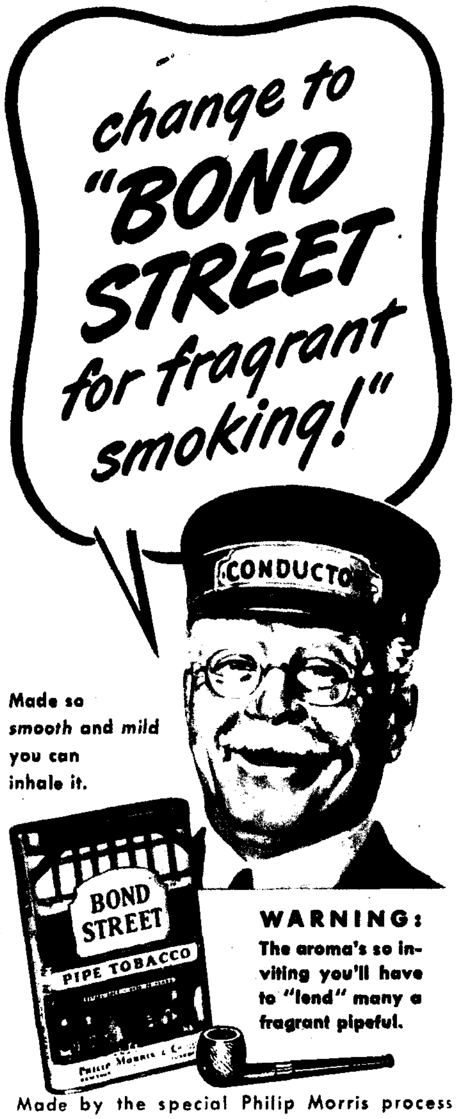


"Well, I'll try—but, honestly, it's been such a long time since I've touched a keyboard . . ."

COLLIER'S

HANK KETCHAM

Pipe Smokers—


change to "BOND STREET for fragrant smoking!"
CONDUCTOR
BOND STREET PIPE TOBACCO

Made so smooth and mild you can inhale it.

WARNING: The aroma's so inviting you'll have to "lend" many a fragrant pipeful.

Made by the special Philip Morris process

For Outdoor Men
PARATROOP HUNTING BOOTS*

Here are the famous rugged, comfortable, foot-protecting boots that Paratroopers wore in the war . . . *now available in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.* Ideal for hunting, fishing, hiking or outside work . . . 10″ height; balanced construction; leather counter, filler, middlesole and hard box toe; steel shank; reinforcing instep tapes; wide toe and narrow heel; long wearing rubber outer tap and non-trip heel.

Only $9.87
plus postage
*Not government surplus stock

Sizes 4 - 13½
Widths AA - EEE

CORCORAN, INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.
Send a pair of Paratroop Hunting Boots.
Check Money Order for $9.87 is enclosed. I will pay postage C.O.D.
*Name*__________
*Address*__________
Regular shoe size & width_____ CL9

OTIS

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY for men and boys

OTIS gives full fit for comfort. Sturdy fabric for long wear. When you need a bit of extra warmth ask for OTIS WINTERWEIGHTS.

OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth St., New York

to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, for a critical operation.

A few days later his subordinates began arguing for additional millions. We resisted. Finally, I had a call from Deputy WPA Administrator Aubrey Williams. Hopkins was "going under the knife within an hour," he said. Wouldn't I find some more money for WPA and thus make it possible for Williams to telephone Harry and tell him that the funds were available and to stop worrying? Williams remarked that Hopkins might not survive the operation and said he wanted him to be happy in what might be the last moments of his life. We got the President to release 100 million dollars in reserve funds to WPA.

I knew Hopkins for a long time. I had recommended him as head of the New York State Temporary Emergency Relief Administration. In 1933, when Roosevelt invited me to assume charge of all unemployment relief I demurred and suggested Hopkins.

Hopkins was intense, hard-working, keen-minded and loyal and he never spared himself in the service of Franklin Roosevelt. He did a tremendous job with various relief agencies. He drove his sick and fragile body until it could stand no more strain: He was as true a war casualty as the men who fell in battle—as Roosevelt himself. Like Wallace, Hopkins too rose to his true greatness during the war, when a sense of the crisis lifted him above the politicking which sometimes characterized his operations on the domestic front.

Hopkins' Practical Politics

For all his ability and selflessness, Harry did have an undeniable appetite for practical politics. He loved maneuvering, and he loved being in the know when great plans were under way. Moreover, he had supreme confidence in his own capacity for improvisation and would often embark cheerfully on huge programs without a full conception of the expense and of the difficulties involved.

Harry and I got along well basically during our years in Washington, though we had occasional sharp differences. One such occasion was when he confused need with politics.

During the 1936 Presidential campaign, relief rolls increased. After the election, Hopkins insisted that he could drop 150,000 relief workers. The President was out of Washington at the time, but I sent word to him that I thought the cuts were too drastic. He replied that he agreed. Soon afterward I met at the White House with Hopkins, Bell and William H. McReynolds, my executive assistant. Marvin McIntyre of the White House secretariat represented the President.

"If you can find 150,000 people now on the relief rolls who you say are not in need of relief," I asked Harry, "how are you going to answer the charge that you must have known, before the November election, that these people were not in need of relief? How can you explain in the month of December, two weeks before Christmas, that you can find 150,000 not in need of relief when you could not discover this excess on your rolls a month earlier?"

"The President," Hopkins said, "does not have to take the heat on this until he gets back. . . . The place where the budget is unbalanced is in my shop."

"There is no way you can take the responsibility," McIntyre told him. "The President will have to take it."

"What I wanted to do was to clear the relief rolls as far as possible of all cases not meriting relief," Hopkins explained, "so that I can walk into this session of Congress with a conviction in my own mind that there is actual need in every case of persons on the rolls."

"Your conviction and the actual con-

IT'S PLAIN HORSE SENSE!

You can Pull more than you can Carry!

OLD DOBBIN of today is a motor truck—a "MECHANICAL horse." The modern wagon is a Fruehauf Trailer. "Hitch" them together and you at least TRIPLE the work your truck can do.

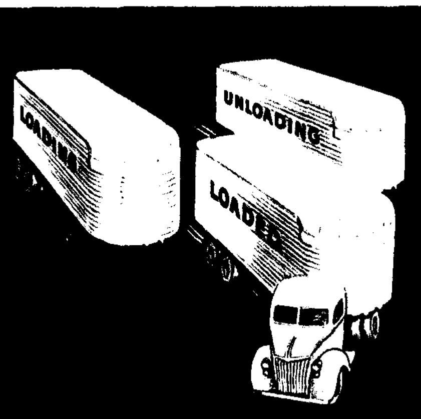
Loads go up tremendously when you adopt the Truck-Trailer method with no increase in driver costs and with very little more expense for fuel. Maintenance cost on a Fruehauf is negligible—and it will outlast several motor trucks.

Most important, your truck and driver need never stand idle for loading and unloading—the Trailer is quickly detachable.

There is a Fruehauf especially for your type of hauling . . .

Get the Trailer Story Before You Buy a Truck

Why operate three trucks when you can do as much or more hauling with a single truck and three Fruehauf Trailers—and do it faster, at less cost? On a shuttle basis, the truck pulls one Trailer while the others are loading or unloading. There's no idle stand-by time—power units can work and earn constantly.



World's Largest Builders of Truck Trailers
FRUEHAUF TRAILER CO., DETROIT 32
69 Factory Service Branches
"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"

MILWAUKEE'S FIRST BOTTLED
Blatz
PILSENER
BEER
BY BLATZ

It's the apple of our eye

Of course, Blatz Beer doesn't grow on trees . . . but like prime tree-ripened apples, it takes time and patience to bring it to the peak of flavor. We see that Blatz gets plenty of both. Brewed *only* in Milwaukee for 96 years, Blatz is Milwaukee's *first* bottled beer.

If you've asked for Blatz and couldn't get it . . . be patient, please. To meet the increasing demand, we're growing as fast as good building and good brewing will let us . . . to bring Blatz to your neighborhood soon.

MILWAUKEE'S first
AMERICA'S finest
BOTTLED beer

Blatz
BREWING BETTER BEER
FOR THE 96th YEAR

© 1947, Blatz Brewing Co., Est. 1851 in Milwaukee, Wis.

dition of the rolls are two different things," McIntyre retorted. "How can you defend the fact that you did not discover the padding of these rolls until after the election?"

The argument ended with Hopkins promising that no one in need would be dropped from the rolls.

I find in my diary that I was more friendly later toward Hopkins, who was trimming down his WPA expenses, than toward Wallace. The minutes of my staff meeting of April 15, 1937, for instance, show the situation. Let me quote:

HM, Jr.: We have been studying the situation—money for next year and the year after, trying to look forward to tapering off. For instance, Wallace, exclusive of ever-normal granary, expects to spend in 1937, $1,267,000,000; in 1938, $1,176,000,000, and in 1939, $1,087,000,000. Bill Myers comes along with a study which shows that in government aid to Agriculture from 1934 to 1937, we have given away $2,594,000,000—to Agriculture!

Mr. Bell: Does that include Good Roads?

HM, Jr.: No. AAA, Resettlement, Federal Surplus, Federal Emergency Relief—no, this is straight Agriculture. Their overhead is $130,000,000. It costs $130,000,000 for nine months to give away $516,000,000.

When I told that to Henry Wallace, he said: "You don't understand what we are doing."

"Oh, yes, I do," I replied. "I understand it more every day. This is ten times worse than Hopkins. Hopkins is the only one that has cut down expenses in Washington and the one that costs us more than anybody else is Wallace. My hat is off to him—he is getting away with murder."

Wallace said: "Well, how about the farm organizations?"

And I said: "Henry, that's your cross. You bear it."

Business conditions had continued to improve in 1935 and 1936 and I had decided that the time had come to make an all-out attempt to get the budget balanced—to give business and agriculture a chance to create jobs on their own. I knew that the patient might scream a bit when taken off narcotics. But this was the moment, it seemed to me, to strip off the bandages, throw away the crutches and see if American private enterprise could stand on its own feet.

My basic feeling was that you could not ride two horses: one the capitalist system, the other a system of state control. The first thing you know, the horses will go in opposite directions. You will fall in the middle, and the horses will ride you down. As Secretary of the Treasury, I knew that if you were going to collect revenue you had to permit people to make a profit.

The President was with me. He watched the declining relief rolls and the rising production figures with enthusiasm. One day, when Joe Kennedy was griping about the budget, the President laughed and said, "Now, Joe, just go away and stop worrying. Henry and I have another white rabbit to pull out of our hats."

Joe shot back, "Mr. President, if you have got it, I am going to get drunk next Monday night."

During the spring and summer, the Treasury worked on a program which would show an actual cash balance for the next fiscal year. Danny Bell and I talked to Ickes, who said he was "anxious to balance the budget." We talked to Wallace, who said he would be careful. On October 11, 1937, the President called me over to the White House. He said he had a commitment from Hopkins that he would cut his expenses drastically for 1938, and that he had written Wallace telling him to plan the new farm program so that it would not "unbalance the budget."

"Henry," he said, "I want you to tell me that I was pretty good. I think I deserve a pat on the back."

I said, "You certainly do," and I shook hands with him and congratulated him.

Ways to Balance the Budget

The next day Roosevelt called in Bob Doughton and Representative Fred Vinson, chairman of the Taxation Subcommittee of the House Ways and Means Committee, now, of course, chief justice of the United States. He told them, with a real burr in his voice, that he expected to keep expenditures down so that he could balance the budget.

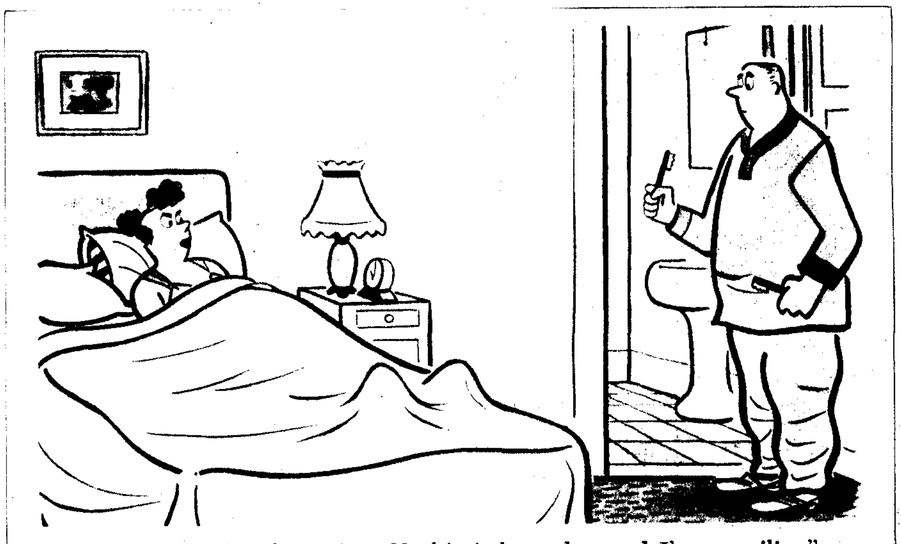
"If it's just a question of raising a few extra hundred million dollars next year to balance the budget," Fred Vinson said later, "you just watch us boys do it."

At that time, it seemed we were making progress. It made me think that we might at last be able to answer a question which Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President's mother, had addressed to Danny Bell several years earlier when he first visited Hyde Park.

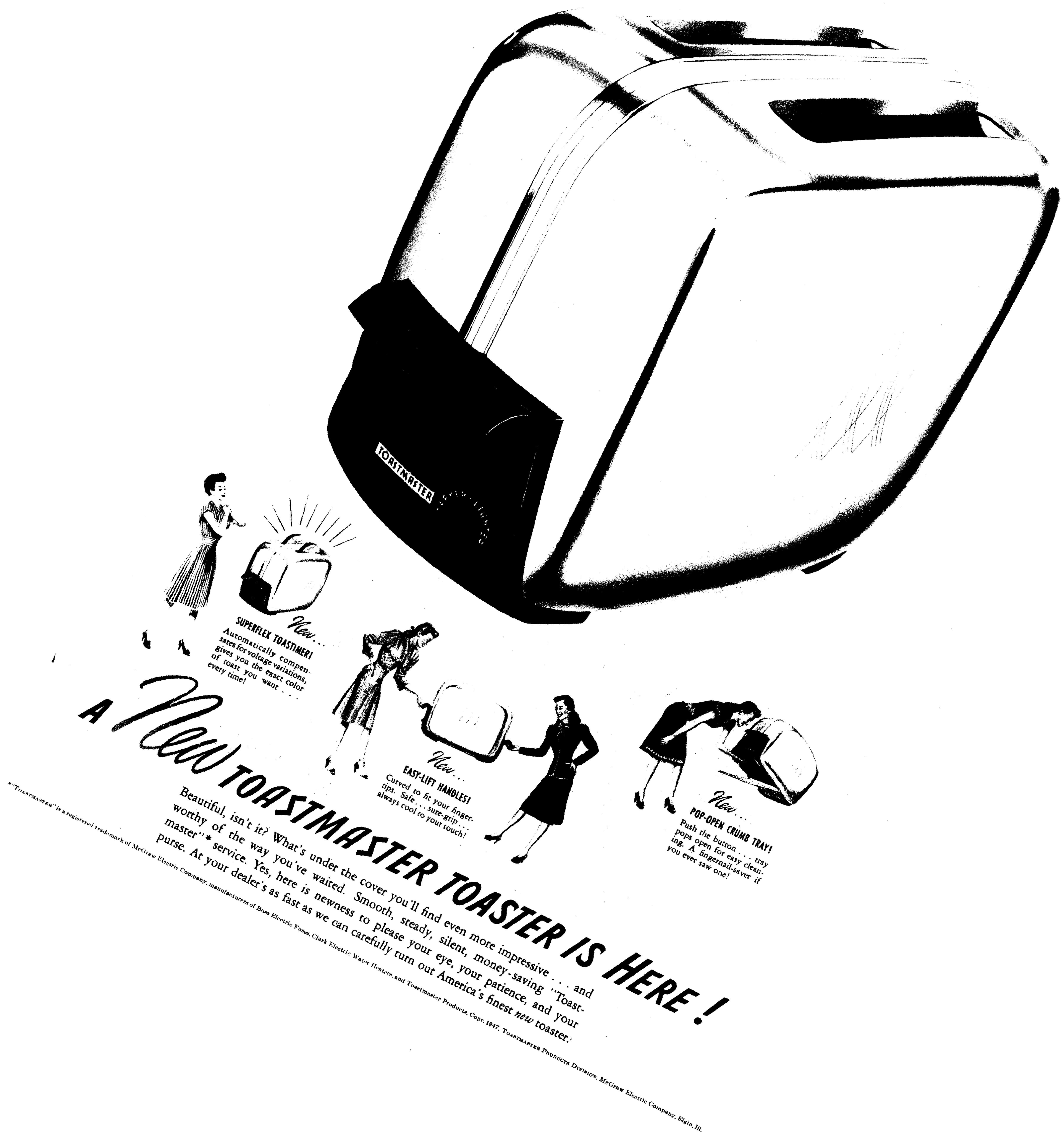
"Oh, Mr. Bell, I'm so glad to meet you," the President's mother said. "So many of my friends ask me when Franklin is going to balance the budget. My dear Mr. Bell, when *is* Franklin going to balance the budget?"

Danny and I never had a chance to answer. Just when the goal seemed in sight, the bottom fell out of the stock market.

Next week Mr. Morgenthau recalls a conversation in which President Roosevelt suggested that, if his successor in 1940 economized, chaos would result and "after they have failed they will most likely send for us to come back and solve the problems."



"No, no, you're chartreuse, Herbie is lavender, and I'm vermilion"



New . . .

SUPERFLEX TOASTIMER!

Automatically compensates for voltage variations, gives you the exact color of toast you want . . . every time!

New . . .

EASY-LIFT HANDLES!

Curved to fit your fingertips. Safe . . . sure-grip . . . always cool to your touch!

New . . .

POP-OPEN CRUMB TRAY!

Push the button . . . tray pops open for easy cleaning. A fingernail-saver if you ever saw one!

A *New* TOASTMASTER TOASTER IS HERE!

Beautiful, isn't it? What's under the cover you'll find even more impressive . . . and worthy of the way you've waited. Smooth, steady, silent, money-saving "Toastmaster"* service. Yes, here is newness to please your eye, your patience, and your purse. At your dealer's as fast as we can carefully turn out America's finest *new* toaster.

*"Toastmaster" is a registered trademark of McGraw Electric Company, manufacturers of Buss Electric Fuses, Clark Electric Water Heaters, and Toastmaster Products. Copr. 1947, Toastmaster Products Division, McGraw Electric Company, Elgin, Ill.

De Luxe:
specially
elegant...
uncommon.
WEBSTER
HIRAM
WALKER
SINCE 1858
Walker's
DeLuxe
BOURBON

WALKER'S DE LUXE *is a straight Bourbon whiskey, 6 years old; elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey.*

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

86 Proof

TOUCHDOWNS ARE BIG BUSINESS

Continued from page 25

rented 110 billboards in Cleveland and other Ohio cities at a cost of $9,500. He spent $19,500 for newspaper advertisements running in size up to half a page. He entertained lavishly everyone in Cleveland who might conceivably help the team, and had his publicity people constantly play up the team as a fine civic enterprise. He hired 20 girls as telephone saleswomen, and they made 2,500 calls at a cost of $6,000 in tolls and wages.

Ticket agencies were set up throughout the state, and McBride himself bought $1,800 worth of tickets, for which he paid cash. An all-girl swing band, the Musical Majorettes, was organized at a cost of $50,000; it proved the most popular half-time attraction in the conference.

Lavish Advance Expenditures

All told, before the team took in a nickel McBride paid out $280,000 of which about $150,000 was for interim salaries to football prospects in service.

By July of 1946, when returns began to come in from the intensive ticket-selling campaign, Mickey decided that the project was in the bag. So he cut up the team into seven shares and started handing them out to a few relatives and friends. He kept 15 per cent for himself, and gave 15 per cent to each of his two sons. Similar proportions went to Dan Sherby, his associate in the taxicab business; to Ray T. Miller, former mayor of Cleveland, and to Robert H. Gries, an investment broker. The remaining 10 per cent went to Paddy Dunn, one of Mickey's old-time cronies.

Before he made this division McBride wrote off, paid out of his own pocket, all the promotion and other preliminary expenses, so that when the new co-owners got their shares the team didn't owe a nickel. And money by the barrel was coming in from ticket sales. Moreover, McBride has agreed that if the team ever has a losing season he will absorb the losses, but that all profits will be distributed among the shareholders and, of course, Brown, who gets his 15 per cent.

For such an ambitious and expensive enterprise, the All-America Conference in 1946 was moderately successful. One team, Miami, proved to be a poor drawing card both at home and on the road, and has surrendered its franchise. Its place will be taken in 1947 by Baltimore, where a group of local sportsmen have raised enough money to field a team. The conference played 56 games, which drew a total of 1,538,068 spectators, and the 14 in which the Cleveland Browns were involved attracted almost half the total, or 612,960.

The Cleveland team was the bright particular star of the conference season; the boys did everything that McBride and Brown had expected them to do. They played hard, flashy football, holding their opponents to a total of 146 points. They knocked off the Miami Seahawks in the opening game of the season by the lopsided score of 44-0, won 12 of their 14 conference games, and climaxed this sterling performance by defeating the New York Yankees 14 to 9 in the play-off for the league championship.

Cleveland drew the crowds and took in the money. For the opening game with Miami, 60,000 spectators crowded the stands at the Municipal Stadium, and the eight games which the team played in Cleveland, including the play-off with the Yankees, drew a total of 441,000 spectators. The take for the seven scheduled conference games in Cleveland—in the play-off most of the money goes to the players—was $892,257. An exhibition game at Akron before the season opened was good for $101,358, and the Browns' receipts on the road, in seven games, amounted to $121,975. The team's gross for the season was $1,115,590, and the earnings, after deducting taxes, stadium rental, and visiting clubs' shares, amounted to $752,385.

This is a nice sum, but it didn't look so large after McBride and his associates had taken a look at the other side of the ledger. Advertising and promotion, after Mickey had paid the cost of the original campaign, cost $70,000. Salaries to players and coaches, and office expenses, amounted to $300,000. Athletic equipment cost $41,000. When the figures were finally totaled, the Browns had made a profit of $10,553.89 for the season.

McBride says he is satisfied with this showing, although no one knows better than he that if the club had had to stand the heavy organizing and promotional expenses of $280,000, it would have finished far to the red. He expects to do better this year; he has shown Cleveland that he and Brown will give the town football as good as any city in the country can boast, and he believes Clevelanders will support the club. If they do they will again, Mickey thinks, prove the truth of his favorite saying, which he frequently repeats:

"All I remember is, everything went dark and somebody near the ring was talking about razor blades"

COLLIER'S CORKA

"When you're in business you always got to be a little bit better than the other fellow. If I owned only a peanut stand I would give my customers more and bigger peanuts."

Money in Streetcar Transfers

In a manner of speaking, this idea of giving the customers a bargain, or at least full value for their money, was the foundation of McBride's first business venture at the age of six. He paid half a cent each for the newspapers which were ostensibly his stock in trade, but he made a deal with his regular customers. All of them rode the streetcars, and all of them would ask for a transfer at Mickey's corner.

Instead of paying Mickey a penny for a paper, they'd give him an unused transfer, which Mickey promptly sold for two and one-half cents. Mickey thus made two cents' profit on each transaction, the man who bought the paper got it for nothing, and the man who bought the transfer got the streetcar ride for half price. Everybody was happy except the streetcar company, which finally got a warrant and brought Mickey into court. But he was defended by Clarence Darrow, and Darrow painted such a horrendous picture of the great soulless corporation hounding a poor newsboy that the jury sobbed and found Mickey not guilty.

Mickey's success in disposing of his newspapers attracted the attention of Max Annenberg, circulation manager of the Chicago American, and the youngster was barely in his teens when Annenberg put him in charge of a string of newsstands. In 1908, when he was eighteen, Mickey was transferred to the American's South Side circulation branch, in the Englewood district, and a little later, when Annenberg went out to Los Angeles to work for the Hearst paper there, he took Mickey with him.

The pair also worked on circulation in San Francisco and Boston before they returned to Chicago, where the Chicago Tribune lured Annenberg away from Hearst. McBride went along, but he soon returned to the Hearst paper, the Examiner, now defunct.

Tackling Circulation Problems

In 1913, W. P. Leech and Harry Starkey, Hearst executives, took charge of the Cleveland News and the Cleveland Leader, both of which were sagging badly. They offered the job of circulation manager of the News, at $10,000 a year, to young McBride, then in his twenty-third year, and so Mickey went to Cleveland.

"When I started on that job," says Mickey, "the News didn't take in $100 on paper sales. They were really a little operation. I hand-picked my newsboys, and corrected a slipshod delivery system. The first year I was in Cleveland our circulation jumped to 70,000, and at the end of the second year the News was more than 100,000."

Basically, McBride's business today is real estate, although he always has his eyes open for anything else that might turn up. His sagacity has become a byword in Cleveland real-estate circles, and reports of a spectacular deal automatically bring the comment, "I'll bet Mickey was mixed up in that."

He has made only one deal, in recent years at least, that might from any viewpoint be termed a failure. For a long time Mickey and his family, consisting of his wife, two sons and daughter, lived in a modest home at Kamm's Corners, a middle-class West Side section in Cleveland. But five years ago, when his family was in Florida, Mickey planned a huge surprise for them. He bought a $135,000 mansion on Edgewater Drive, in one of the swank residential sections of Cleveland.

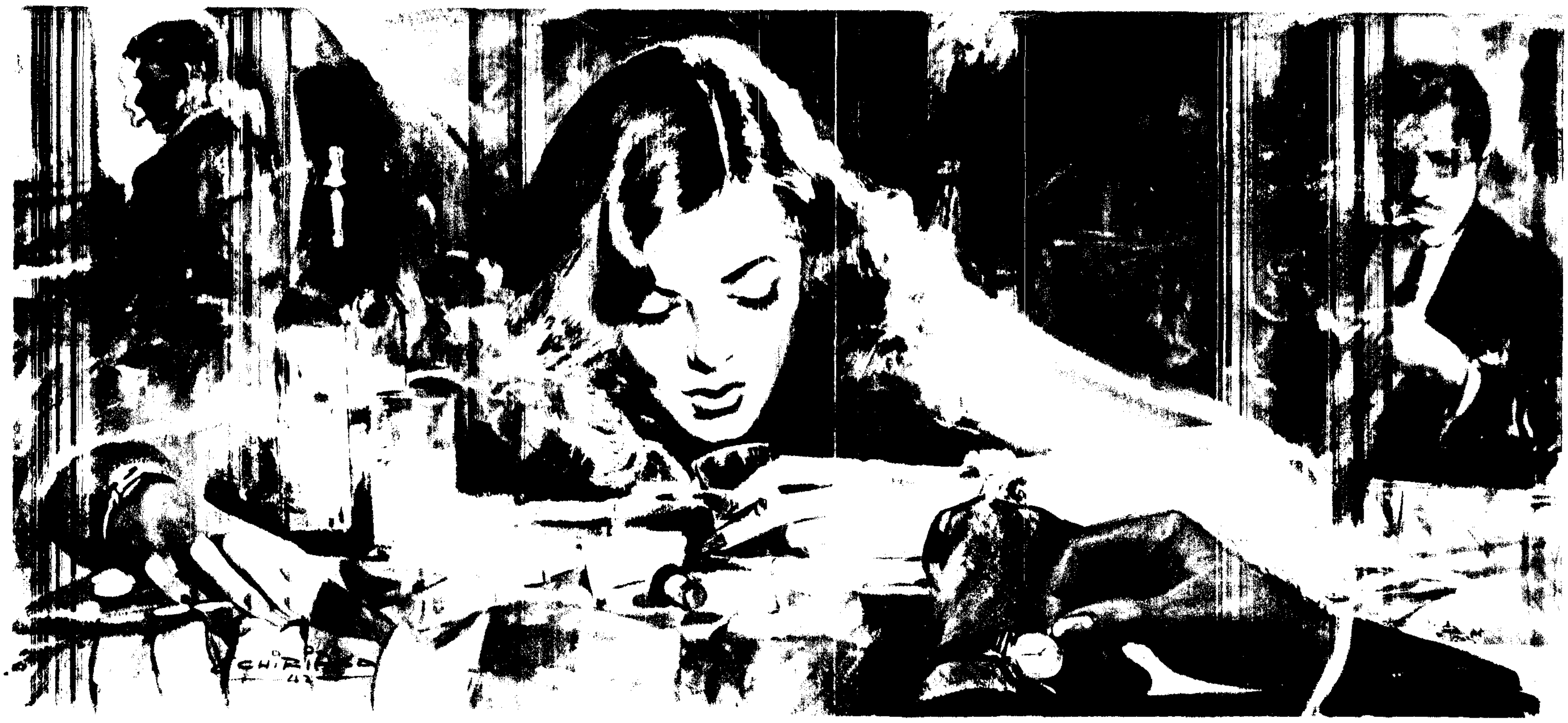
Then he furnished it lavishly, locked up the old house at Kamm's Corners, and waited patiently for Mrs. McBride and the children to come home. When they did, they seemed thrilled, but Mickey soon noticed that almost every day they all hustled over to Kamm's Corners to visit their old friends. Two years later Mickey made a trip to Florida, and when he returned to Cleveland he found the Edgewater Drive house closed and locked.

There was a note in the mailbox, signed by Mrs. McBride, the sons and the daughter.

"We've moved back home," the note said.

THE END

DOUBLE ACTION
PENNZOIL
MOTOR OIL
1. FLOWS FAST
2. STAYS TOUGH
SOUND YOUR "Z"... at this sign of better dealers coast to coast.
GET THE GENUINE!
SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Safe Lubrication
*Registered Trade Mark Member Penn Grade Crude Oil Ass'n., Permit No. 2
Tough-film PENNZOIL* gives all engines an extra margin of safety



"She didn't last six months with Mike. Wound up in a gutter . . . Had it comin' to her for taking up with that kind of guy"

ALL SQUARED AWAY

BY

MORT

GREEN

•

ILLUSTRATED BY

ERNEST

CHIRIACKA

I STEPPED into the hole-in-the-wall with the sign outside that read: LOUIE'S GRILL AND SOCIAL CLUB, and took a seat at the counter. I seemed to be customer number one for this afternoon.

I said, "Hi. I'll have a cup of coffee."

The man behind the counter was stocky, with a dark, expressive face. Deftly, he poured me a mug of coffee from the shiny urn behind him. "You're new around here, huh?" He flipped open a sugar bowl and slid it down the counter to me.

"Yeah," I said. "I'm staying with Doc Jensen."

"Nice guy, Doc. You a doc, too?"

"No. Writer. Having a little trouble with Chapter Two. Doc said this might be a good place to think about it."

The man mulled this around in his mind. He liked it and said, "As the owner of this dump I must admit that Louie's Grill and Social Club is a pretty good joint. We try to accentuate the quietude and eliminate the pistachio."

I said, "You're Louie?"

"I'm Sammy."

I have a one-track mind. "And Louie?"

"He used to own the place."

"You bought it from Louie?"

"I bought it from Mike."

I concentrated on my coffee. Sammy produced a cigarette from out of a crumpled pack, lighted it and allowed a thin ribbon of smoke to curl away from his lips.

Then he said, "Mike got it from Louie. He left the sign up as a monument to the deceased."

"Louie died?"

"A hero."

"In the war?"

"Nope. Back in the thirties. One day a hophead with a temper and an itchy trigger finger came in here and told Louie he needed protection. Louie begged to differ. They had words. The hophead's vocabulary was pretty limited so Louie was winning the verbal battle until the hood decided it was time for his target practice. Louie was the target. When they took him out of here he had more slugs in him than a pay phone."

Sammy looked satisfied. He took a deep drag on his cigarette and continued: "Mike was the dishwasher. Louie left a will and no relatives. The beneficiary to the will was Mike. When I came to work here as the new dishwasher, I asked Mike about the sign, and he told me he was gonna leave it as a token of esteem. Besides, Mike figured it would cost too much to change it."

"A lucky guy, Mike. And smart, too," I said.

"Yeah," Sammy said, "Mike was lucky, smart and no good. He didn't really care for this place. I tried to buy the joint from him, but the minute he found I wanted it, he jacked the price up. Well, I kept throwin' a little something in the sock every once in a while. In a couple of years I looked in that sock one day and found five hundred smackers rattlin' around in it. So Mike gave me the surprise of my life and sold me the place."

"That sounds pretty reasonable," I said, looking over the fixtures to indicate that I realized they were worth more than five hundred dollars.

"Not when you throw in my girl," said Sammy coolly. "She didn't last six months with Mike. Wound up in a gutter."

I put down my empty cup and said, "I'm sorry."

"That's all right. She had it comin' to her, I guess, for takin' up with a guy like Mike." He stopped. "You want another cup of coffee?"

"Sure." It was good coffee.

He poured us two new mugs. "Mike did okay for a while. When the war came along, he got to be a small-time black-market operator. So small, that when things got organized the big boys squeezed him out of the racket."

"He lost everything?"

"Nope. Not quite. Sometime ago I hear he went to see a guy. It seems he had a proposition to buy into a business, but he needed a thousand bucks and all he had was five hundred. So this guy shows him the way to get another five hundred. You see, this guy's got a hot thousand-dollar bill."

I said, "A *hot* thousand-dollar bill?" I felt a little stupid.

Sammy said, "Yeah. This is the war, kid. When you got a thousand-dollar bill that you didn't get strictly on the up and up, you got a hot thousand-dollar bill. You can't deposit it in a bank, because banks keep a record of incoming thousand-dollar bills. You go into a bank with one of them, and before you know it, you have the income-tax boys swarmin' all over you wantin' to know where you got it. Get the pitch now?"

"I'm right with you."

"Okay. So this guy with the big bill dreams up a gimmick. He sells the bill to Mike for five hundred bucks. Then, according to this guy, all Mike has to do is make out like he *found* the bill, and bring it over to the precinct. The cops hold it for thirty days, waiting for somebody to claim it. Nobody claims it. It belongs to Mike, and he don't have no explainin' to do. Smart, huh?" Sammy paused to take a long sip of coffee.

I whistled softly. "Terrific. And Mike got the bill?"

Sammy sighed. "Nope. Somebody claimed it."

I said, "Oh." Then I had a brain storm. "I got it. It was a double cross. The guy who sold him the bill went and claimed it."

Sammy wet his throat with more coffee. "Could be. But remember, only a dope would claim a hot bill."

Like I said, I'm a little stupid. For inspiration, I looked into my coffee cup as if there were something going on in it. There was something going on in it. The milk was curdling. I said, "Well, then, who claimed the hot thousand-dollar bill?"

"I ain't sayin' this is the way it happened, but here's how I figure it. Supposing this guy has an old score to settle with Mike, and sees a chance to get even. Supposing he don't have no hot thousand-dollar bill at all, but instead, he goes to his bank where he has enough cash on deposit to withdraw a thousand-dollar bill, all nice and legal-like. He tells them he's thinking of buying some new fixtures maybe, and they say, sure, here's the bill, be careful, so he asks them to record the serial number, just for safety's sake. From the bank, he hops right over to the precinct and tells them he just lost a thousand-dollar bill, in case anybody should happen to report finding it. *Then* he sells the bill to Mike, who thinks it's hot, and goes through with the plan according to schedule. After that this guy rushes down to the precinct and claims the *bill*. The cops check the serial number with the bank, the whole thing adds up, and this guy gets his bill back and Mike's five hundred besides. Get it?" Sammy paused. "As far as who the guy was, your guess is as good as mine."

I'm not that stupid. I said, "If the guy happened to be you, you and Mike would be pretty much all squared away. Right?"

Sammy's face was blank. "Not if the guy was me. Mike would still owe me something for *that girl*. He'd have to go through some special kind of hell for that before he evened things up with me."

I said, "Oh, I forgot about that. But as a writer—I kind of wish it had been you."

"Don't talk foolish. I felt sorry for Mike. I even got him a job. You want another cup of coffee for the road?"

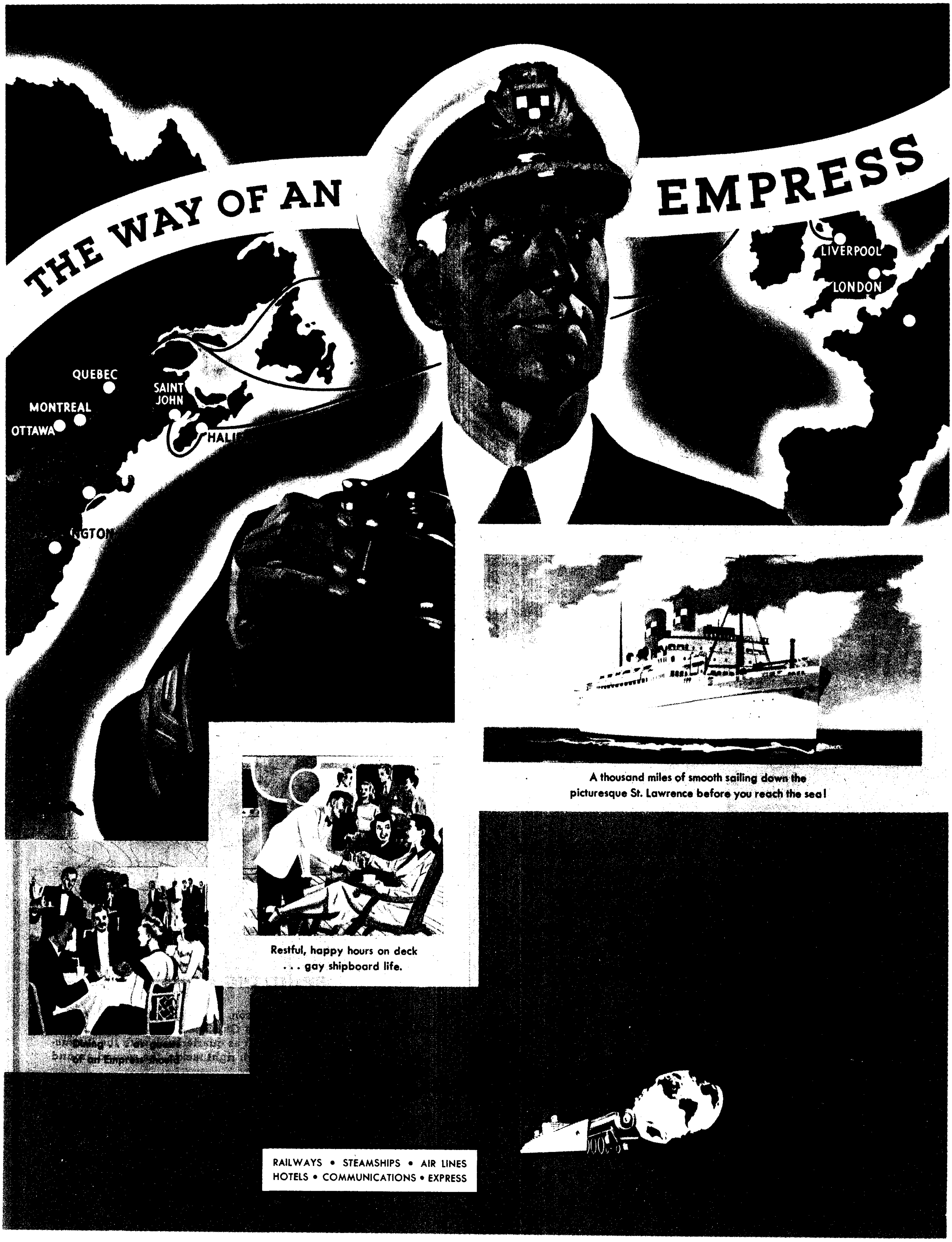
I said, "No, thanks. I better go back and finish Chapter Two." I threw a dime on the counter.

Sammy smiled and said, "Thanks. Good luck to you. Come in again."

He turned toward the rear and yelled, "Hey, Mike, get the lead out. I got some dirty cups out here for you to wash."

I got up and went back to Doc Jensen's.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE


THE WAY OF AN EMPRESS
QUEBEC
MONTREAL
OTTAWA
SAINT JOHN
HALI
NGTON
LIVERPOOL
LONDON

A thousand miles of smooth sailing down the picturesque St. Lawrence before you reach the sea!

Restful, happy hours on deck . . . gay shipboard life.

[illegible] Dining . . . gay guests [illegible] of an Empress [illegible]

RAILWAYS • STEAMSHIPS • AIR LINES
HOTELS • COMMUNICATIONS • EXPRESS

The most famous trademark in jackets

WINDBREAKER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
John Rissman & Son

NOW! 24 SIZES TO FIT EVERYONE

Small • Regular • Slim
Extra sizes • Extra large
Boys • Juvenile

FABRICS
Cotton gabardine, wool gabardine, poplin

COLORS
Cocoa tan, brown, teal

LININGS
Rayon, lightweight wool heavy wool

SHOWERPROOF
Smart for work, school, play

Jacket Illustrated: Fine tan or brown gabardine, rayon lined. Only $9.50 at better stores everywhere. Others from $4.95 up.

Write for name of nearest dealer

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED TRADE MARK
WINDBREAKER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. JOHN RISSMAN & SON

JOHN RISSMAN & SON
CHICAGO

STAGE DOOR GIRL

Continued from page 50

Medora's sophisticated headpiece excited some comment but not so much as a fox jacket which another girl had purloined. Medora considered mentioning that Ronnie had looked into her eyes, until she learned that others had the same belief. They were informed by the young lady in the fox jacket that actors can't see anyone in the audience. As her mother's cousin was married to a producer, she certainly thought she ought to know.

A girl with a round face and round eyes displayed a locket which, she announced tremulously, contained three hairs. Her father, a newspaperman, had solemnly sworn when he gave them to her that they were snipped from Ronnie's head by a barber he knew. She pressed the locket to what would one day be a bosom and vowed she'd wear it to her grave.

It wasn't only for the hairs that she was envied. An understanding parent was a rare treasure too. "You mean your father actually knows how you feel about Ronnie, and where you go Saturdays?" The luckless young lady who asked was the daughter of a clergyman who preached in a large church uptown.

"Why, certainly. He writes us fans up for his paper."

Well, some people were luckier than others. That was life.

THE triumph of the afternoon was enjoyed by a brunette with braces on her teeth and a nice feeling for drama. She had waited until a late moment to reveal that she had actually met Ronnie Jones.

No one believed her. It was the holy truth, she vowed, and she had a witness standing by her side. The brunette had interviewed him for her school paper and taken along a friend to help out. Sad to say the meeting had thrown them both into a speechless panic, but it was memorable all the same. While they were in his dressing room, Ronnie had changed his clothes behind a screen.

"You're lying."

"I hope to die if I am."

The witness crossed her heart and an awed hush fell over the alley. Then the great moment arrived. The stage door opened. There was a scream and a stampede.

Ronnie Jones had to cover only a short distance to reach his large new limousine. He was surrounded by a flying wedge of solid policemen, yet it was marvelous that he got there in possession of his hat and coat and arms and legs, to say nothing of his well-shaped nose and a set of devastating eyelashes.

Two policemen wrenched open the car door and four shoved him inside. The car crept toward Times Square, virtually drawing with it its circle of squealers. Medora picked up her mother's hat from the street, knocked the dust off it and ran for the subway, with only her memories to comfort her for another week. . . .

There was no one home when she got there, and a few minutes later she was soaking in a hot tub. Other things were soaking too. She had neglected to allow for a law of physics to the effect that when a body lowers itself into a brimming tub a good deal of water will be displaced onto the floor. She was indifferent to her miscalculation, because she had some heavy thinking to do. Her problem was Freddy Wheeler, who didn't know she was in love with Ronnie Jones—and she hoped he wouldn't find out.

When there was no basketball practice, Freddy walked home from school with Medora and stayed, playing records and gossiping until his mother phoned or her mother put him out. Immediately after dinner, on school nights, Freddy called up and they chattered until bedtime or until a parent of one of them threatened to tear the phone from the wall. Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, Freddy came over.

It was a routine with which Medora had been blissfully satisfied before she knew of the existence of Ronnie Jones. She'd first heard him singing on the radio and the ardent voice had quickened her breathing and heartbeats. Then she'd furtively attended a matinee and seen his charms and talents with her own eyes. He sang and played love scenes with a fervor that had caused some of his admirers to swoon. Medora wasn't the swooning kind herself, but after that first matinee her love was dedicated to a man who didn't know she was alive. Freddy Wheeler was only a very young friend who played basketball, not love scenes, and did nothing to her heartbeats at all.

However, there were advantages to having a beau she was actually acquainted with. She did think a girl ought to lead a normal life.

It was a pity that the basketball games were usually played on Saturday afternoon when Medora couldn't be on hand. Freddy was the kind of boy who expected his friends to be there admiring him when he pranced around the gym. He resented her absences and was suspicious of her excuses, which hadn't been very good. This afternoon, for instance, she'd asked her mother to tell Freddy, when he phoned, that she had gone to the library to study. That was going to make trouble, for sure. But at least Freddy would never be able to accuse her of making dates with other men—unless by some wild chance she met Ronnie Jones.

The doorknob rattled, indicating her mother was home and Medora called, "Come in."

Mrs. Miles was a writer of detective fiction and sometimes very caustic in conversation, like the characters in her books. She picked her way daintily over the wet floor, remarking that if she'd known the conditions, she would have worn a diving bell. What she did wear was her best black afternoon dress and she said she'd been to a tea.

"Tea?" Medora sniffed.

"All right, a cocktail party. Now suppose you come clean yourself and tell me why I couldn't find the hat I wanted to wear and why it's back in my closet now, looking like a floor rag?"

It hurt Medora to lie to her mother but she didn't spare herself. A girl who isn't allowed to go downtown alone would be foolish to say where she had been. "It blew off when I was coming home from the library."

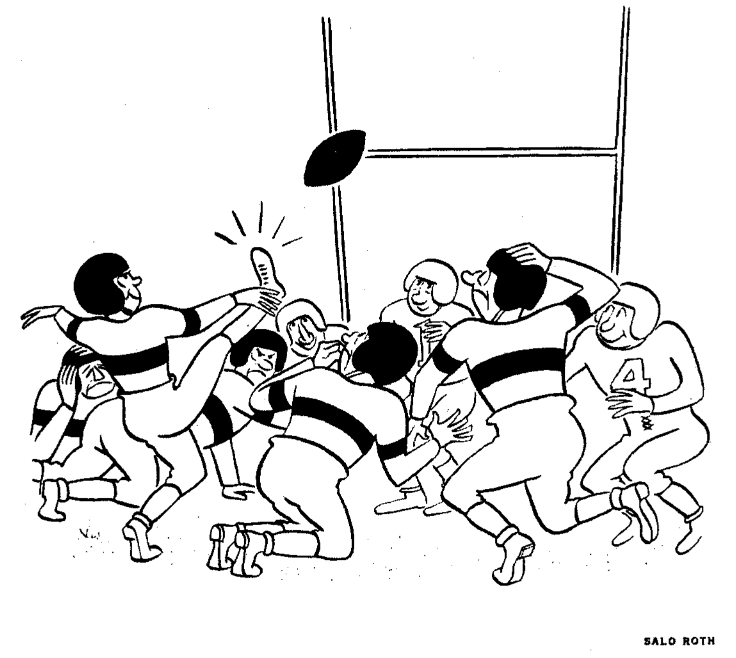
"Am I supposed to believe you filched my best hat to do your homework in?"

Medora thought ruefully that a mother who fancied herself to be a detective was not all that a mother might be.

"Freddy called up, of course, and really, I wish you'd relay these lame excuses yourself. He didn't find the library story any more convincing than I do."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. Not a word. It was the most scornful silence I've heard for quite a while." Mrs. Miles frowned thoughtfully at the steamed body of her daugh-



SALO ROTH

SPORTING ODDS

Shortly after Bernie Masterson, now head coach at the University of Nebraska, joined the Chicago Bears some years ago, Coach George Halas sent him in as quarterback with the instructions, "Run the first play through right tackle, the second around left end, and then kick."

The first play started from Chicago's own 20-yard line. The Bears went through right tackle for a neat 30 yards. First down on the 50-yard line. The second play picked up 35 yards around left end. Another first down, on the opponents' 15-yard line. Then—Bernie kicked.

—Larry Nordin, Omaha, Neb.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)

You have a stake in the Railroads...
Here's Why

Even if you never ride on a train — never ship a ackage by railroad freight — the whole pattern f your daily life is interwoven with the railroads. Most of the food you eat is carried to market by ail. And railroads—as the nation's major carriers of aw materials and finished products — have a part n the production of practically everything you use.

So it's important that the railroads continue to mprove the service upon which you depend — rvice at the lowest cost for comparable transortation in all the world.

To keep on doing that, railroads need new engines, new cars, new rail, new equipment and facilities of all sorts. These improvements depend in turn on adequate railroad earnings.

"And what," you ask, "is an adequate return?"

Most people think 6 per cent would be no more than fair.

Yet during the past 25 years — and that includes the war years — the railroads averaged a return on their net investment of only 3⅔ per cent.

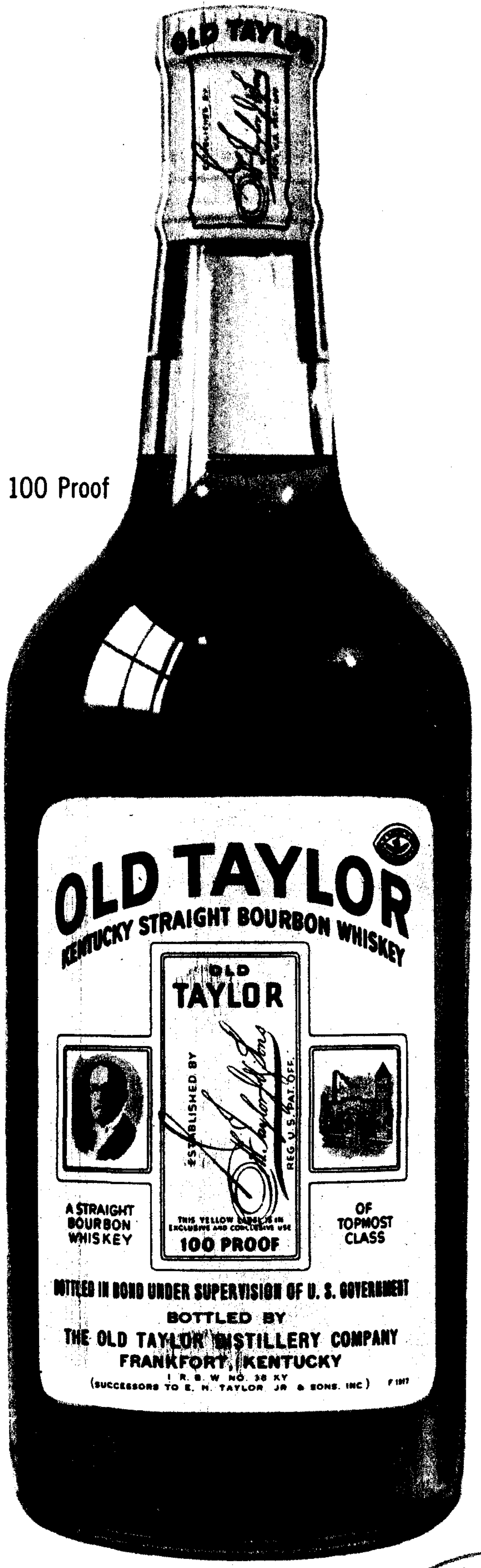
And in 1947, with a record-breaking peacetime traffic — railroads are expected to earn even less than that! Such a return is only about half what the railroads need to keep on providing you with the kind of equipment and service you want.

Because this need for adequate railroad earnings directly concerns you, and every other American, the railroads want you to know the facts.

Send for a free copy of the new booklet "You and Your Railroads." Association of American Railroads, Room 970, Transportation Building, Washington 6, D. C.

American Railroads

THE NATION'S BASIC TRANSPORTATION


OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

100 Proof

As sure as sure can be, the first sip of OLD TAYLOR will confirm the warm and mellow flavor foretokened by its rich, golden color. It is equally certain that those who share OLD TAYLOR with you will long and gratefully remember the occasion.

For OLD TAYLOR is topmost choice in any company, any time.

OF TOPMOST CHOICE

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT ★

BOTTLED IN BOND

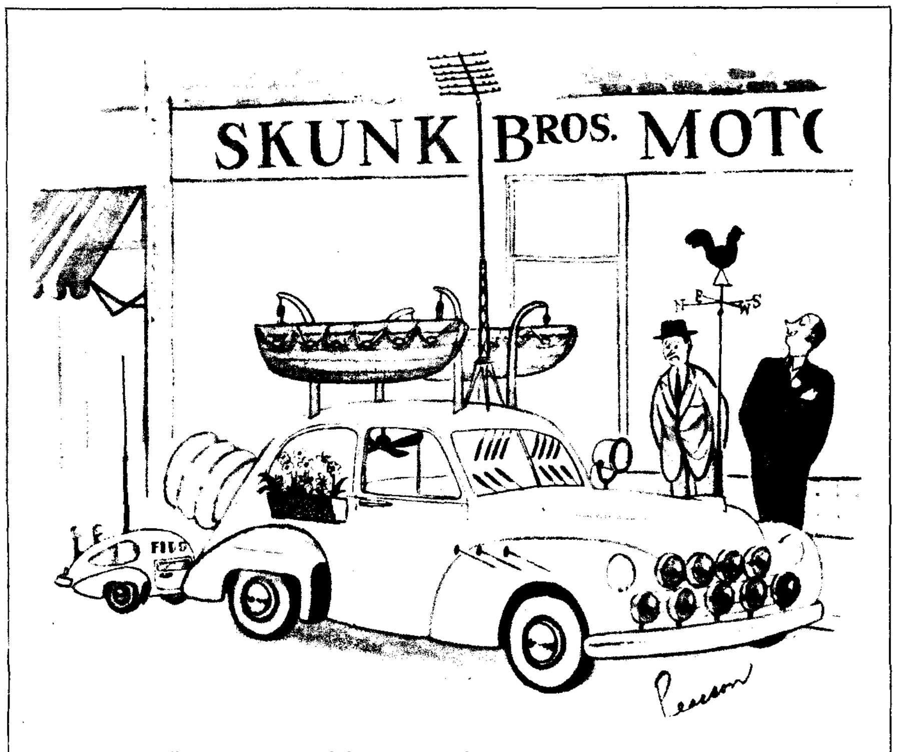
SIGNED, SEALED AND DELICIOUS

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

ter. "You're losing weight. Do you always eat a good lunch at school? I invited Freddy to dinner. He made it quite clear he considered himself my guest, not yours."

Mrs. Miles stepped over a puddle and opened the door. Then she turned back with a gentler expression. "You know, Toots, you're going to lose that boy. Are you sure you don't care?"

The door closed and Medora sighed. The truth was she didn't care at all in the way Freddy would wish her to care. It was merely her social life which would suffer. A girl would be pretty lonely if she never went out at all. If only she could have dates with Ronnie Jones!



"As a matter of fact, it works out we're giving you the car free. You're just paying for the accessories"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

FREDDY WHEELER was dressed properly to dine with two ladies. His suit was pressed with sharp creases, his sandy curls were wet and sleekly brushed, his freckled face shone with health and basketball. However, the conspicuous thing about him was a formal and austere manner and he addressed himself exclusively to his elder hostess. He told Mrs. Miles, with his usual lack of nodesty, that the game had been saved n the last thirty seconds of play and hat he'd shot the winning basket himself.

"Freddy, I'm proud to know you." Mrs. Miles served a hero's helping of vhite meat and dark. "Do many girls go o the games?"

"Girls?" Freddy had to stop and think vhat the word meant. "Why, yes, quite few girls go. I wish they wouldn't. The vay they screech makes my head ache."

Mrs. Miles looked sidewise at her laughter who was looking at her plate. oor Freddy. He was so transparent vhen he lied.

With the insouciance of a habitual iner-outer, he turned the conversation rom himself. "How's murder these days, Mrs. Miles?"

"At a standstill. I've got to start a new ook soon and I can't make up my mind. Freddy, I hope you won't be offended if ask, but if you were a homicidal maniac hat kind of people would you rub out? Millionaires, politicians, schoolteachrs—?"

He had a surprisingly ready answer. I'd kill actors."

Medora looked at him suspiciously. e was helping himself to chicken gravy nd his face displayed no sign of guile.

"Actors? Really? Why?"

"Well, look at the way people make ools of themselves about actors. Like"—he was searching for an example—"well, like the fans of Ronnie Jones."

It occurred to Medora that a mutual friend of hers and Freddy's might have seen her in the alley and told him. But he looked smug, as if he inspired writers every day and enjoyed doing it, and she decided it was a coincidence that he'd spoken of Ronnie, who was probably being discussed in many homes tonight.

Mrs. Miles, who was contentedly gnawing a chicken wing, said casually, "Tell me about the fans, Freddy. I'm curious about those girls who have to be policed by the riot squad. What kind of homes do they come from?"

Freddy's shrug implied that he neither knew nor cared. It was a different question that puzzled him. "What they see in Ronnie I can't imagine. I know a hundred guys who are better-looking"—an athletic chest was expanded—"and better built."

"He sings and dances."

"Listen, Mrs. Miles, I could dance if I took dancing lessons—I'd like to see myself—and I can sing just as good as Ronnie if I hold my nose."

Medora imagined Freddy prancing around the stage as he did in the gym and tried not to smile.

He continued, "Why a few months ago, Ronnie Jones was nobody. If he'd spoken to one of those girls then she'd have slapped his face. I'll tell you something else. I know his kid sister." Forgetting there was someone he wasn't speaking to, Freddy turned to Medora. "Did you know Viola Jones was his sister?"

The question was so unexpected, Medora could only gulp and ask, "Who?" She had never heard of Viola Jones.

Freddy smiled at Mrs. Miles. "I guess Medora wouldn't know her. Viola's nuts about basketball. But I know her and, believe me, I don't boast about it."

Medora sat very still. Imagine knowing Ronnie Jones' sister! Why, a girl could find out everything he did from morning to night. Her imagination took another step and whispered, *If you knew Viola well enough, you'd go to see her at her house. You'd meet her brother.*

She looked curiously at the young man who had this valuable contact and wondered why he hadn't mentioned it before. She supposed it was a sign of his hopeless boyishness that he was unimpressed by the great of the world.

After dinner, when she and Freddy were washing the dishes, he still was disinclined to talk to a girl who hadn't cared to be present when he saved the game. But more than his silence was shattered when he dropped a plate. "Gosh!" He stooped down to pick up the pieces.

"Does Viola go to our school?"

"Sure."

"It's funny I don't know her. You'd think, being a famous man's sister, everybody'd know who she was." Medora decided Viola must be unusually shy.

"It's a big school and she hasn't been there very long."

"Who does she go around with?"

"Not me," Freddy said pointedly. "Do you think I run around with other women behind your back?"

Medora was pleased to think that Viola, being shy, probably hadn't made many friends yet. "Does she look like her brother?"

Freddy blushed. "She isn't built like her brother. Viola's kind of fat."

Medora saw a touching picture of a girl who was shy, friendless and overweight. She remarked sympathetically, "Freddy, I think old students ought to help new students to make friends. Why don't you help Viola?"

"I don't know her very well myself." He gave Medora a long, searching look as if the evidence of charity in her nature were food for thought. Then, being Freddy, he bragged, "But I could get better acquainted with her, any day."

"That would be a very nice thing to do for a new girl," said Medora virtuously, "and I tell you what—if I knew her, I'd be glad to help too." She finished the dishes with an energy to which neither they nor she was accustomed.

MEDORA thought that Freddy played his part in the intrigue unwittingly. He told her after classes on Monday that Viola had sat next to him in the cafeteria and they'd exchanged a few words.

"Did you make a date with her?" asked Medora hopefully.

"Sort of. I said I'd see her Saturday at the game. By the way, I can't walk home with you today. I've got to go to the gym."

She walked home alone, aflutter with ecstasy and anxiety. Now that she was so close to meeting Ronnie, she had worries as well as thrills. For one thing, what was she going to say to him? Wouldn't it be awful if she were stricken dumb like that girl with braces on her teeth? And what could she wear? It was her belief that she was old enough to make certain improvements in her appearance and when she got home she had a tense argument with her mother about lipstick and nail polish and high-heeled shoes.

The next day she splurged and went to the cafeteria herself. It seemed like unnecessary economy to save lunch money now. As soon as she'd met the Joneses she could probably go to the show for nothing any time she chose. And sit in a seat, too.

Carrying her tray to a table near the one where Freddy usually sat, she looked around. There was only one girl in sight whom she couldn't name, a stagey blonde who was new in school but certainly not friendless. Medora had seen her with many different boys. And she wasn't fat, either. She was what Medora called developed, and she thought critically: If it was me, I wouldn't wear a sweater.

The blonde was eating quietly but she came to life when the basketball team arrived and swarmed around the table which tradition reserved for them. Then really it was embarrassing to watch her toss her yellow hair and try to attract attention. Who did she think she was—a movie star? What she did next was a shock to Medora. She carried her tray to the boys' table and after some noisy banter, sat down between two of them who pushed their chairs together. One of the two was Freddy. . . .

When Medora saw him after classes,

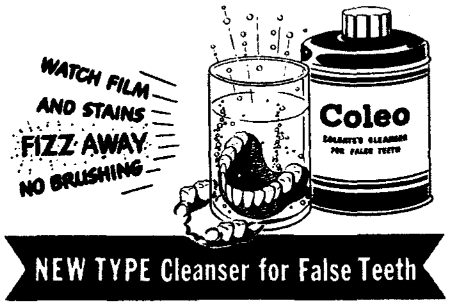
FALSE TEETH WEARERS
famous for their looks

Hollywood performers say:

"New COLEO cleans false teeth cleaner!"

8 out of 10 tested preferred Coleo to all other types of denture cleanser! And scores of actors and actresses tried it! Coleo, made by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, was tested in Hollywood because many actors and actresses *must* wear plates or bridges to photograph well!

Coleo fizzes away mucin (film), removable stains, and food particles in minutes! No brushing! False teeth are clean! Sparkling! And dentures cleaned with Coleo have a pleasant, fresh taste! Clean *your* false teeth the Coleo way—today!



NEW TYPE Cleanser for False Teeth

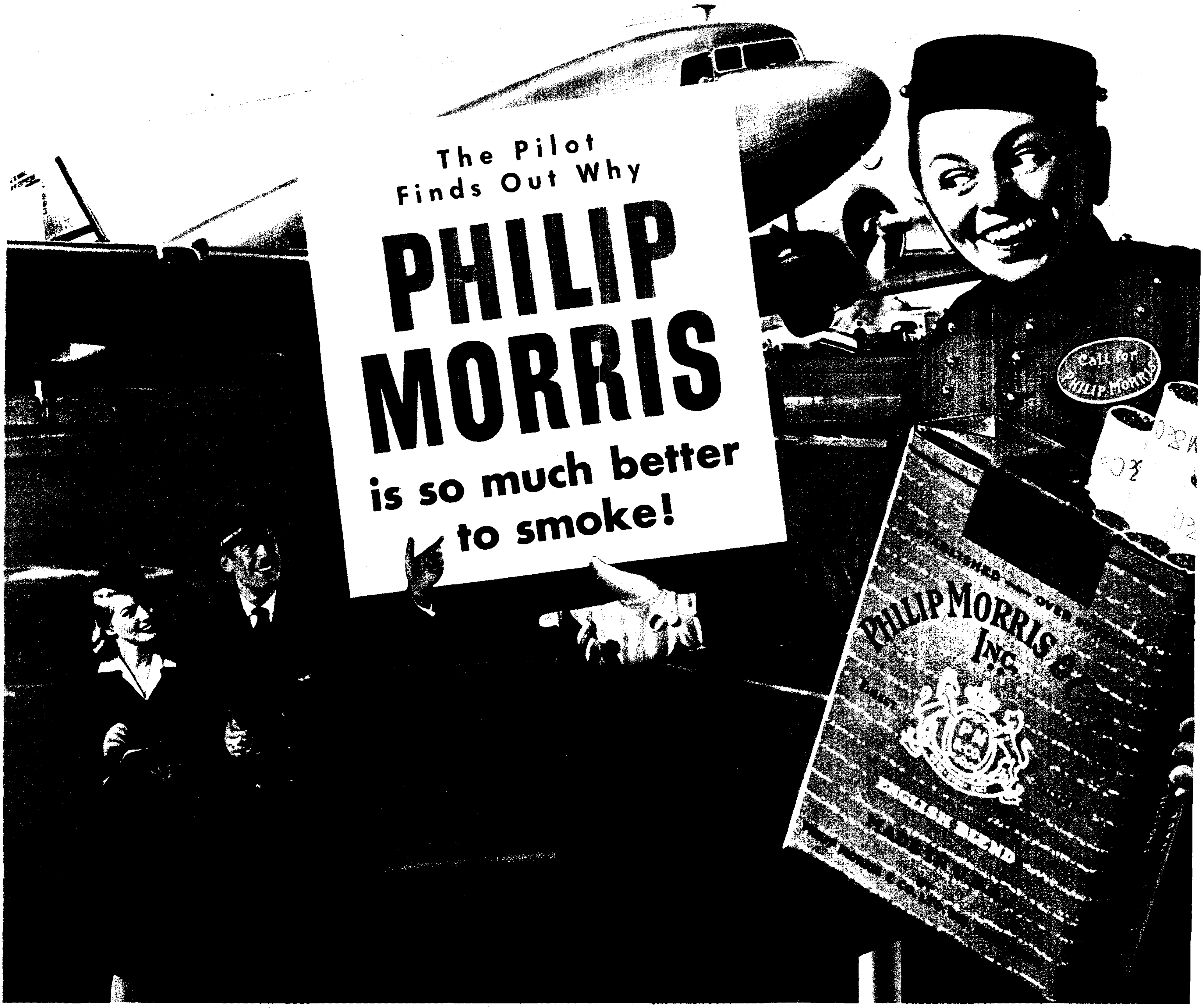
For that Brighter, Longer-Lasting
LOOKING GLASS SHINE

LANOLIZE*
YOUR SHOES WITH
ESQUIRE
BOOT POLISH

CONTAINS LANOLIN
ESQUIRE
BOOT POLISH
BROWN STAIN
CONTAINS LANOLIN

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF
On Sale at Shoe Stores, Shoe Departments, Shoe Repair Shops
Product of
KNOMARK MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN 5, N. Y.

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT



The Pilot Finds Out Why
PHILIP MORRIS
is so much better to smoke!
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. INC.
ENGLISH BLEND

The Pilot thought he had Johnny on the Spot. "Why," he asked, "is Philip Morris so much better to smoke?"

"Because Philip Morris is the ONLY leading cigarette scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat," Johnny replied. "**Less irritation means more enjoyment.** That's why the Philip Morris smoker really gets what other smokers only hope to get . . . better taste, finer flavor, perfect smoking pleasure!"

Yes, it's true . . . if every smoker knew what PHILIP MORRIS smokers know—they'd all change to PHILIP MORRIS, America's finest cigarette.

TRY A PACK TODAY!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

she asked, "Who was that girl who practically sat on your lap?"

The memory was pleasant, it seemed. Freddy smiled. "Would you like to meet her?"

"I certainly would not."

"What would you think if I had a date with her?"

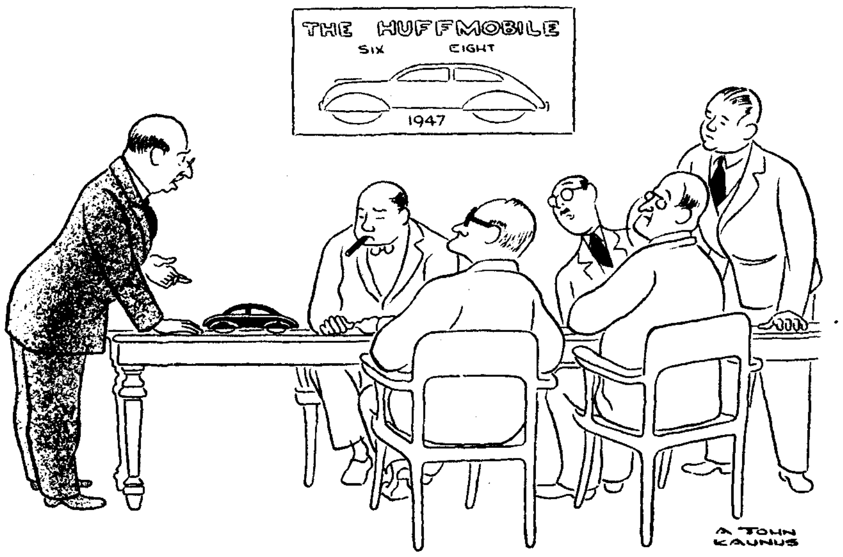
She was surprised at the vigor with which she replied. "You know perfectly well what I think of girls who run after boys!"

It was a beaming Freddy who patted her on the shoulder and said he had to run along.

"By the way," he added, "I won't be seeing you much this week. The coach is working us hard."

He left her with two mysteries—one, the whereabouts of Viola, and two, the identity of a blonde. And it wasn't until late in the week that she learned that there was only one girl who was baffling her; that the blonde with whom she saw Freddy so often in the corridors and cafeteria was Viola Jones. . . .

The revelation occurred Friday evening about eight o'clock. Medora was standing by a stage door in the alley, feeling rather depressed. Not, she told herself, because Freddy hadn't asked for his usual date, but because she felt conspicuous, almost silly, standing there alone. Evidently Ronnie's other fans hadn't thought of the strategy of being at the theater when he arrived. Or perhaps they wouldn't get away with it. She wasn't sure she had herself. She'd stolen out of the apartment without saying a word and hoped to have a good excuse for her mother when she got back.



"This new model won't do. We must have something new, dynamic, revolutionary. Something the radio comedians can kid us about"

COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS

It was a warm evening, more like summer than fall and though it was dark in the alley, there was still a gleam of light n the sky. Medora was holding a carnation, a small token of her affection that she'd bought at a flower stand in Times Square. The members of the cast, hurrying into the theater, looked at her trangely. The old doorman peered outide and shook his head, disapprovingly; but she stood her ground. Surely that depressed feeling would leave her when he'd seen Ronnie and given him the carnation for his buttonhole.

Finally the limousine arrived and Ronnie jumped out, still talking to someone n the car. Talking sternly too, like a Dutch uncle, and telling that someone hat she lacked the manners of refinement, that her behavior in public pained im and that she ought to realize she was nly a schoolgirl and not, as she seemed o think, Helen Hayes Cornell.

A silvery laugh rang through the alley.

"Don't give me that stage laugh. I'd take the hairbrush to you if we were home."

It sounded to Medora as if a kid sister were being berated and she crept closer to the car, thinking it would be remarkable if she met Viola *and* her brother, without any help from Freddy at all. A blond head appeared at the window and at last it dawned on Medora that the girl she'd begged Freddy to get acquainted with and the one she hated to see him with were the same.

Viola giggled. "Look, Ronnie, one of your admirers. She's brought you a flower."

Ronnie whirled around and right there in the alley where he usually made each of his fans feel that he loved her, he asked coldly, "What's the idea, hanging around a stage door at this hour? Hasn't anyone told you to stay off the streets at night? Haven't you got a home?"

Viola was convulsed.

Now, in the scene that Medora had rehearsed while she waited, she had pressed the carnation into Ronnie's hands, told him how much she admired him and that she never allowed a week to pass without seeing the show. That scene couldn't be played with an actor who addressed her as if she were a delinquent, while his sister laughed. She didn't even want to play it. This man who unexpectedly revealed a personality that was a cross between a policeman's and a parent's was not the man she loved. Most disillusioning of all was the knowledge that he was that blonde's brother. She'd have given the remainder of her life to make them believe that her business in the alley had nothing to do with the tribe of Jones.

And just then a miracle occurred. A sandy-haired young man stepped out of the darkness, where he might have overheard what had happened, and said, "Hello, Medora. Am I late?"

Ronnie asked sharply, "Do you know this girl?"

"I sure do. I've got a date with her."

"Is it your custom to ask girls to meet you in dark alleys?"

Freddy looked him straight in the eye. "She made a mistake," Freddy explained. "She should have waited at the other door, in the lobby."

It couldn't be Freddy Wheeler, Medora thought. It must be a dream. Freddy would never have thought of taking that hateful carnation from her hand and saying, "Is this for me? Gee, thanks." She could scarcely believe her ears when she heard Viola say, "Freddy! Freddy Wheeler, aren't you going to speak to me?"

Then Ronnie apologized. "Sorry, I made a mistake. You see how it is. I'm always stumbling over girls in places where they shouldn't be, and maybe it's none of my business, but it worries me." He winked at Freddy. "If you want to take your girl to the show some time, let me know. I'm afraid we're sold out tonight."

He went into the theater. The limousine was driven away. Medora was left alone with the young man who had saved her face and her feelings. She tried to thank him.

"Skip it." He'd done his good deed for the day and now he looked grim. "It wasn't my idea, hunting you up. Your mother phoned; she's having a fit." Clamping a hard hand on Medora's arm he marched her over to Broadway and into the nearest drugstore, where he entered a telephone booth.

"Hello, Mrs. Miles, I found her, right where I thought she'd be." His call was answered so quickly that Medora guessed her mother had been sitting anxiously by the phone.

Freddy said, "Nothing happened to her except she got a very fine bawling out. Ronnie Jones practically took her head off." Freddy frowned. "Say, Mrs. Miles, I'm thinking about that idea I gave you for a book. You know, killing actors? Maybe it wasn't so hot. Ronnie's okay."

Medora thought with a pang, he'd probably say nice things about Ronnie's sister too, if anyone asked him.

"Well, don't be discouraged, Mrs. Miles. I'll probably get another idea before long."

Some people might have thought Freddy conceited, but Medora felt that he spoke with a confidence to which he was entitled. She looked with awe on this youth who inspired writers and acted before actors and wondered how far his friendship with Viola had gone.

WHEN he left the phone, he hailed a taxi, but Medora wasn't flattered. It was clear from his expression that he wanted to get rid of his charge the quickest way possible, no matter what it cost. For a while she didn't dare speak to him, his manner was so forbidding, but there were questions she simply had to ask. "How did you know where I was?"

He snorted. "Everybody in school knows about your crush. I've had to take a lot of kidding."

"I haven't got a crush any more." She looked quickly to see how he reacted. His expression was unchanged.

It hadn't occurred to her before that the word crush described the overwhelming passion which had driven her to a life of intrigue and deceit. She'd thought of a crush as a minor disturbance without consequences. Now she wondered fearfully how dire those consequences were going to be.

She asked the vital question in a roundabout way. "I guess you won't be kidded about me now you're a friend of Viola's. Have you had a date with her yet?"

"What if I have? It was your idea."

That ended the questions. And hope.

When the taxi driver had been paid, Medora thanked Freddy formally for bringing her home and said good night. He seemed to expect something more of her so she told him she'd be at the game and wished him luck.

He looked surprised. "Say, what's the matter now? Don't you want me to come in?"

Medora stared, speechless.

"Listen, get this straight," Freddy's voice was harsh. "I haven't had a date with Viola and I'm not going to have any. When I want another woman, I'll pick her out myself."

Maybe it wasn't a love scene, so far as words were concerned, but no one could doubt that Freddy was looking into her eyes and hers alone. Medora's breathing quickened and her heart throbbed happily as they went inside.

THE END

SO YOUNG
with a trouble
SO OLD

An upset stomach is an ancient trouble . . . often the penalty of overeating or eating things we shouldn't. When your stomach is upset, be gentle with it . . . *take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL.

Never Upset an Upset Stomach

Don't add to the upset with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. *Take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL.

This pleasant-tasting preparation spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. *At all druggists.*

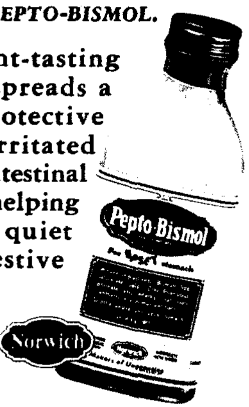
A Norwich Product

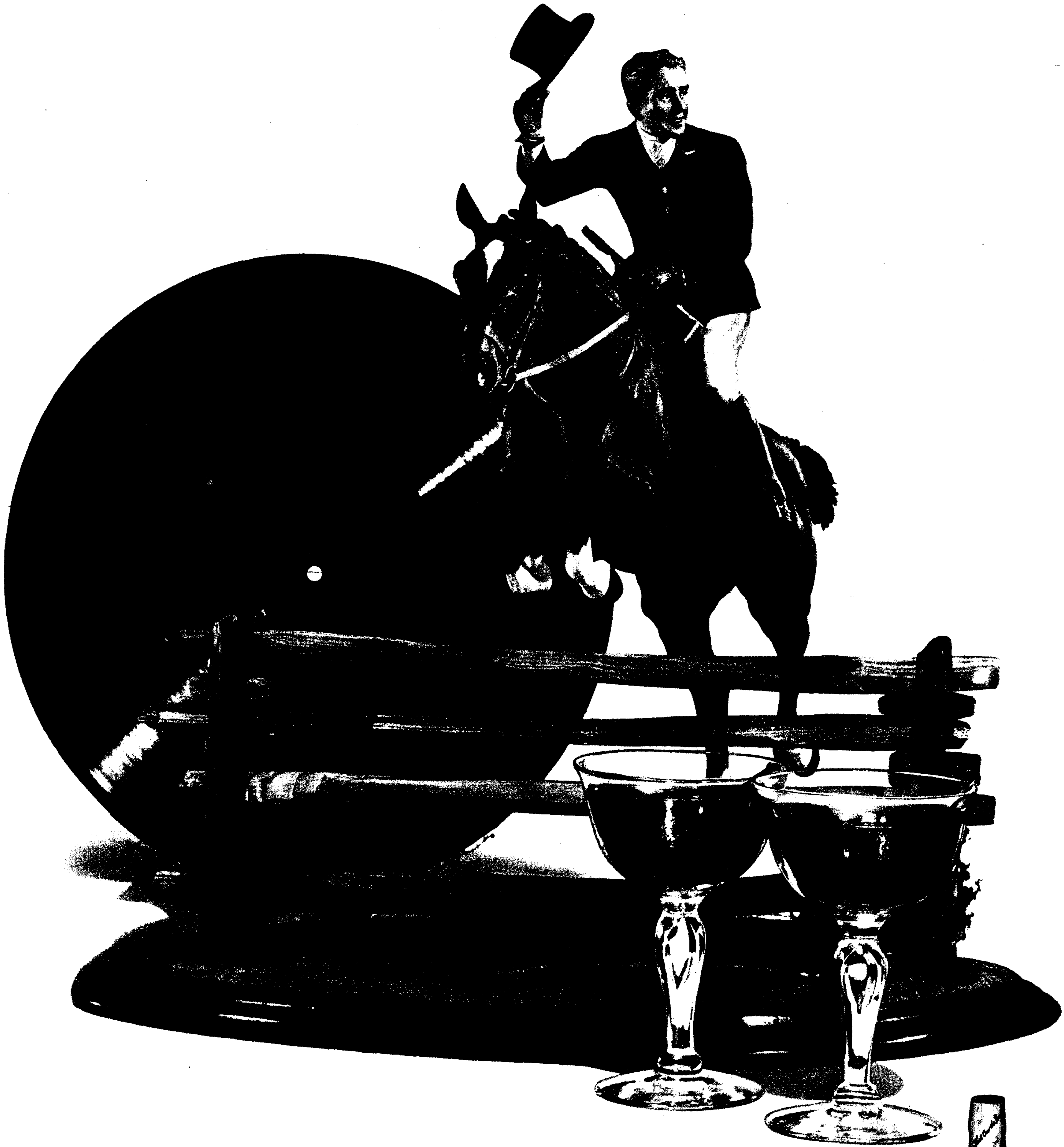
Pepto-Bismol

• Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

for UPSET *Stomach*

Listen to "THE FAT MAN," ABC Network, Friday Night
(Pacific Coast: Saturday Night)





For the Record...

Classical compositions may or may not impress you as the world's "best" music...

Only you can say. For the enjoyment of music is a *personal* experience—and dependent on personal *tastes.*

So, too, is the enjoyment of fine whiskey—possibly that's why Hunter's surprisingly *different* flavor may not suit your taste. But you should try it. For thousands of men who have tried it once, have found it instantly suited to their taste—and today prefer it to all others.

HUNTER

SINCE 1860

First over the Bars

HUNTER
First over the Bars

Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended Whiskey, 92 Proof, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

NOTHING OR NOBODY

Continued from page 26

'em all and then go to bed. No, I couldn't blame the old man. I think he really had noises in the head. Subway noises.

When I got outa the Army, the old man was still the same way. So I said goodby to Bay Ridge and Brooklyn and my home for good. Me and a buddy, Jimmy Hawkins, we shared a room downtown. In Manhattan.

That's how I got to be a bartender. Jimmy was one and he sold me on the idea of joining the union and working those swanky parties with him. I used to ask Jimmy why he never took a steady job in some bar, and Jimmy'd always say it wasn't for him. Jimmy always said he liked to look at them society people and all them fancy good-lookers.

Me, I didn't feel one way or the other. I was just interested in the dough. And the dough was good. We could work three times a week and have enough dough for good times. Oh, Jimmy and me had some good times, and whenever we'd be sitting around some bar Jimmy'd say how much better it was to be drinking drinks instead of serving 'em. In bars, he meant.

I NEVER had no trouble with them society people, Father. Not till that night when it all started. I never stole a bottle of booze or nothing. Jimmy would, but I wouldn't. But then I'd help him finish the bottle when we got home. I guess that's just as bad, ain't it, Father?

The trouble is sometimes I ain't sure what's good and what's bad. All those times, before the trouble began, I used to think all those society people were good. I used to think they were good, because they were better-looking and better dressed and spoke better and all that.

Before the trouble I used to think just that, but I don't no more. No, no more.

Me, I was working the bar in the game room that night. Jimmy was working the bar in the reception room. It was a wedding anniversary party. The Helmses' tenth anniversary. And it was the first time we worked the Helmses' house. We'd been at lots of other big houses on the North Shore but never the Helmses' house.

Everything was going fine. No trouble at all. One college kid kept bothering me to make some crazy drinks I never heard of, but I fixed him up and there was no trouble.

Not till about midnight. Not till Mrs. Helms and Mack Jennings sat down on those soft stools in front of my bar. They were the only two at the bar. Oh, there were about six or seven other people around the game room, lounging around and drinking and talking and making passes.

This Mack Jennings was a good-looking guy. Close to forty I think. Looked a little like Ronald Colman, but not as good. A little heavier, too. He ordered the drinks. A Scotch highball for himself, a Manhattan for Mrs. Helms.

I think they had a lot to drink upstairs before they came over to my bar. Jimmy told me they did. But you couldn't see it much on 'em. I think they held it all right on the outside, but not so good on the inside. On the inside it musta been different because you can tell what people are like on the inside by the way they talk.

Father, I thought it was me who was drunk, not them. I kept saying to myself —Pat Dawson, you're drunk. You're good and drunk. But I wasn't. I didn't touch a drop. Not a drop.

I just stood there behind the bar. It was a small bar. Made in a half circle and there wasn't room for me to move. I stood there with just a little smile on my face, trying to look like I liked the job and liked fixing drinks and all that.

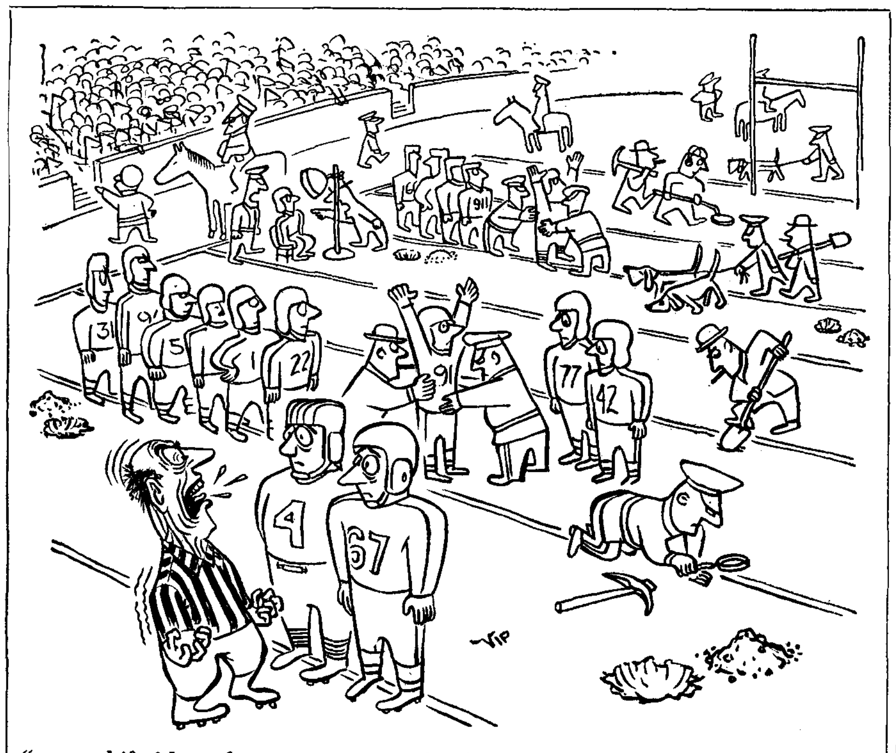
This Mrs. Helms—Fern, Mack Jennings called her. She looked like Jean Harlow used to look. A little like her. Mrs. Helms was smaller, I think.

She and him sat close together and when they talked I could hear every word they said. Every word, Father. Every no-good word. That's what got me. There I was, right in front of them. If they were blind they coulda seen me.

I kept listening to them because you can't stop yourself from listening. I kept looking right at 'em, trying to tell 'em with my eyes that they weren't alone, that I—that Pat Dawson—was looking at 'em and hearing every word they said.

I dropped a glass, Father. I did it on purpose. The glass bounced on the floor, it didn't break. And when I picked it up they were still talking, the same way they were talking before.

And you know where they were look-



"... and if either of you guys ever pulls that disappearing ball trick again ..."

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

A WINNER EVERY TIME

"TROPHY"

WINGS

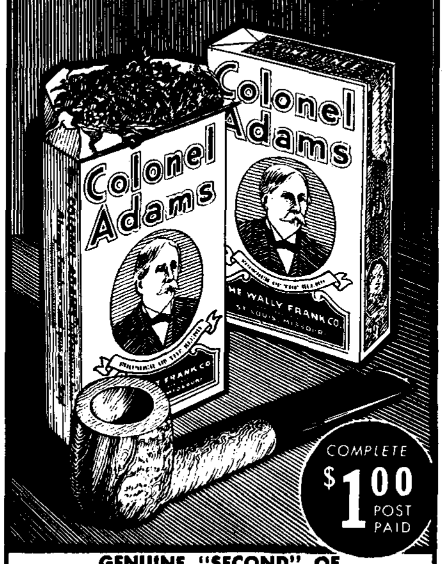
SPORT SHIRT WONDER

You're sure to win applause with "Trophy" — the superlative Wings sport shirt of Celanese* "Flannese." A truly luxurious fabric, tailored into Wings' smart casual shirt. Seven rich Fall colors, all designed to launder perfectly.

*reg. trademark

WINGS SHIRT CO., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, N. Y.

Special Advertising Offer



GENUINE "SECOND" OF REGULAR $5.00 WALLY FRANK PIPE

These full size pipes have slight surface imperfections—guaranteed not to impair their smoking qualities. Finest imported Briar—Natural Color—No breaking in—Special metal moisture trap in stem. Plus **2 regular 15¢ packs of Colonel Adams— a mild natural leaf tobacco mixture.**

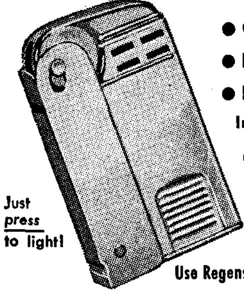
WALLY FRANK Ltd., Dept. 517
150 Nassau St., New York 7, N. Y.
Enclosed find $1.00. Send pipe and 2 packs of Colonel Adams described above. If not satisfied, I will return for cash refund.
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS BELOW

....

....

Best lighter buy!

REGENS
AUTOMATIC
STORMLITER


Just press to light!

- Guaranteed Windproof
- Fully Automatic
- For Pipe or Cigarettes

In Nickel, Chrome, Enamel or Etched Finish—
Only $1.50 to $2.50

If it's a REGENS, it LIGHTS!

Use Regens Yellow Flints For Best Results

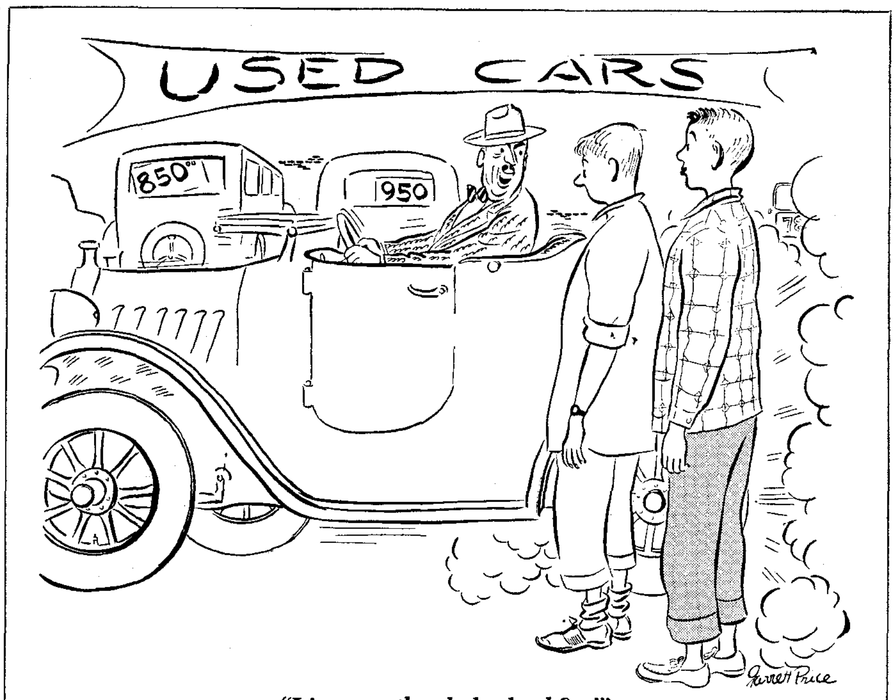
AT BETTER JEWELRY, DRUG AND TOBACCO STORES
Regens Lighter Corporation, 2 E. 46th St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

IS PSORIASIS A SKIN DISEASE?

After years of research, many noted medical scientists have reached the opinion that Psoriasis results from certain internal disorders. A number of physicians have for the last five years been reporting satisfactory treatment of this malady with a new formula called LIPAN—taken *internally*, Lipan, a combination of glandular substances and vitamins, attacks what is now believed to be the *internal* cause of Psoriasis, and tends to aid in the digestion and assimilation of foods. Lipan is harmless, non-habit forming, and can be taken with confidence by both young and old. Physician inquiries are invited. Ask your druggist for Lipan or write us direct for free booklet. Or, order a month's supply of Lipan—bottle containing 180 tablets—at once, enclosing check or money order for $8.50.

Miss Mabel Millot says: I was afflicted with Psoriasis for 9 years on face and back. Two and one-half months after I began to take Lipan, my skin was completely clear.

Spirt & Co. Dept. C-22,
Waterbury, Conn.



COLLIER'S "Listen to that baby backfire!" GARRETT PRICE

ing when they were talking? Right at me. Right at me. Only they didn't see me. I coulda cut my throat right there and I don't think they'd have seen me.

Did you know what I was thinking all this time? I was thinking this, Father. I'm nothing. I'm not Pat Dawson. I'm nothing. I'm not an American citizen. I'm not a war veteran. I'm not a bartender. Not even a human being.

I was thinking, Father, I was just something that adds up to a drink of booze. Sure, I got eyes, ears, a nose, a face, a body, a mouth and all that. But you can look on the label of a bottle of booze and maybe see a picture of all those things and all those things don't hear nothing or see nothing or say nothing.

I was sick, Father. I was never so sick in all my life. Not even during the Battle of the Bulge did I get so sick. And so scared.

I was scared about—about being nothing, about being taken for nothing.

AND they meant every word they said. Every word of it because you know what happened. Every no-good word.

Mrs. Helms she said she hated her husband. Only she just didn't call him her husband. She used some words I wouldn't repeat to you. But she kept telling this Mack Jennings how much she hated her husband, how much she loved Mack Jennings, how much she wanted to get rid of her husband.

Mack Jennings kept trying to tell her to take it easy, to be patient, and to remember this was an anniversary party. Do you know what she said, Father? She said she hoped she could begin celebrating the anniversary of his death. That's what she said. Because I heard her. Every—every word of it.

Mack Jennings kept patting her hands and telling her they would do something, and Mrs. Helms kept telling him they had to do something soon, real soon.

Then Mack Jennings ordered two more drinks. I fixed 'em and they took the drinks and walked away. I saw them talking to another man and woman, talking and laughing and having a wonderful time. And then they went upstairs. And I didn't see 'em no more that night.

You know what happened, Father. A week later Howard Helms—Mrs. Helms husband—he was killed. They said he was drunk and he fell down the stairs and cracked his head in the cellar. They said it was an accident. That's what they said. And I saw it in the papers.

I was sitting in a bar on Forty-seventh Street with Jimmy—and two girls—when I read about it. You know what I did? I got up and left. I said I was sick and that I was sorry but I had to go. Jimmy got sore, but I didn't care. I got the—I got outa there and went back to the room.

I was sick all right. I went to bed sick, wanting to sleep and to forget everything and all that. But I couldn't sleep a bit. I kept thinking over and over again about that Helms party and listening to Mrs. Helms and Mack Jennings.

About four in the morning Jimmy came in and seeing as I wasn't sleeping he started to ask me what was the big idea walking out on the dames and him. I told him I was sick and he asked me what kind of sickness and I couldn't tell him. I couldn't tell him nothing except that I thought I was going crazy. So Jimmy said don't go crazy tonight and he gave me a bottle of booze and I finished it and got tangled in maybe a hundred nightmares.

Know what the nightmares were, Father? I kept seeing Mrs. Helms and Mack Jennings pushing Howard Helms down the stairs and then telling me to fix some more drinks. That's what I kept seeing, only in the nightmares I was smiling like I was happy to be there and happy to be serving drinks to nice people who push people down stairs when they don't like them, especially somebody's husband.

The next day I didn't get outa bed. Not at all. Jimmy brought me a hamburger and he brought me another bottle of booze and I drank all of it.

I couldn't get outa bed, Father. I couldn't. I kept telling myself if I was nothing I could stay in bed and drink myself to death. But if I was something or somebody I was part of a murder. If I was something or somebody I was to blame because a man was killed. I coulda gone to Mr. Helms and told him what was up and then maybe—maybe—

But I didn't because I was nothing. And I stayed in bed and got drunk.

Then the day after that Jimmy told me we had another job—another big party on Long Island. And when I told him I wasn't going, Jimmy hit the roof. I kept telling him I didn't want to work no more parties on Long Island or any other fancy place. Well, Jimmy tried to argue with me but it did him no good. He tried to find out what the—what the matter was but I wouldn't tell him nothing.

I didn't tell nobody nothing. Not until I went to see Mrs. Helms.

That was a little more than a week after Mr. Helms fell down the stairs—after he was pushed and all that. I'll tell you why I went there, Father. Maybe you weren't in court and maybe you didn't read it in the papers, so I'll tell you.

Well, I went to see Mrs. Helms because I was fighting with myself. I was telling myself that I was down and out and that they would count me as noth-

Start making
EXTRA INCOME
for Christmas—now!

Right now is the time to start making extra money for Christmas shopping, new clothes, or just to meet the high cost of living.

To increase your income you simply take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and *all* popular publications. It's easy to make a success because Collier's is so popular with so many people. We will help you get started with sales material and expert instruction.

The sooner you get started the more time *you will have to take advantage of the* profitable Christmas season. Many of your friends are already subscribing—their renewals will pay you the same generous profits as new subscriptions.

This profitable plan has helped hundreds of men and women meet the high cost of living. Now you can balance your budget and have money to spare. Even if you have only a little spare time, you can add a substantial sum to your income. *Your earnings start with your first order.*

For money-making supplies, all you need do is mail a penny postal or the coupon below.

EXTRA INCOME COUPON MAIL NOW

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-17
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me without cost or obligation details of your EXTRA INCOME PLAN.

NAME ....
(Please Print)

STREET ....

CITY .... Zone No.......

STATE ....

NOW! Mark Frozen Food Packages
WITH **Lux** FOUNTAIN PEN BRUSH
WATER-PROOF • INSTANT DRYING.
WRITES ON ***CELLOPHANE,***
wax paper, etc. Many other uses... Price tags, art work.. 8 beautiful colors. Price $1.95 with ink.. at your School Supply or Stationery Dealer.
THE LUX CO., 154 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

ing if I didn't get up. So I got up. I got up and took some more booze and then I took a cab all the way out to the North Shore.

The butler remembered my face when I told him I once worked the bar there. But he wouldn't let me in. He let me in only after I shoved him outa the way. Mrs. Helms heard the racket and she came downstairs.

She was wearing a black dress trying to look like she was in mourning and all that. But you know, Father, she was wearing lipstick and powder and perfume and she didn't look so unhappy to me. Well, she didn't look unhappy till I told her who I was and why I was there.

Then she called Mack Jennings. He was outside in the sun smoking a pipe and playing with the fancy dogs and looking like everything was just jake.

This is what I said—to both of 'em. I said my name was Pat Dawson and I wanted to know one thing. I said I wanted to know if they killed Mr. Helms. I wanted to hear 'em say no. I wanted to believe 'em if they did, and then maybe I would forget what I heard, and then maybe if I stopped working fancy parties I could begin to think I was something or somebody.

Mrs. Helms didn't say nothing at first. She asked me if I wanted a drink and when I said I did she gave me the best booze in the house. While I was sopping it up, Mack Jennings began to ask me questions. What did I hear? When did I hear it? Did I tell anybody else?

Oh, I told 'em everything and I told 'em off because by then I was sure they killed Mr. Helms. Then I said can you see me? Can you hear me?

Then this Mack Jennings said it, Father. He should never have said it at all and the way he did. Father, can you understand me? I was fighting. I was fighting to get up, to be something or somebody, and I couldn't take what he said. It was too much to take. Then this Mack Jennings walks outa the room and leaves Mrs. Helms there and she starts talking and making worse than nothing or nobody outa me.

Know what she said, Father? She looked straight at me and said I'll give you what you want. I asked her if she knew what I wanted and she said money. I laughed, but she didn't know why I was laughing because she kept raising the ante. She was sure I showed up for only one thing. Blackmail.

Then Mack Jennings came running back into the room—with a gun in his hand. He just kept pointing the gun at me and saying nothing and listening to Mrs. Helms going crazy and saying I was worse than nothing or nobody because I didn't want no money from 'em.

Then Mrs. Helms she turned to Mack Jennings and started yelling for him to shoot me dead. He got scared for a little minute, Father. That was his trouble. He kept looking at me and looking scared, and then kept turning to Mrs. Helms to see how crazy she was.

I didn't wait for him to look at me again. I just dived at him and knocked him off his feet. I knocked the gun outa his hand and I kept slugging away at him till Mrs. Helms went for the gun. Then I got up and I kicked her away. I got the gun and I squeezed the trigger just as Mack Jennings tried to jump me. I hit him right, Father. I hit him right in the heart and he fell down dead.

Mrs. Helms, she got down on the floor with Mack Jennings, holding him in her arms and trying to bring him back to life. Me, I sat down and had a few more drinks and waited for the police. I finished the bottle before they came.

THEN the trial. I was somebody at the trial all right. I really was. They had my name and pictures in all the papers. It was a big bang all right, but all the bangs hit me. Father, I didn't stand a chance.

Mrs. Helms she fixed me with a couple of fancy lies. And they believed her—maybe because they couldn't believe my story about hearing 'em talk about murder at the bar. She fixed me all right but I think she fixed herself, too. I think she fixed it so it'll be no good for her for all times. Maybe she won't never get the electric chair, but I don't think she sleeps so good. No, Father, I don't think so.

When I was sure I was going to die in the electric chair, I kept telling myself it mighta happened in the Bulge. It mighta, too. Many times.

Father, I wish it had. But the way things worked out I'm sorry about a lotta things, but most of all I'm sorry for what I did to my family. Oh, I didn't love 'em too much I guess, but I never wanted to hurt 'em any. And I did, Father, I did. I hurt 'em plenty.

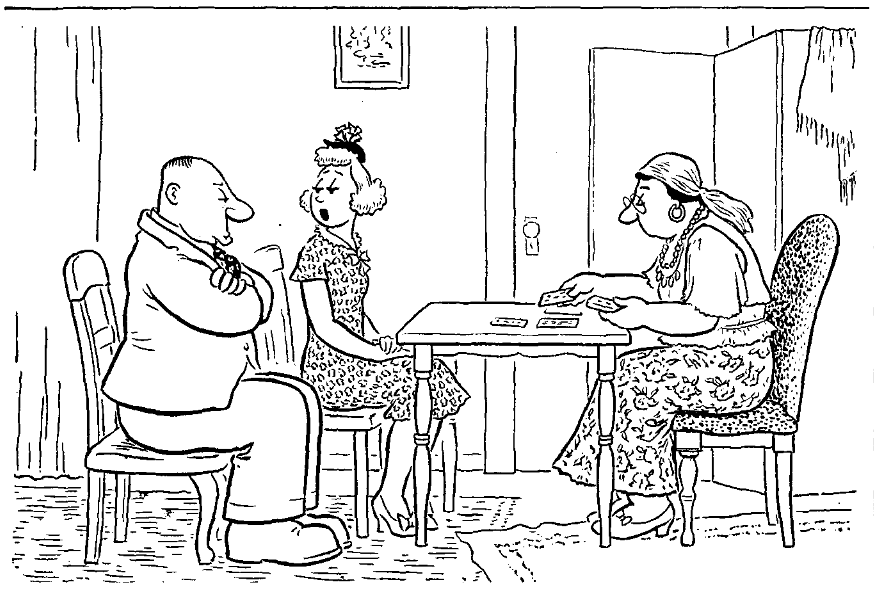
Thanks, Father, thanks for letting me talk to you. I tried not to use no swear words and all that.

One more thing, Father. There's one more thing I forgot. Well, there was *one* time I wished, one time I really wished I was nothing or nobody. That was during the trial—when they put my picture and all that in the papers.

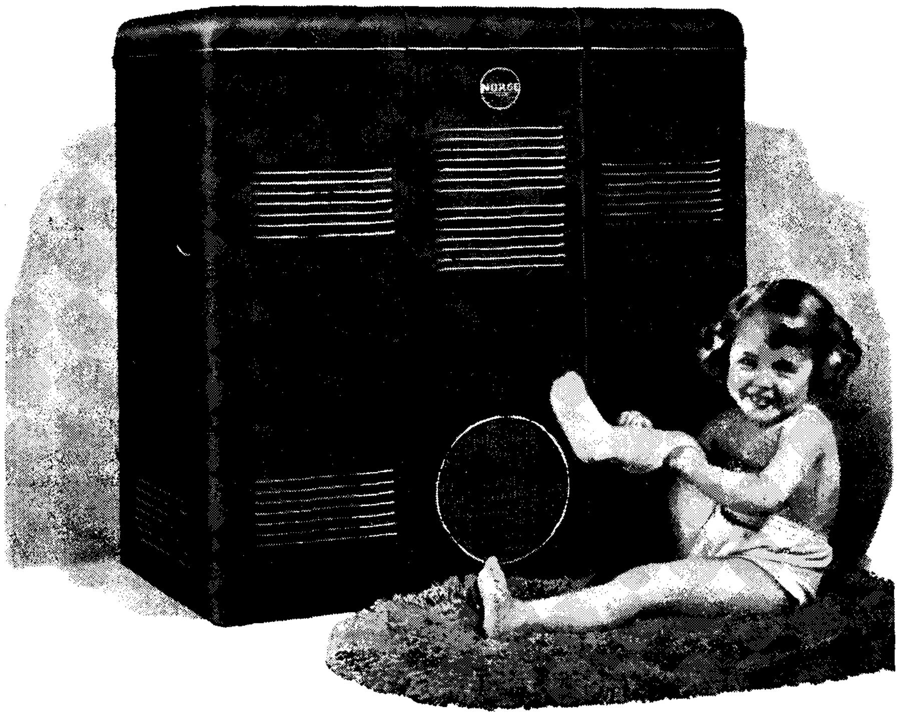
Know why, Father? Because my old man stopped reading all those newspapers, and I know what it meant to him to sit down and read all those papers when his head was full of those subway noises and he wanted peace and quiet.

THE END

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**

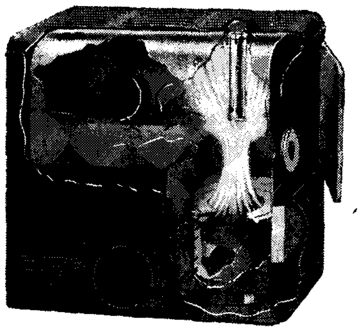


"You're being very unreasonable, Alfred. It's not my fault if the cards say I'm going to meet a tall handsome man"



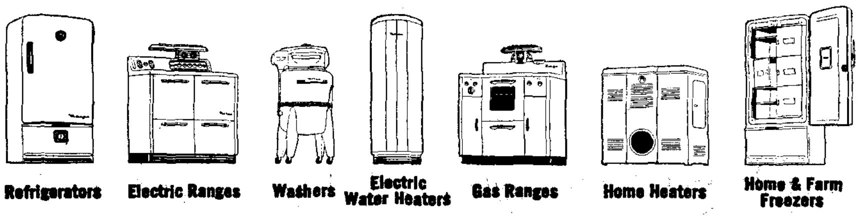
Lots of Heat for a Small Figure!

We mean it . . . this new Norge oil-burning unit supplies *abundant heat* at *low cost*—heat that is *clean, quick, safe, workless,* and *controllable!* So efficient is this newest model that, with it, a small home or other building of average construction, containing up to 6500 cubic feet, can be easily maintained at 70 degrees, even with the outside temperature at zero. For healthful heat all winter, without work or worry, see your Norge dealer . . . he is listed in the classified section of your phone book. "The best dealer in town sells Norge."



The exclusive L-shaped heat exchanger provides up to 40% more heating surface. Other Norge engineering achievements are: downdraft "Whirlator," single-dial heat selector, triple-air oil burner, "tell-tale" oil gauge, easy-fill humidifier.

Norge is the trade-mark of Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan. In Canada: Addison Industries, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



F. D. ROOSEVELT:

THE FULL PICTURE

COLLIER'S now has had the pleasure of printing two series of "Franklin D. Roosevelt As I Knew Him" articles, and two more are in the works.

The first of these came from the pen—and the heart—of Frances Perkins, who served as Secretary of Labor from Mr. Roosevelt's first Inauguration Day, March 4, 1933, until shortly after his death in the spring of 1945.

Miss Perkins' memoirs were written in a worshipful mood, since she felt that F.D.R. was about as nearly perfect as mortal man can be. For all that, her reminiscences were intelligent, interesting and informative. Her book containing the Collier's articles justifiably became a best seller.

The second of these series of Roosevelt recollections was by James A. Farley. To put it mildly, it was a horse of quite another color than the Perkins production.

The former Roosevelt campaign manager and Postmaster General wrote under the title Why I Broke With Roosevelt. He pulled no detectable punches in telling precisely that story.

"General" Farley, always the practical politician, never was overcome by the coruscations of the Roosevelt personality. But he knew a born winner when he saw one. He handled the 1932 and 1936 campaigns with the enthusiasm which a trainer brings to a fine race horse.

Between 1936 and 1940, Mr. Farley came to regard his chief as a snob and an autocrat. In his Collier's pieces, Farley cited chapter and verse to show how and why he arrived at this estimate of Mr. Roosevelt; and both he and the magazine drew some memorable brickbats on that account from some of the same people who had applauded the Perkins series.

We are now printing a selection of Henry Morgenthau's memories of the Roosevelt he knew. Mr. Morgenthau, affectionately called Henry the Morgue by "the Boss," was Secretary of the Treasury from January, 1934, until President Truman eased him out in July, 1945. He was an intimate of Mr. Roosevelt's and he also was the most industrious diary keeper since Samuel Pepys.

Collier's takes pleasure in presenting the cream of Mr. Morgenthau's Rooseveltian impressions to its readers—and in welcoming the brickbats fired by people whose admiration for Morgenthau and his late leader can hardly be called intense.

To cap this particular group of memoirs, we expect soon to print a series gleaned from the notes and records of Harry L. Hopkins by Robert E. Sherwood. Mr. Hopkins, of course, was Mr. Roosevelt's closest confidant. His report should be fully as interesting as those of Miss Perkins and Messrs. Farley and Morgenthau—and fully as useful to future historians and biographers.

It is this historical aspect of the whole matter that we have considered from the start.

In Franklin Delano Roosevelt the United States had one of the most picturesque, dramatic and controversial characters in its history.

People either loved or hated this man. There was no middle ground for calm feelings concerning him. He had a genius for making friends, and an equal genius for making enemies, and he made plenty of both.

The complete verdict of history on him is not in as yet, and cannot be rendered for years to come.

Was he a true lover of the people; or did he love them only at a distance, finding their aroma just a trifle too earthy? Mr. Farley has one answer to that question; others have other answers.

Did Roosevelt strive incessantly and honestly to prevent the European war which exploded in 1939, and did he really try thereafter to keep the United States out of that war? Or did he want a war from the time of the 1937 "quarantine" speech in Chicago?

What was his true and complete role in the Pearl Harbor disaster?

Did he give away too much at Yalta to Joseph Stalin; or did he actually drive as shrewd and tough a bargain as was possible at that time?

In accepting nominations for a third and a fourth term, was Mr. Roosevelt moved by a selfless love of his country and a consuming desire to see it safely through a time of troubles? Or was he, as some suspected, a dictator at heart, with a fierce ambition to overturn the American republican system of government and steer the United States into a sort of repetition of the history of ancient Rome from the time of Julius Caesar?

These are only a few of the many questions which are still unanswered in full concerning the New Deal and World War II Chief Executive and the man who succeeded in breaking the George Washington no-third term tradition.

These and all the other pertinent questions must be answered in full and authoritatively before Franklin D. Roosevelt can be assigned his correct rank in the history of the United States and of the world.

Every shred of evidence that can contribute to the definite answer to every question about Roosevelt should be gathered up and put on record somewhere, and as promptly as may be.

We don't see how there can be any better sources of such evidence than the members of the Roosevelt inner circle during the years when he was the central figure in official Washington.

That is the chief reason why we are printing the Perkins, Farley, Morgenthau and Hopkins recollections—and why we do not anticipate that these will be the last of such documents we shall print.

In the course of time, by means of these contributions and of other evidence from other sources, the American people and the world should have the full, true and three-dimensional picture of F. D. Roosevelt as he actually was.

It is a picture which is urgently needed for many reasons, and we take the greatest satisfaction in helping to build it up, regardless of any objections from anybody anywhere.

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • WALTER DAVENPORT Editor • JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

Clark's
TENDERMINT
Chewing Gum
FRESHLY Minted

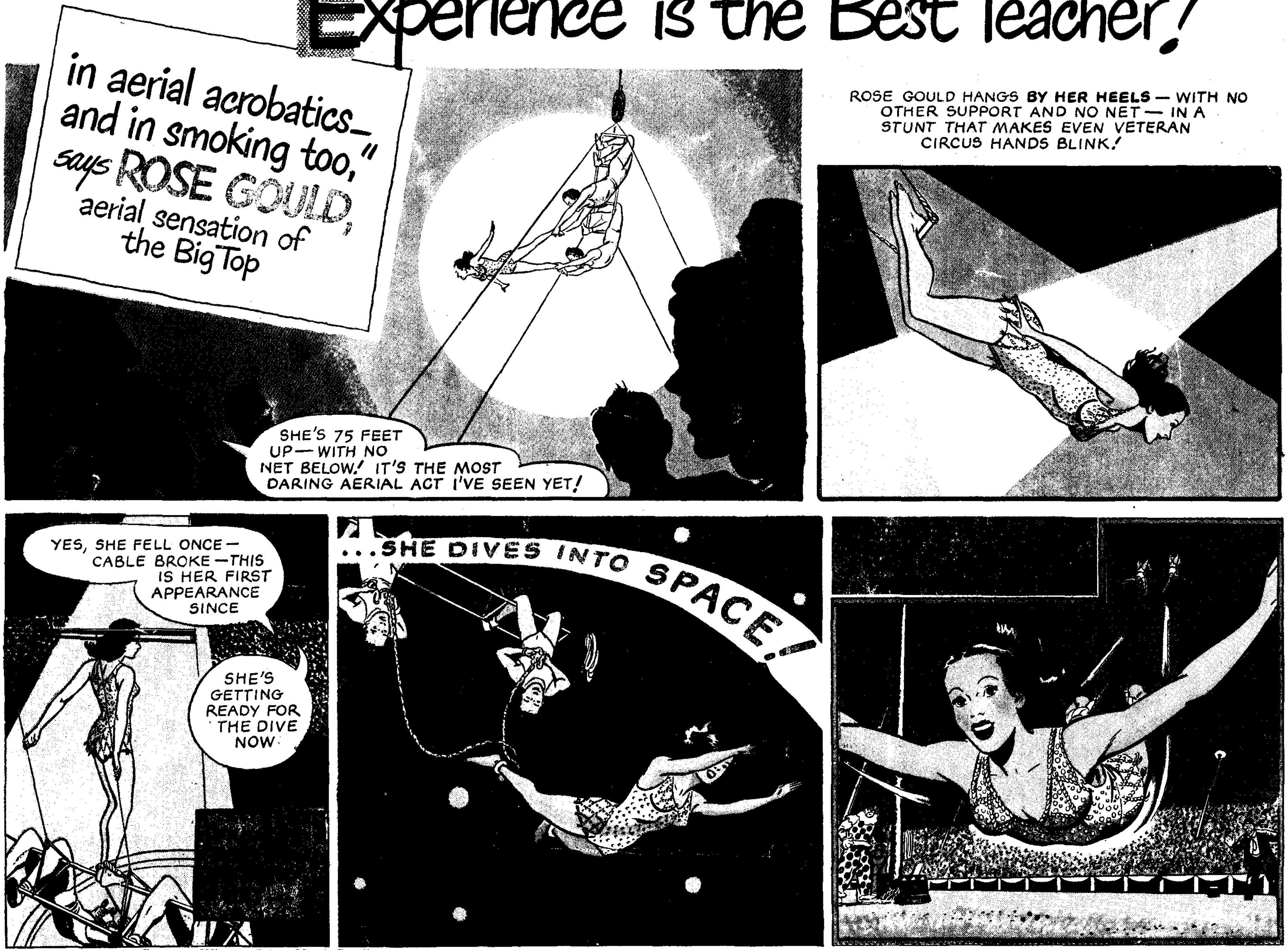
FRESHLY *Minted*

Ever see a dewy-fresh, fragrant bed of mint like this? Probably not — because this is *special* mint, with the sparkling clean, cool flavor you can only find in Clark's Tendermint gum! Clark's fine row-mint is gathered at the peak of early-morning freshness, when nature seals in its true mint-essence. Ask for *freshly minted* Clark's Tendermint — *naturally*, it's better!

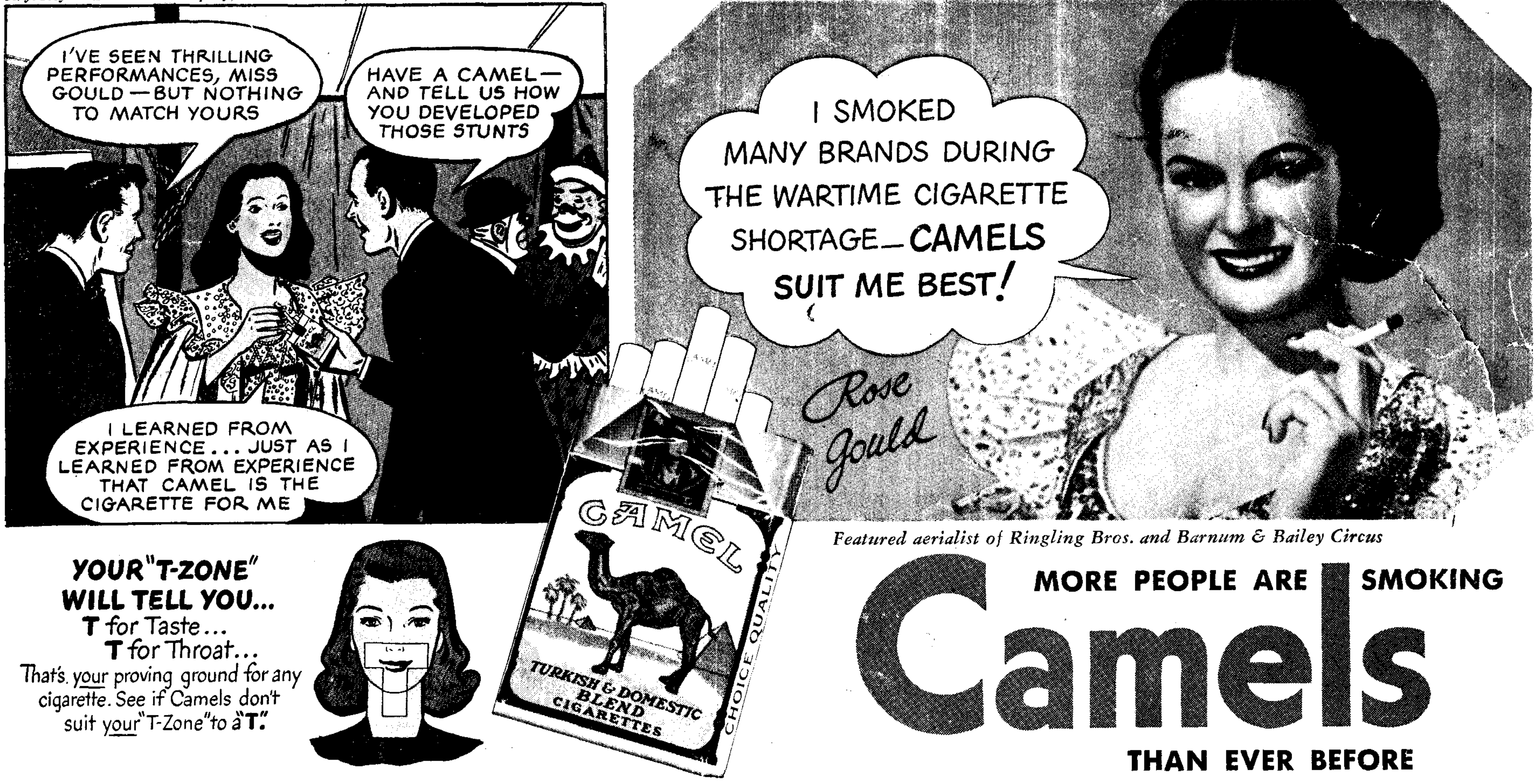
FOR TASTE Clark's

Copyright 1947, Clark Brothers Chewing Gum Company

"Experience is the Best Teacher!"


in aerial acrobatics— and in smoking too," says ROSE GOULD, aerial sensation of the Big Top
SHE'S 75 FEET UP—WITH NO NET BELOW! IT'S THE MOST DARING AERIAL ACT I'VE SEEN YET!
ROSE GOULD HANGS BY HER HEELS—WITH NO OTHER SUPPORT AND NO NET—IN A STUNT THAT MAKES EVEN VETERAN CIRCUS HANDS BLINK!
YES, SHE FELL ONCE—CABLE BROKE—THIS IS HER FIRST APPEARANCE SINCE
SHE'S GETTING READY FOR THE DIVE NOW
...SHE DIVES INTO SPACE!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina


I'VE SEEN THRILLING PERFORMANCES, MISS GOULD—BUT NOTHING TO MATCH YOURS
HAVE A CAMEL—AND TELL US HOW YOU DEVELOPED THOSE STUNTS
I LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE... JUST AS I LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THAT CAMEL IS THE CIGARETTE FOR ME
I SMOKED MANY BRANDS DURING THE WARTIME CIGARETTE SHORTAGE—CAMELS SUIT ME BEST!
Rose Gould
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU...
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."
MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING
Camels
THAN EVER BEFORE

Featured aerialist of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus